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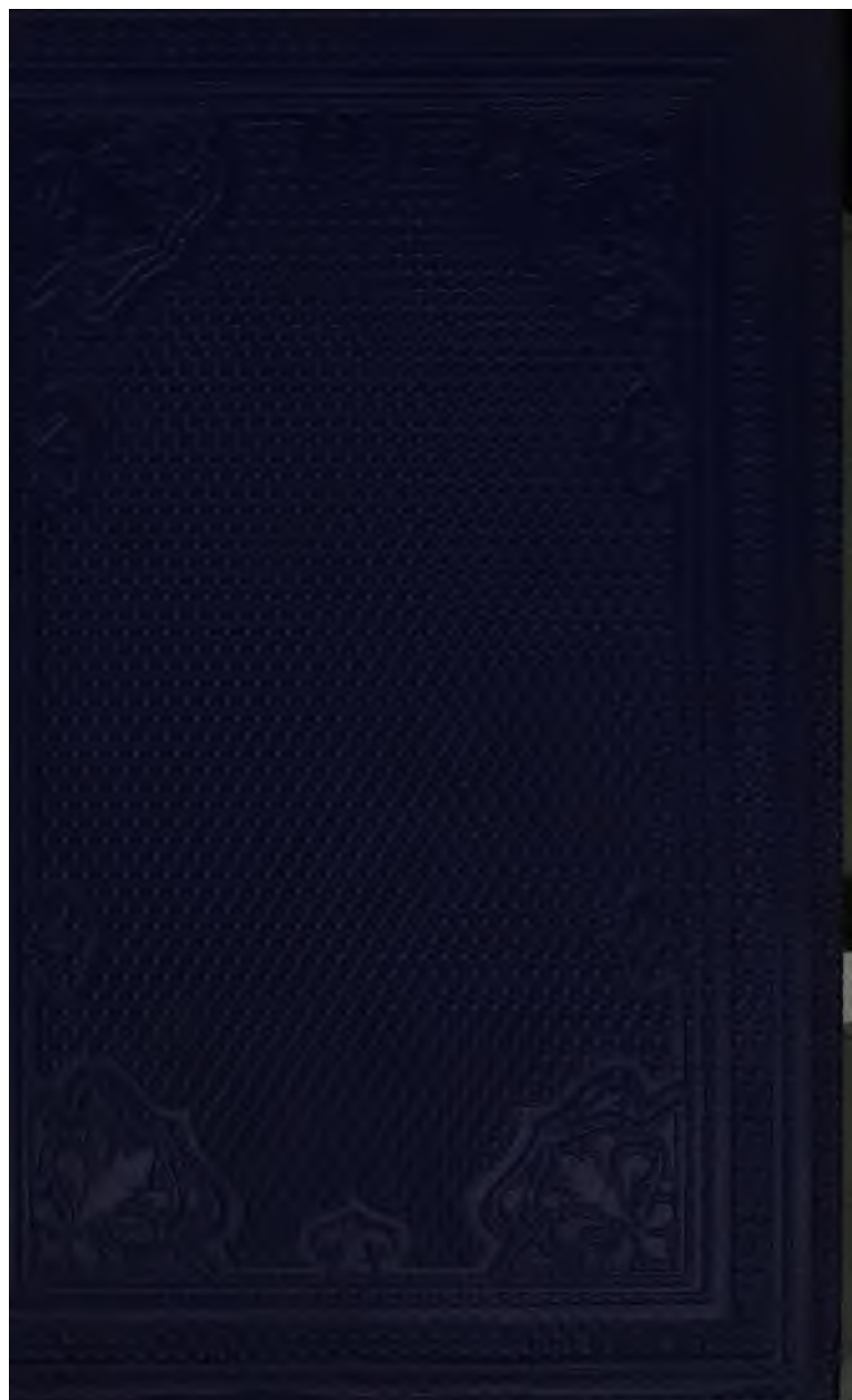
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OLD FRIENDS,
AND
WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

BY THE
REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A.,
INCUMBENT OF ST. JUDE'S, CHELSEA.

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P R E F A C E.

This Volume is now committed to the Press, with the earnest prayer that the perusal of its pages may be accompanied by the blessing of God.

June 16th, 1862.



INTRODUCTION.

“Remember all the way the Lord thy God hath led thee, these forty years,” is an affecting admonition, which the reminiscences of old friends assist us to obey and honour. They are “the ancient landmarks” on our personal memoirs, which are not willingly “removed.” Any man who has survived his fortieth year, has usually outlived the bulk of his boyish contemporaries. He feels the old social circle contracting with his eye-sight, as if the optic nerve sympathised with the bereavement of old familiar forms now “no more seen.” Age is naturally reflective, its chief associations lie with the past, and retrospection is the field of study, as the present is of energy and action. What is done, cannot be undone—it must be contemplated as it is—and improved either as a warning, or a sanction. The recollections of old friends long deceased, often afford sweet counsels after their kind, which, like the honey from the lion’s carcase, form the subject of an enigma perhaps, till better understood, but profit survivors according to the use we make of their example. The lapidary finds most of the specimens he wants to polish, from the heap of pebbles lying nearest his hand; and few men need travel out of the limits of

their own acquaintances, to furnish all the hints required to illustrate the lessons of every day life. It's the same old story over again, fresh and engaging as the new leaves every several spring, or pensive and suggestive as the same leaves each fading autumn, though the tints of their verdure, or decay, have never varied from the primitive hues of their creation. Men's general identities in life and action are the moral evidence of the unity of our race, and the uniform recurrence of effects and causes, in the same sins, follies, and misconceptions, indicate a disorganization of nature, incurable by any warnings of others' experience, or by the protests of their own convictions. The evidence is complete, yet cumulative, of some fatal disturbance in human nature, irremediable, except by the interposition of those gracious counteractions from above, which can alone adjust the mischiefs from beneath. I could fill this book with sketches from life, even if I confined them to personal recollections of the dead—with examples of almost every mistake which poor young Adam makes in his manner of life—those early bruising of the bark which commonly leave their scar upon the trunk, the whole after life of the tree, and even identify the log, after it lies felled for timber! Some of these I submit to the reader.

CHAPTER I.

THE ACCOMPLICES.

“Let him that stole steal no more, but rather let him labour, working with his hands the things that are meet, that he may have to give to him that needeth.”—ST. PAUL.

WHEN I was a boy, between eleven and twelve years of age, for one year—and one year only—I was at school, at a village in Somersetshire. An old pupil—then an usher—used to tell the following story :

He said, “Some years ago there was a thief among us—a systematic, inexorable, depredator of books and slate pencils, stationery and toys, cakes and keepsakes. Who he was, nobody knew, excepting always himself, and His eye, who takes His own time and means ‘to bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and make manifest the secrets of the heart.’ At first the missing things were too slight and valueless to make much stir about—odds and ends of school-desk property, which were readily replaced, and, therefore, less annoying. Now and then, however, the boys began to lose their knives and silver pencil cases; the thefts grew too serious not to be referred to the head master. He instituted a rigid search through desk and box, clothes and bed chambers, and even the bed of every boy in the establishment, but with no result beyond turning out the collections of queer and unaccountable articles of material, quality, and manufacture,

which constitute the time-out-of-mind accumulations of a boys' boarding school. Entangled nets of rusty fish-hooks, the flesh of little fishes sticking to them, and savouring strongly of stale fish ; odd shapes of stars, fruit, vegetables ; school-fellows' faces cut out in book-covers, in old exercises, in slate, wood, raw potatoes, and turnips ; mouldy morsels of plum cakes and ginger-bread, saved for consumption on the sly, forgotten, till too dry and hard to be eaten ; scraps of letters from home, rude caricatures of masters and teachers, heaps of marbles and spin tops, with here and there bits of India rubber, old gloves, and twine-ends mingled among them, like sea-weed on a beach ; knife-blades without handles, and handles without blades ; innumerable leaves of every branch of elemental literature and science, scattered about, as if by some kind of school autumn, when their ripe owners had been shaken from the tree of knowledge, and been separated to their callings in life ; worn out sticks and whips beyond count, suggestive of a negro plantation in the neighborhood, where the torture-stock had been used up. Nay, the inventory would emulate the catalogue of the British Museum, if every article was entered. So we dismiss the rest summarily, as presenting something of every thing, and nothing without sign of mutilation, rough usage, obsolescence, or decay. The only things perfect and unblemished were the boys' best suit of clothes, which were never trusted to their custody, except for the Sundays and holidays, when the school turned out in full parade. Every boy found something he never knew he had lost, until it was recovered ; but not a single loser of any of the late missing articles (the special objects of the search) found one of them. Whoever was the delinquent, he had completed the indictment which charges the prisoner that he 'did steal, take, and *carry away* ;' but whither he had carried them, or who was the guilty deporter, still remained a myth.

"The mystery was almost as annoying as the loss. If they had known the thief, they might have hoped they knew the worst of his thefts ; but it was clear, he was a cunning, as well as un-

scrupulous knave, and there was no knowing what he might take off next, if he were not discovered, and compelled to take off himself. The whole school was uneasy, suspicious, and sensible of a general misgiving and estrangement. There was a general distrust of one another. As we did not know who was the depredator, no one was sure of any one else, that he was *not* the depredator. Doubt engendered illiberal construction. Particular boys began to be whispered against, watched, misrepresented, and avoided. They, in their turn, conscious of their innocence, and misinterpreting their treatment, suspected those who grew shy of them, as indicating convictions of guilt, which made them ashamed, or afraid of more intimate relations with their victims. The school was becoming so seriously disorganized, that the master, failing of all other means of detection, offered a reward for the discovery of the dishonest one among us; that failed, and after an interval, he then offered a free pardon to the transgressor, on condition of a full confession and restitution before the current week expired. Still no boy accused himself, though it was known the thief was there, because his depredations continued at intervals, only increasing in boldness in proportion to their impunity. Delphin editions of classics were now added to the booty; then small sums of the boys' pocket-money; and finally, the French master's silver watch. This was intolerable.

"Another and more rigid search was instituted; and this time not only through the school, but through the kitchen, the servants' dormitories, and through every room in the house, and about the premises, even to the sheds and stables. The master privately set on foot enquiries by the police, after any of the missing articles that might be met with in the houses of the village, at the pawn-brokers, or the second-hand shops, and dealers in marine stores, but without effect. The mystery was dark and impenetrable as ever, growing darker, like the night, the older it grew. A secret watch was kept over the school-house after hours; and the name of every boy seen to go in, or come out of the school, was report-

ed to the master. These boys were every one of them closely examined as to what was their business in the school at such hours who they saw there, what they did, how long they stayed, and what they brought away with them; and their answers, carefully compared with the statements returned by the secret watchers, being found generally to correspond, the attempt at detection in that shape was foiled. Masters, teachers, servants, and watchers, and the boys at large, were at their wit's end. Some of the younger ones, prompted by a remark of Mr. Palmer, the usher, began to ascribe the missing articles to supernatural agency, and they were afraid to walk alone after dark, for fear of meeting the school-room ghost. 'It had taken so many things,' they said, who knows if it mightn't take a fancy to a small boy, and spirit him off as secretly, and irresistibly as the Delphin Virgil, or the French master's watch, which it had ticked off, in spite of the watch's ticking, telling nobody the hour when it was abstracted.'

"Another expedient was tried. The master announced that he should confine the whole school to the play-ground, with no more walks out beyond bounds, and no more half-holidays, until the thief was discovered. He conjured all the boys to co-operate with him in the effort at the detection, for their own sakes, for their honour, more than for the holidays, and made an affecting appeal to the unknown thief, if he had a spark of honour, even of that honour which is said to be among thieves, only he doubted it, to come forward and relieve his school-fellows from the embarrassment into which the individual youth had involved them. 'Boys,' said the worthy preceptor, in a serious tone of entreaty, 'boys, I request your help in this disgraceful matter, as a personal favour to your master. If I have, in any way, won your affection, or deserved, in any humble degree, your consideration, I ask you to let it be proved on this painful occasion.'

"There was a dead silence, at length broken by murmurs of generous emotion among the boys, who forgot the forfeiture of the holidays, in their sympathy with their master, whose words were

delivered in a tone of soft and gentle entreaty, like a man who threw himself on their candour, and felt he could trust them. Boys like to be trusted. Confidence is pleasing at any stage of life, but in the untried and unhacknied feelings of boyhood, it usually works an unreserved response. The boys looked at one another, as who should say,—‘There is no resisting that’—‘Even the thief must give it up now;’ and the look passed round the school, like a general mutual inspection. Every boy felt he could afford to bear it, because the master trusted him: and every boy looked at every other boy, as if, of course, the other boy thought so too. All looked, but none spoke. Whoever was the thief, he bore the scrutiny without quailing, and the school broke up in moody disappointment, that an appeal had failed, which every one felt ought to have succeeded. During the following month, there was no fresh theft. The boys had borne their captivity ‘in bounds’ without a complaint, or even a petition to be released; and the master could hold out no longer. He yearned over the patient magnanimity of the young creatures, and removed the suspension of their holidays. The next day his own gold spectacles were missing, and after a search through the school-desk, on which he had accidentally left them (to the best of his recollection,) it was ascertained, they had followed the fate of the French master’s watch. This loss was kept secret for a week from the boys, and the masters discussed among themselves the propriety of subjecting the whole school, and premises, to the inspection of a Detective from Bristol. Another theft of a money-letter, containing a remittance from the parent of one of the boys, and which was proved to have been delivered into the box, on the school premises, by the postman, determined this step, and the Detective shortly made his appearance. Neither his person, nor his business, were known to any one except the masters. The incarnate eye of the law was on the premises, night and day, unknown to any one who might be the object of its vigilance. The Detective loitered about a week in the neighbourhood, searching, as he best could, in every direction,

for any tidings of one of the missing articles, of which a list had been furnished him, but without avail. The only thing discovered was the master's spectacles, which were found hanging on a branch of an old tree near the school-house, with one of the glasses broken out. Who had hung them there, none could tell.

The Detective did his best, gave it up for hopeless, and returned to Bristol. The only effect of his services, had been to increase the general uncomfortableness, by his repeated assertion, that more than one hand was engaged in the business; that the thefts were too numerous, and some of them of such a quality, as could not be managed without two or more accomplices.

"Then there was more than one thief, if the Detective was right, and nobody doubted his dictum; but, if so, who *were* the accomplices? 'That's just what I want to know,' quoth Detective; 'but I'll stake the vally o' the lot stole, there's more nor one on'em in it, and it aint boys' job neither.'

"This last insinuation for a time implicated the ushers, the servants, and even one, or two grown-up daughters of the master's family. The only soul absolutely and universally exempted from the miserable suspicion was the venerable master himself. After the visit of the Detective, as if the thief, though not discovered was effectually alarmed, the thefts ceased. More than a month passed, the story was growing old, losing its excitement, no fresh trespass occurring to revive its painful interest. It seemed to be universally forgotten, except by the master, whom it had evidently wounded to the quick. It had taken hold of the good man's solicitude, to an extent, which disturbed his rest, impaired his appetite, affected his spirits, and grievously troubled his family, even more on his own account, than on the score of the peculations.

"He was heard to mutter in his sleep—'That boy will come to shame; how can I save him?' His poor invalid wife sometimes asked the sleeper—'What boy?' to ascertain if there was any particular boy, on whom his suspicion rested. But the question only woke him, suddenly to cry—'What boy? Have you found him?'

The secret weighed upon his mind, as if it were some shocking reminiscence of an evil deed of his own, as indeed he felt responsible for not having prevented it. Somehow, he deemed himself an accessory. The good man, on more than one occasion, had been surprised by his family, on his knees in his study, late at night, pouring forth earnest supplication for 'the young thief, who was on the road to ruin; imploring mercy on the parents of the lad, lest he should break their hearts.' Then, with a bewildered mingling of Christian pity, and academical resentment, the ejaculations would escape him—'The brazen-faced young rascal! the unhappy boy! the rogue! Lord have mercy on the young villain! poor lad!' And then he would heave deep sighs, deeper than some men's sobs, and put it to his wife—'Do *you* think, sweet-heart, there can be more than one such knave? it's not natural; it's not possible; poor child! who can break it to his father; the young scoundrel.' 'If I were his *mother*,' said the master's wife, but at that word, her voice failed her, and the old couple, who had lost a son of their own, though in the less bitterness of an early death, lifted up their voices, and wept together!

"If the boys had forgotten the thefts, it was too obvious their master could not forget the thief. There was one among the junior masters, whose painful anxiety on his principal's behalf, seemed scarcely inferior to the mental distress, which he vainly tried to divert. He continued to sympathise, and concert measures, in secret with his principal, when the others had ceased. He had repeatedly expressed his conviction that none of the boys were the guilty parties, and maintained the hypothesis, that it was the work of some cunning knave, acquainted with the whereabouts, and habits of the school, and whom, he constantly asserted his belief, he should one day detect. His assurances at length comforted the master, whose grief was more on the pupils' account, than for the value of the things stolen (though in the aggregate that was considerable.) The whole school felt grateful to the usher, for his well-timed interference, and he was so wise, and accomplished, and withal so

good, that his opinion carried weight with every one. His name I have called Palmer, to hide the real one. He was found, like Deborah, not 'under an oak,' but a palm tree, in one of our Eastern colonies, by a regiment on its march, and, being a white man's child, was roughly, but kindly, fathered by the soldiers, and eventually found his way with them to England, where he had been placed in an institution for foundlings. In his 12th year, his excellent character for cleverness, and progress, reached the ears of our master, and he having no son of his own, and desirous of having some one about his person to trust, and attach himself to, chose young Palmer. Nobly had the lad justified his patron's choice; he had now been, partly as pupil, and partly as teacher, ten years in the establishment, and his literary acquirements equalled those of many of his seniors, and considerably exceeded those of his own age. His unremitting devotion to his patron's interests, had won the entire affection of the latter, and nothing seemed clearer than that Palmer's heart was full of love, and gratitude to his benefactor, and that he would, if needs be, lay down his life to serve him. He entreated the master only to leave the task of unravelling this mystery to him, and to ask him no questions as to whom he suspected, though he admitted he had his suspicions, until he was in a position to state them, without injustice to any body. His patron acquiesced, and there the matter rested for the time.

"It might have been a fortnight after this conference, that one day at noon, a loud shriek, coming from the school-room, disturbed the boys at their dinner in the refectory adjoining. In an instant, every one was on his legs, and the sudden revival of the excitement, which had almost died away, overpowering their sense of discipline, the whole school rushed from the table, into the play-ground, on one side of which stood the school. Shriek after shriek resounded in their ears, when, presently, the school-room door was thrown open, and the voice of the master was heard shouting—'Stop thief,' as there ran down the school-room stairs into the play-

ground a little monkey, grinning his teeth, and still shrieking, as he ran, and climbed up the tree nearest the school. The master made his appearance with his fingers bleeding from the bite of the animal, which had compelled him to let it go. Breathless with his exertions, he stated, in few words, that not being hungry, he had sat alone in the school-room, while the rest were at dinner; that he was startled by hearing the window next the tree, where his spectacles were found hanging, cautiously opened, then a tiny pair of hairy legs intruding, followed by the body of a small ape. He watched the creature's movements. It rapidly ran over the forms, opened, and shut, with a rapid noiseless action, several of the boys' desks, till presently it found in one of them a parcel, which it seized in one of its paws, and was making its way back to the window, when the master closed the sash, and seized the creature. It instantly screamed, and struggled out of his hands. He chased it repeatedly round the room, screaming, as it ran, till the master caught it again, when the pain of its severe bite forced him to let it go; it then ran down by the stairs, and mounted its tree, as they had seen. There was a shout of joy at this singular discovery; the master smiled, and requested Palmer to fetch a gun from the house, resolved to destroy the creature, in the hope of having it thereby claimed. The gun was brought, and levelled at the monkey, when the master paused a moment to ask 'If any one knew who was its owner?' The master's eye scanned the expression of each upturned face, as he kept the gun pointed at the creature, as Solomon might have looked at the two women, when he ordered the living child to be divided between them, watching for the first gleam of tenderness to betray the real owner, but the master looked in vain. No one answered; and it was evident, from the way in which every one looked at every body else, that nobody knew, or, at least, chose to know. The gun was again levelled at the tree; the monkey, in the meantime, grinning a ludicrous defiance, and suddenly flinging at the master, as he stood aiming at it, something which struck him violently in the face, at the same moment the

gun exploded. The boys ran to the spot, and picked up the French master's missing watch! The monkey, wounded, and terrified, raised another scream; and running out to the end of the branch of the tree, swung itself off, ran, and leaped upon Palmer's (the usher's) shoulder, showing him, with droll antics of pain, its bleeding paw.

"Palmer turned instantly pale, and attempted to beat off the creature, exclaiming angrily and disconcertedly,—‘It's not mine—it's not mine!’

But if he wouldn't own the monkey, the monkey owned *him*, and clung to him in mingled terror, and affection, as one who wouldn't be repudiated.

"Then the Detective was right," I exclaimed; "there *were* accomplices, and they were not boys after all."

"True," said the narrator; "and the man and the ape are no unapt symbols of such complicities in crime. It is generally a case of a rogue, and a fool, that get together; and if the rogue makes use of the fool, the fool in the end betrays the rogue, and both are punished." But don't interrupt my story. The master heard Palmer's gratuitous disclaimer,—‘It's not mine,’—when no one said it was; marked that none of the boys appeared to notice it, and calmly said to the usher,—‘Palmer, carry the poor beast into the study.’ Palmer immediately obeyed, and the evidence against his complicity grew stronger every step he moved. The ape perfectly willing to accompany him, hobbling, and bleeding after him, with the instinct of a dog following his master.

"He hadn't even the presence of mind to affect a little coercion in forcing the creature to accompany him. His countenance fell—happily no eye, except the master's, witnessed it—he mechanically moved into the study, and his first act there was to seize the poker, and with one blow, before the master was well in the room, struck the monkey dead at his feet.

"‘You're done for at least, you brute,’ he exclaimed bitterly as he kicked the little carcass aside, and confronted his patron; the deadly weapon still in his hand.

"The master closed the study door, and, seating himself at the table, bade Palmer sit down too.

"Palmer neither stirred an inch nor uttered a word. An expression of sturdy rage, shame, and bravado, as if all the evil that was in him was turned at bay, retorted the master's hurt, and indignant look, as who should say,—'Do your worst, I am ready for you.'

"Alas! alas! All the confidences, and kindnesses of a dozen years seemed blotted out in a moment, as if by a moral explosion, leaving behind a scorched, and blackened, mass of hideous ingratitude, with a conscience seared, and affections charred, against the touch of sensibility. His face was like some such an incarnation of the fiend, as painters represent the boy possessed of devils in the Gospels.

"'Sit down, Palmer,' said the master, sadly, in a tone, 'more in sorrow, than in anger,' at what had been discovered. The usher stood, frowning a sullen defiance, doggedly set his teeth, and clenched the deadly instrument in his hand.

"'Sit down, Palmer,' was said again—a little sternly this time;—'let us talk this over. You denied this poor ape belonged to you, but your dumb accomplice contradicted your assertion, and *would* be owned. Such witnesses may be trained to steal, but know not how to lie. Besides, no one said the ape *was* yours. You betrayed yourself, Palmer, *qui s'excuse s'accuse*; further concealment is useless. Tell me, are you alone in these wretched crimes?'

"The usher ground his teeth, as if holding back some words of menace, or confession that struggled to get out behind them; but made no other answer.

"'Where are the missing articles?' No answer.

"'In that tree?' Not a word.

"'You will accompany me to search there?'

"Palmer here at length exclaimed. 'One of us shall never leave this room alive. You may kill me, but you shan't disgrace

me before the boys. They shan't shout, and point at me—' There's the usher-thief.' I'll be torn in pieces first !'

" Palmer here brandished his formidable weapon, and grew livid with rage and terror.

" ' Hush ! ' said the master, calmly, yet earnestly. ' The house will hear you, Palmer ; and why should you publish your own shame ? Listen to me. I don't want you to make any search *now*. Your tremour, and your language disclose to me all I wished to know ; and as to your threats of violence, pooh, pooh, boy, you know they could have no weight with me ; I have but to pull this string in my hand, and the bell would instantly bring those who would not only disarm you, but discover all.'

" Palmer trembled slightly, but with unabated malignity scowled sullenly on his patron, as if to dare him to do it.

" The master said, ' Palmer, I need not remind you of the degradation in which I found you, of the confidence and affection with which, for many years, I have treated you. Heaven is my witness how I loved and trusted you. Palmer, I would have promoted your interests in life. You must feel it to be my duty to society, to bring you before a court of justice, and consign you to the infamy and punishment which your crimes have merited, lest you should abuse your trust in others' service, as you have in mine ;—but that is not my intention. You must feel it to be due to my wife, who, having no son of her own, had almost adopted you, to warn her of the traitor she had admitted into her affections, and put her on her guard against you ;—but that is not my intention. You must feel it to be at least due to the domestic servants of the establishment, to exonerate them from unjust suspicions ; and to the various masters, to set their minds at rest, that they should be made acquainted with the real culprit, that they may know how to deal with the Achan in their camp ;—but that is not my intention. You must feel the honour of the school ought to be vindicated, and especially the poor lads exculpated, who have been, from time to time, the objects of enquiry and unjust suspi-

vion ; but all these several acts of justice may be done by the discovery of the missing articles, where, in point of fact, the boys have already found them all, the moment you left the play-ground, and fortunately charge this poor ape with them all ; and—hark ! Palmer,—are even now celebrating the happy discovery with rounds of Kentish fire and shouts of rejoicing,—Hark !—this being the case, it is not my intention to tell them more than they know ; and they *don't* know whose was the ape. No, Palmer ; I have passed all these points rapidly through my mind, and I feel, over and above them all, there is a difference in your case, which takes it out of the common category of crime. I remember'—here the master's voice slightly faltered, and he dropped out of the ordinary 'you and yours,' into the more Saxon, loving 'thee and thou' ;—I remember when I found thee, a sharp, clever lad, but a deserted foundling, whom nobody seemed to know, or care for. I ought not to forget thy childhood had no honest father's example, no mother's prayers ; and the heart is apt to harden, when there is no love to melt, and mould it, when it is young and soft. I can't dismiss thee without exposure, and ruin, and, at least, risk to others Palmer ; and any risk there may be, must be mine. I shall trust thee again. I *forgive thee*, Palmer ?

"As these words were drawing to their close, the usher's hard eye gradually mellowed down,—his pale face grew paler,—he breathed quickly, as if the blood about his heart was sore disturbed—the mouth opened wide, as if it tried to speak of its own accord, and failed,—the poker fell heavily, as if from a dead hand, on the floor. Palmer got the words out at last,—'Oh ! master ; you'll kill me !' And falling headlong forward, like a man stunned by a blow, he would have fallen into the fire, but that the master caught him, laid him gently down, and sprinkling water upon his face so long, and ineffectually, as to be almost tempted to ring for aid, at last revived him.

"Palmer's first act of returning consciousness, was to fall at his patron's feet, bathed in a flood of tears, and then he confessed all.

"Was there joy in heaven over the penitent felon on Calvary, felon though he was? Angels still joy, more generously than brother-men do, over the tears of self-convicted, broken-hearted thieves!

"The conclusion of the usher's story is encouraging to the abnormal philanthropy which sets aside for the interval of its noble experiment, the prudential rules, which refuse to trust again, where the confidence has been once abused. Society, with less charity than its courts of justice, is rarely 'moved to grant a new trial.' It is easier to finally lose your caste, than your 'case.' Large-hearted men are more hopeful in their dealings with delinquency. Their tender moral to a bad story is—'Try him again.'

"The master did so with Palmer, and never had cause to regret it. * * *

"As the ape had been wounded, no surprise was expressed when it was reported to have died in the master's study, and the suggestion gained ground that it had escaped from a menagerie which had visited the village fair last spring. Palmer's secret might never have transpired, if, years after, when he had grown old, and grey-headed, he had not told it himself, as a tribute to the old master's memory, whom he ultimately succeeded as principal of the school. In brief, the facts appear to have been these:—

"Palmer had bought the ape in Bristol, from a sea-faring man, who had warned him of the creature's habits of carrying off, and concealing any articles which took its monkey fancy. But the lonely heart of the usher felt a lack of something to be attached to him. He constructed a little cage, and kept his dumb companion, and eventual accomplice, in a loft above his bed room, which, being apart from the house, and built over the school (the space between his bed room ceiling and the roof of the school) had escaped notice, in the various searches which had been instituted. In this hiding-place, the monkey had remained undiscovered for several months, never having been seen or heard, even by the domestic who made the usher's bed; though she had occasionally complained of the rats or mice she heard

running between the ceiling and the roof of the chamber. It seems the cunning creature had learned to let itself in and out of its hiding-place at pleasure. The first intimation of its skill this way, being detected by Palmer finding it seated on his bed, one night, eating some of the fruits of its peculations from the boys' desks. Then he observed its manœuvre in hiding one thing after another, which it abstracted from the school, mostly at night, in a natural hollow of an old tree which grew by one of the school windows. Its continued impunity became a snare to Palmer. He had formed no idea in his mind, at first, of profiting by the thefts, but the dumb thief had become attached to him, and he to it; and he feared to state the facts, for fear of being ordered to get rid of his favourite. To spare the ape, he sacrificed the peace of the school. He had never parted with, nor even laid hands on a single stolen article, though he knew where they were. Their accumulation at length tempted his cupidity, and he fell into the crime of deliberately purposing to apply them to his own use, at the first fitting opportunity. He thus lost his self-respect. The contemptible secret of his keeping an ape led to all the rest of the mischief, and concealment which had brought him to the verge of ruin. His patron's magnanimity alone saved him. Palmer, at the time he requested that the attempt at detecting the thief might be left in his hands, had determined upon some means of making known the existence of the booty hoarded in the hollow tree, but his courage failed him every time he fixed upon to act, till the master's discovery left him no alternative, except to seek his own safety by becoming a party to the destruction of the ill-fated creature, his possession of which had wrought so much misfortune. It is a strange story, and occurred some years after my entering the school.

"The party to whom tradition ascribes it, is still here; the humble laborious under-teacher, who, for twenty years has devoted all his grateful energies to requite the generous man, who, in spite of a great first fault, by trusting him again, has enabled him nobly to redeem his character, and reinstate himself firmler and fondlier, than ever, in the affection and respect of his patron.

"I here interrupted the narrator to ask, 'which of our ushers is it, who is the Palmer of your story?'"

"That was not his real name, my young friend. If it will help to fix on your mind a wholesome terror to deter you from the first beginnings of petty disingenuousness and duplicity, I will trust you with my secret. I am Palmer! Had I fallen into less generous and considerate hands, that first false step would have been my ruin. Ah, my dear boy, *principiis obsta*: avoid the very appearance of evil; if, as the wise man exhorts, 'The Lord shall be thy confidence, he shall keep thy foot from being taken.'"

POSTSCRIPT TO THE USHER'S STORY.—If the party who is here called Palmer be still alive, he is enjoying the respectable competence which he honourably earned in the establishment, the stock and good-will of which was the legacy to him of his early benefactor. His patron's second trial of his fidelity was not thrown away; it nobly set aside the disappointment of the first, and was the means, under God, of making him an honest and a Christian man.

It is as important to know when it is merciful to forgive, as when it is just to punish.

CHAPTER II.

CHARLIE LOWTONE.

Looking nearer to the pedestal on which his image seems to stand, I read this motto :

Evil communications corrupt good manners.

Poor Lowtone verified the sacred caution most disastrously. I need scarcely state, that Lowtone, though no misnomer, wasn't his name ; the real one in every instance must be merged into a generic, to spare the feelings of survivors, and perhaps obviate their recognition. His mistake throughout a life, saddened by its degrading influence, was a taste for the low and sordid—a love of playing first fiddle in inferior orchestras—so that his revelling was always grovelling, and aggravated the depravity of vice by the repulsiveness of its vulgarity. In the instinctive minor republic of school, his failing had less scope, but operated as far as it could, in the shape of consorting only with his juniors. He was a penny patron of the small boys, who looked up to him on that score, as he loved to be looked up to on any score, but boys as they were, they saw through the solecism, and laughed in their sleeves while they ate his gingerbread. It is astonishing how soon the very youngest wags smoke such weakness, flatter it to make it weaker, and learn precocious courtiership and tuft-hunting in the contest for such favours. I should discourage any lad of mine from the meanness of being habitually treated by a school-fellow—it is too apt to

breed that indifference to being under obligation, which impairs the manlier self-respect and reliance upon personal exertion. The wholesome rule is to "*lean upon no arm of flesh,*" and whether in things secular, or spiritual, "*to work out our own,*" with no other dependence, except upon HIM "*who worketh in us both to will and to do.*"

Lowtone felt a pride in doing a junior boy's exercise, but no shame in letting a bigger boy do his own, both damaging and being damaged by the disingenuous practice. His glory was to buy "a key" to the arithmetic, and complicate all the lazy boys in a petty burglary, which stole results they had not worked for—often one of the earliest steps in a course of more serious embezzlements in after life. The school "key" which broke into forbidden books, may grow into the "skeleton key" which breaks open its neighbour's locks. They are "*the little foxes that destroy the vines.*" "The slothful man eateth not that which he *took in hunting*"—he 'took it' in some less honourable way, as parasite, or poacher may-be. It's an honest pride that looks upon the result of its honest labour, and not forgetting 'the good hand of God upon him,' points to its decent comfortable home, exclaiming "I've worked for it." St. Paul was not above the avowal, which has animated many a Christian fellow-workman, "these hands ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me." I love to hear an industrious mechanic speak of his savings. Many men brag of their *earnings*, and waste them, but the combination of frugality with industry is the material of the men who rise from the ranks, and encourage others to follow their good example. But to return to my poor school-fellow, with his bad school-boy start. If there were sundry awkward squads, as there are in every school, and in every part of the world after school, manifestly of an inferior grade and calibre to their contemporaries, there Charlie was most at home, unmistakeably at his ease; not in the way of generous confraternity with any inferior fellow-student, which stands out in graceful relief against the unfledged

coxcombry of some juvenile exclusives, but in the shape of a decided congeniality with the vulgar, because they were so. They were his involuntary guages of those inner tastes and tendencies, which oozed out, like oil from a leaky cask, betraying an odour and mess which could not choose but disclose the article inside it. There are no mysteries impenetrable to school-craft, hence it transpired—as it was sure to do—that poor Charlie's earliest misfortune was his illegitimate birth. He was said to be the fruit of a relatively low amour, affiliated to a branch of royalty. The family even dared to boast of its high dishonour, as if any rank were lofty enough to supersede the sacred canon of chastity. That vice is hopeless which dreams of any immunity from the laws of virtue. It is David crowning his paramour, but it is not David bare-heading himself in shame and sorrow for his sin. Charlie's reputed lineage was not without some general presumptive evidence, in his voluptuous physiognomy, and immoral habits—in the pride of being 'king of his company,' yet the meanness of the modes in which he gratified it, and in the anomaly that paired him with his inferiors, only to indulge the lust of patronising. Possibly the galling consciousness of a defect in his nativity, however electrotyped by its coat of guilt, may have somewhat influenced his choice of associates, with whom the intrinsic metal was less liable to be brought to the test. At all events, his ordinary pursuits seemed to reflect a shadow of the "bar sinister" on his personal life. He never appeared 'at par' with his own class in age and external circumstances—something seemed away—an indefinite screw loose somewhere, which deranged the whole machinery—it didn't work at its ease. It wasn't the want of anything which money could supply. As a boy he had a command of minor luxuries, and ill-judged extravagancies, far beyond his years, and so far beyond his contemporaries, as naturally to provoke comment, and of course scandal. It occasioned jealous feuds between him, and those of his fellows whom he eclipsed by his expenditure. They retaliated aspersions on his birth—the '*tendon Achilles*' where his mother

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held him, and where he was most sensitive, became most vulnerable. Their reprisals were cruel, as their victim was not answerable for the sin of his predecessors, nor indeed for the profuse allowance by which they tempted his extravagance. Unhappy lad! every pang that pierced and festered in his young heart, was the filioidal act of the original wrong-doer, whose guilt consigned him to a kind of anonymous life of worse than orphanhood. The orphan weeps for its bereavement, but tears without a blush are 'bitter waters,' which their own 'salt,' will by and by cure,—it is the sense of ineffaceable shame which gives perpetuity to sorrow. Charlie ignored by his parents, and disparaged by strangers, was a little Ishmael from the womb, cast out "with his hand against every man," because he felt "every man's hand against him." Perhaps his very habit of small patronage was, at bottom, an unconscious substitute for the lack of the natural objects of affection, as if he would attract by favour, where he could not attach by affection. Unquestionably self was the main spring of his indiscriminate distributions, but under holier control, even self becomes a medium of virtuous gratification and religious discipline. The self that it denied with a view to "others wealth," "in honor preferring one another"—exercising its capacities and affections in a large brotherhood of bounty and compassion which knows no limit within its field of opportunity—"ready to give," 'willing to distribute,' apt to sacrifice, with no other motive, and no other model, but a loving imitation of Him, "who went about doing good"—that's the self, which if only selfish, in that it "loves its neighbour as itself," but loves God first and above all. Had poor Charlie's patronage taken that turn—had he been taught; but taught he was—had he but *learned* this gracious 'secret of the Lord,' the angel who pitifully heard the cry of the solitary lad in the desert, whom his father cast out, and his mother abandoned to his fate, would have mercifully adopted the foundling, and would have been his life's sun and shield. When midsummer, or Christmas holidays came round, chiming their own

welcomes merrily as bells, and the hopes and joys of home-going were all the talk, and brothers and sisters, and the precious names of father and mother were the daily talk for weeks before the time, and not a lad but had some domestic prophecy to venture, that 'he'd be bound was as he said it would be,'—breaking up school was a half-yearly heart-breaking to the lone boy, left like a waif—a thing belonging to nobody—a snowdrift cold and lonely, behind them all. *He* had no home to go to,—no family sayings and doings to tell of,—no holy images of fatherhood or motherhood to visit him, even in dreams—no address—no reference—scarcely a name to call himself by, and which at all events called no one else he knew of—a living isolation to whom the world was all wilderness without bound or track, or shelter,—no wonder he felt it chilly and dreary and longed to warm himself somewhere—no matter where—he hated to be alone—his loneliness was the birth-brand of his illegitimacy, scalded in with many a hot blushing tear, and holidays only betrayed more bitterly the secret which abased and estranged him. Perhaps he instinctively resented his young misery, by eschewing boys of the upper class, whence, as he believed, it sprang. 'Some of them had made him *what he was*,' he said—'*he would make himself worse to shame them.*' It was bad reasoning and worse policy. A homely proverb calls it—'cutting off the nose to spite the face.' Had Abimelech argued that way, he had never been Judge of Israel. Nay, the vengeful act of his which resented his soreness on the score of his mother, cost him his life at last. Ignominy stamped alike his birth and death, 'at the hand of a woman.'

It is always a mistake to resent one's fate. That only aggravates its untowardness. The wisdom is 'to make the best of a bad job,' not to make it worse. To do so is to constitute yourself an 'accessory after the fact.' It removes you out of the category of victims into that of accomplices, with no corresponding advantage in any shape. Ah! the poor dear unfortunate lads, if one could only reason this out with them and get them to

think with you they would be spared many a gratuitous misery. Jealousy is the only true motive to man's responsibility. Except, like that victim, to a will for the two sets and needs. Frank consciousness have mistaken enough of their own for their neighbours to demonstrate on, and if they have not, satisfy the man, whose his consciousness are compelled to revert to his ancestors to find that blame which they can detect in himself. Who would not rather be upbraided for other people's faults than for his own? Poor Lovell's one life was a continuation of the sin of his parents—their worst wisdom, enlarged and illustrated, shall we say, with *Am-Clow's* likeness and practical appendices of shame, rage, sorrow, and an open sin, as if guilt had no heavier penalty in this life, than its hideous reprobations. Still he needed not have chosen so ignominiously. His natural taste that way need not have been finished in; it was surrendering his only chance of something better. There is a spontaneous generosity in school-boy nature, which never ultimately declines fair play, where the individual honours himself fairly; but the union of ill-birth with ill-breeding, as in Lovell, with lower propensities, effectually closed the door against Charlie's hope of retrieving a misfortune sealed by the immolation of its victim. He left school abruptly as he joined it—no one knowing whence he came, nor whither he went. He was not expelled, but his increasing irregularities required a more rigorous discipline than his incipient manhood made practicable at school. His agent—(he knew no other channel of intercourse between himself and the unknown authors of his being) sent him to sea, as a cadet in the Indian marine. During his first voyage he was tried by court martial, on charges of unofficerlike familiarity with the crew. He drank with them and gave them drink; gambled with them on board and ashore, and was commonly merry at home below deck than in the mess-room. He narrowly escaped cashiering, and on his next voyage escaped it, a second time, only by abandoning the service, and himself, for a profligate episode at a foreign port. He returned to England, and assum-

ing the slang and undress uniform of the navy, talked 'shipshape,' and having got up the glossary of naval cant, instead of the sciences of navigation,—grew metaphorical in 'Davy Jones' lockers,' 'lee shores,' 'hawsers,' and 'handspikes,'—allowed himself to be dubbed 'Captain Lowne,' and went so far, as to print 'Capt.' on his cards. A large legacy, the remorseful deodand of one of his parents, in some tardy atonement for his or her cruel disowning of their ill-starred offspring, had fallen into his hands, and was being rapidly "wasted in riotous living." 'The Captain' was a frequenter of the dissipating saloons of London, where his 'orders' were law, whenever he chose to pay for them. They drank his health in toasts sopped in his own liquors, his foreign spirits not unfrequently inflaming those of his guests to a pitch of confusion, which issued in drunken assaults upon their entertainer. Too besotted himself to be sensible of resentment, he treated them again. However base the insult, he had generally forestalled it by something baser. He lacked but to add beggary to humiliation, and his infamy would be complete. But money had never failed him yet, though his inroads upon capital had been considerable. His ruin was intercepted, and for some years at least retarded, by a characteristic accident. At a suburban tavern on the North Road, he had fallen in with an old school-fellow of the humbler class, whom he had been wont to patronise in former days. Mutually pleased at their meeting, they drank themselves together into partial insensibility. Reeling on each others arms from the tavern to adjourn to the theatre, as it was yet early in the evening, they hailed a coach that was passing, and without challenge or enquiry, got in, and seating themselves, fell asleep. It was broad morning when they woke to find themselves entering the town of Northampton. It was too late to mend their error, and as the home of his companion lay not many hours distance, the Captain agreed to continue their route. They reached a cottage by the road-side between the villages of Turn-doff and Brayon in H—— shire, before the inmates were

astir, and here dwelt the very humble, but respectable family of the school-fellow, whose dark-eyed, comely sister was destined to become the Captain's wife. Anything like a home was a novelty to his poor alienated heart. It wore a natural charm which shed its sunny light on every thing within the sphere of its influence. It touched the estranged, but still yearning spirit of the man. He felt himself a member of somebody's family, and any family was better than none. They welcomed him for the brother's sake, and when they learned his wealth, I fear they were allowed to make much of him for its sake; some sympathy too for his isolated standing in the world inclined them towards him, for his own sake. The confluence of emotions captivated him. He married into the family then and there. The owner of some £30,000, with the indirect blood of royalty in his illegitimate veins, wedded from a road-side tenement, little better than the abode of a mechanic. There was a gleam of prudence and of the hope of a better future, in his settling £12,000 upon his wife. It secured her, as far as finances went, and in the event of the worst, was a reversionary provision for them both. But the motive for the settlement, true to the Captain's ruling passion, was to gratify his pride of display, to dazzle the sense of the half-castes, the small yeomanry with whose, at least, honest coat of arms he was about to quarter all he had of his own,—a bar of gold, it is true, but a 'bar sinister' after all. The heraldic term was prophetic in the case. The young wife soon discovered to her cost, she had paid too dearly for her splendid alliance. The settlement of her property grievously unsettled her peace. For a short quiet interval, while his sensations were new and unworn, marriage seemed to have steadied or at least sobered him. The poor fellow seemed to me (for I knew him in his married state,) to make the best effort within his power to alter and amend his habits. I had a long, friendly, serious conversation with him, having accidentally fallen in with him a short time previous to his marriage, (which marriage by the way I may state, I solemn-

nised), and the result was a hearty promise on his part to reform, settle down, get something to do to occupy his time, and become, if God gave him grace, a quiet member of society. I urged him to seek the grace and power of God's Holy Spirit to convince him of the sin, folly, and, if persevered in, the fatality of his previous career, and, as old friends and school-fellows, I begged we might join in prayer together. He did so without any apparent reluctance. I afterwards learned that he did make an effort at the other great respectabilities of life. He attended church, made good resolutions,—but making them in his own strength, 'Satan could not cast out Satan,' and of course they failed. He embarked in some local commercial speculations; fed his small pride of capital at the limited markets, where its amount was considerable as compared with the humbler traders; was flattered into loans and occasional bill transactions—became involved—grew frightened and disgusted, and sought relief in the old scenes of dissipation, low inns, and public-house amusements. As one who has lost his way on the moor is apt to lose *himself* in the mire, and at every plunge to extricate his footing sinks deeper into the slough, Lowtone visibly degenerated—augmented his losses by every attempt to repair them—became a confirmed sot—maltreated his wife and child—and disturbed his house at midnight with roystering companions, whom he brought home at unseemly hours to carouse with him after their ejection from the alehouse. He played the fool one day, and the tyrant the next—bought a showy equipage for his wife in the morning, turned her and her child out of doors at night. Repeatedly they fled from his drunken fury miles across the country, sometimes through storm, and frost, and darkness, to her former home for protection.

In a few years—so few, that the story seems a dream—all that could go, was gone. Furniture and apparel, chariot and horses, and land were seized for speculative liabilities. Nothing survived the wreck except his wife's settlement, which fortunately he could

not touch, and henceforth her daily existence was a continual chapter of hard usage, bitterness, oaths, and even unmanly blows, to extort from her the settlement,—the fatal purchase of her short-lived splendour. At length the dread of arrest for some unusual and no longer tolerable act of personal violence upon her, compelled him to abscond. Some years elapsed, and at last they learned he had returned to a sea-faring life, but this time ‘before the mast.’ Hard labour, privations, and a prematurely debilitated frame, terminated his wretched memoir. He breathed his last, still young in years, in the hospital of a foreign port, leaving no sign of repentance toward God, nor a syllable of remorse towards his wife and little ones. Nothing can set aside the penalty, as it is written: “He that walketh with wise men shall be wise, but a companion of fools shall be destroyed.” The secret of his birth, whatever it was, perished with him, sealed in the cold pressed lips of death, and but for his characteristic relics, a widow and orphans who never wept him, and only dreaded lest the tidings of his death should turn out an illusion like his life,—but for them, who bear his name, his brief history might be deemed a fancy, confused and mistaken among the dreamy things of memory for a fact. It was so like a something that was not, because it never could have been, but that God has said, “The wicked shall not live out half their days.” His fatal mistake was, not that courteous tenderness for the meek and lowly which Christianity enjoins, but a debasing taste for the mean and sensual which blots out of the heart every yearning after the true nobleness of piety and virtue. Christianity prescribes their several duties and responsibilities to the different grades of society, but these are not discharged by ignoring our social station in any fanciful effort at equalizations, which are simply absurd and impracticable. If “every man wherein he is called, is therein to abide with God,” (1 Cor. vii. 24), it is not abiding with God, nor consistent with the order of His providence, to omit serving Him *in* that calling, whether it be ‘for richer or for poorer.’ Such is ‘the deceivableness of all unrighteousness,’ that self-indulgence in a grovelling

taste may be willingly mistaken for self-denial, and the "voluntary humility" of a sensual, fanatical, or formal type, becomes the stumbling-block to that real loving, sterling spirit of the Christian commonwealth, which habitually inclines 'the brother of high degree' to 'mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate.' But if you assume a position of hail-fellow with them, the first condescension is of course the last abdication and needs no repetition—you bring yourself down to their level, without raising them a whit to yours. It is a sacrifice without the means of reciprocity, precluding the discharge of relative duties on either side by the confusion of the sanctions on which they are severally founded. The lesson is equally applicable to the humblest class—to respect themselves by eschewing the society of the profane and vicious, whether their rank be high or low. 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.' None of us can touch pitch without blacking our fingers. The temptation to marry above our proper sphere, whether in man or wife, often results in mortifications and disappointments which may have been avoided by adhering to our own connections. In no case can we safely dispense with personal character, because principle is more essential to domestic happiness than property or pretension. An old writer remarks, 'If God be not asked to the match, He will not make one at the marriage.'

Space fails our working out another inference from poor Lowtone's story—the natural bias of every unrenewed heart towards the things of "the first man who is of the earth, earthy," in preference to the things of "the Second Man, who is the Lord from heaven." It breaks out in every shape and from every quarter, like a moral gravitation which always tends earthwards, as if in uniform illustration of the truth—"dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." Let the reader ponder seriously this point as constantly verified in his own propensities, and, apart from grace, in his own succumbings too, and let St. Paul attach the moral to our sketch—"If ye live after the flesh ye shall die, but if ye, through the Spirit, do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live."

CHAPTER III.

THE GEMINI.

'Let brotherly love continue.'

Not that they were twins, except that they seemed to have but one heart bound by a secret ligature of brotherly love between them,—a kind of Siamese pulse of single affection which beat in each, not for his own, but for his brother's sake; or, if for himself at all, only through the one, on the other's account. 'Brothers' they were who verified the Saxon etymology of *broder*, i. e. brooder, as men of the same brood, warmed towards each other under the same wing, close to the same parental heart. They present a striking contrast to the last sketch. I speak delicately of both, because, as I hope and trust, both may yet be living, and it is my hearty prayer their useful, honourable lives may long be spared. Let us distinguish them as Rob and Jamie, not as Damon and Pythias as I first thought, because they were *friends* as well as brothers, which, alas! is not always so, but Damon and Pythias were not brothers, and they would not suit. The only emulation of their lives was which of the two should do most for the other and best please their revered parents. The only advantage either had of the other at starting was the elder's seniority in years, but—give him time,—the younger overtook him. I knew them at the school of my early boyhood as the quietest, meekest, gentlest pair of boys among us all. Their father, with probably a parent's instinctive prescience of their brilliant future, at sharp sacrifices of personal ease, home comfort, and even necessities at times, gave them the best schooling within his reach, no small item of his wages as a clever mechanic being devoted to the cost of their education.

He was a man of much mingled simplicity and dignity of character—one of Nature's aristocracy—and what was better, a sterling Christian, decided in his profession, as if he was "not ashamed of the hope that was in him," and consistent in his life, 'as a workman that needed not to be ashamed' of himself, nor scandalised others. No marvel, nor miracle, that he was blessed with singular success alike in the religious and mental training of his two sons, the Gemini of our tale. I call them 'Gemini,' for they still are 'signs' in the academical zodiac which was illumined by their fraternal constellation, and still corruscate a bright scientific beacon to guide the way and cheer the course of other stars in the same firmament. But they were not like the old pagan Gemini, where one rose on the other's setting, as if they couldn't agree to shine together or the starry world hadn't room enough for both; they shone together all the brighter for each other's lustre,—as Christian Gemini,—not eclipsing nor diminishing each other's light, but enhancing and displaying their mutual brilliancy, "so to let their light shine before men, that they might see their good works and glorify their Father which is in heaven."

The Gemini had lost their mother in their infancy, and hence the necessity for their father's being after a fashion both parents to the orphans wove a kind of maternal tenderness into the woof of his home sollicitudes which met its filial requital in the two-fold feeling of the boys, attaching them to him with the gentle fondness of a mother's love, and the stronger affection of a father. No boys ever reciprocated parental tenderness more fondly, condensing the claims of both parents into and upon their only one. Neither had an ungenerous secret apart from him, nor from each other in their lives, nor scarcely he from them, unless it were one that would have troubled them at odd times in days of scantier means.

The old man was removing the elder brother from school at the usual apprentice age, to bind him to some way of business, when the schoolmaster interceded for a respite. A noble-hearted

gifted Scotsman was our teacher, with a long-headed sagacity only equalled by his depth and breadth of fatherly interest in all his pupils, especially the studious ones who did their best, whether brilliant or plodders—he honoured industry for its own sake, and not selfishly for its reflected credit on himself, nor ambitiously for its achievements. He didn't break a poor dull boy's spirit by neglecting him for the more promising pupil who did not want half the help and encouragement, some crumbs of which might have kept the poor dull scholar's hope from starvation. When the father of the Gemini pleaded his straitened means as compulsory for his boy's removal, the schoolmaster at once disposed of that difficulty by insisting upon retaining the boy gratuitously, predicting an eventual return on all hands, if they "only gave the laddie time, and himsel' too—he had na' done him fu' justice yet puir chiel—he canna gang this gate."

Father, only too sanguine and too proud of his boy not to 'think so too,' consented, and happily the point was so adjusted. Jamie continued his studies, but with greater zeal than ever; considered himself a kind of living investment, on the issue of which, schoolmaster's judgment and father's trust were generously staked, and he resolved, by the blessing of God, to do his utmost not to disappoint them. He qualified for an assistant teacher, and obtained, when still a youth, an engagement in a neighbouring seminary. There he taught, and still learned on, and by teaching grew more accurately rooted and grounded in learning. He read of course ahead of his pupils—mastered mathematics in his hours of solitary struggle with sines and cosines, and became exact and elegant in demonstrations, from the quadrature of the transcendental curves to the more elemental theory of straight line or triangle. He redeemed time, saved money, and having in a few years accumulated enough to defray a first and perhaps second year's sizarship at college, bravely venturing on his chance of episodic scholarships or prizes to meet the payments of the rest of his undergraduate terms as they fall in, he trustfully commended his des-

tiny to God in realhearted earnest prayer, and entered himself at Cambridge.

I need not say what college. There are contemporaries living who, may be, well recognise the portrait, and do honor in confidence to their recollections of the original. They know how nobly he vindicated his self-reliance, under God's blessing, on his hard studies and harder economies—how late and nightly, with an astronomical precision, twinkled the tiny lamp in the poor scholar's window, like a star of prophetic hope which had not yet reached its perihelion, but was to shine out brighter by and by; how proudly 'the College' backed him, cheered him on, and reckoned upon 'the Degree' which would reflect its lustre on their gates; how his praises and his prizes neither turned his head nor puffed up his heart, but only spurred on his grateful panting spirit to greater energy in the race, lest he should deceive or disappoint their generous opinion of him; and how of all the applauses which greeted his degree of one of the first twelve wranglers at last, none came any way near the sturdy exultation of the old schoolmaster who 'had always foretold that same,' who gave a whole holiday on the spot for its fulfilment, and pretermittin' for the nonce all Dominie dignity, flung his plaid cap among the chiefs and bade them "mak' a day of it in honor o' the bonny laddie who had crooned the school." The boys raised a shout like heroes, as if they'd done it themselves, when they saw a stray tear puzzling its way down Dominie's furrowed cheeks, which blushed, as if "it seemed sic folly to greet forenent the bairns."

But was there no heart even prouder than schoolmaster's? Yes, yes, there were two hearts a deal prouder than any man's alive, and these were, first, that one which lifted up to God in heaven the affecting jubilate of an old white-haired mechanic, who gloried in the triumph of his boy as if it were his own—"our Jamie"!

What a receipt in full the real old Saxon reckoned it for all his sacrifices; they at least were personal—and so he felt half a wrangler himself, he had so heartily done his part to make one—his

boy and he were the wrangler between them—"we two." The other heart as proud and glorious as his own was the younger brother's. Rob was just as conscious of appropriating Jamie's wranglership, as if they had taken the degree between them, like a share in the lottery on which both ventured their all, only in Jamie's name, as head of the firm. Jamie was so intrinsically one with Rob, and Rob with Jamie, that their trials or triumphs were alike indivisible—there was no schism in that fraternal duality. Jamie valued his degree chiefly for Rob's sake, and Rob for Jamie's—both more on the other's account than on his own, and yet both for their silvery-looking father's sake more than for either, or for aught other's sake on earth. The brothers saw their father, not themselves, in each other, and honoured chiefly him in one another. Theirs was a real copartnery. those three—with one only interest in common, that of all for each, trading under the name of "Me and Sons." Laocoon never writhed in intenser anguish with the serpents which tied and coiled into one mortal knot the three distorted bodies of himself and sons, than the three hearts of the wrangler's father and his boys gloried in the common triumph which was so shared, as if but one heart beat its pulses in the three.

Nevertheless the family success was not to end there. The vantage ground must be improved or forfeit half its victory. The younger brother became pupil to his senior. The success vouchsafed in answer to prayer and faith, and patient continuance in well-doing, stimulated to further effort. Selfish and pusillanimous souls cannot appreciate the fact, but the earnest yearning of the brother-tutor now, was to lift up Rob above his own standing in the next batch of wranglers; and Rob in the simplicity of a true heart, crediting his brother with a disinterestedness which, were the case reversed, would have been his own, seconded the noble effort, wrought, and strove for it, less for his own than for Jamie's sake, that the pupil should not be unworthy of his tutor. He viewed himself as only Jamie's creature, a something in his hands to be

moulded as the artist pleased, like raising a child in the arms of some one taller to reach a gem from the shelf, not for its own, but for the other's wearing. Whatever he might attain would be to aggrandise his brother's honor, which must not be tarnished in his hands. On the responsibility he felt in his inmost self to make the most of every hour, which his brother's teaching invested in him, losing sight of himself in the fond sense of stewardship, that Jamie should "receive his own with usury." All the while Jamie on his part was only treasuring up the secret hope of that bright day which should satisfy the ambitious love that yearned to raise a brother into his own firmament, even at the peril of sinking himself into a lesser star—he welcomed and wooed the sacrifice as one who was resolved to win it for the family. His own success was *their* triumph, his brother's would be *his* turn, and he wrought and watched, and waited for it, as for something that was more directly his than anything more nominally his own.

Thus each, unconsciously to the other, pursued the course "in honor preferring one another;" each secretly striving for the other's weal, and both in the simple, unaffected fear and love of God, that their mutual ambition lost all the meanness of rivalry, sublimated into the heroic meekness that seeks "not its own, but another's wealth."

The co-operation was perfect, not a link of inducement wanting to complete the unselfish circuit of its electric influence, and the result was irresistible as the lightning flash which effects its mighty purpose through every obstacle that bends or breaks before its luminous path.

Young Rob in the charming naiveté of unsophisticated affection, longed to reimburse Jamie in his pupil's success, the triumph with which he had forestalled him by his own—acknowledged himself in Jamie's debt to that amount, and yearned to discharge it with ample interest. What shape so satisfactory as to do so with the usufruct, so to speak, of his brother's mental capital.

It was a strange contest to the eye of an incredulous self-seeking

world, one brother training and equipping the other to overcome himself, and yet both concurring and anticipating from their own point of view, the glory of a victory solely on each other's account. It was a paradox only soluble to magnanimous hearts of no common order of simplicity—fixed by a mutual heroism, based, as it ultimately was on either side, by the common reference to their father—to make him father of more than what they were already, dutiful and loving sons—sons to make him prouder of, to recompense his noble, however lowly struggles and self-denials in their childhood, by the returns of a successful, true-hearted manhood, due to the last farthing to the long years of paternal sacrifice which made it possible.

I need not postpone the dénouement by the clumsy telling of it. Such a combination of moral forces and virtuous effort, under God's blessing, could not reasonably expect to fail. Rob wrought silently and unobtrusively, but intensely and sustainedly, through his Cambridge course. Supported, tutored, animated, guided, guarded by the enthusiastic Jamie, he concentrated to their utmost tension every faculty of mind and body, to the one great single object both had at heart; and the first tidings which the world, though not the first which the University had heard, of his humble name, was his sudden blazing out as the annual meteor—the individual olympiad that named 'his year'—the Cambridge Senior Wrangler!

There are joys, in the fullness and richness of their proper purity, too dangerous as earthly gratifications for mere humanity to bear, without giving way somewhere, and these in tender mercy are often softened down, and diluted with tears, or obscured with clouds. It was so here. Lest the son's and brother's rapture should be perhaps too much for them, it was taxed and checked by the gradual darkening of his mental vision who, had he known it all, might have been enticed to a filioide idolatry, perilous to their spiritual health on all sides. *They* were bereaved of the triumph they had stored up for him—he was spared the tempta-

tions incident to their brilliant outcoming. The three-fold cord was snapped asunder at the central link, and forced upon the more than orphan boys, a looser hold upon the world and even its most innocent satisfactions. Like a splendid victory bought too dearly by the loss of its old general, the trophies were brought home in silence, and the sobs of mourning well nigh stifled the natural cry of joy. The old man never recovered sanity enough to know the crowning consummation of his self-denying policy, but from the probable recognitions of an intermediate state, he may now be permitted to rejoice, where it is less perilous to indulge it, in the distinguished career which both his earthly representatives still maintain in the upper ranks of their country's service, and in the respect and admiration of their contemporaries.

This sketch is not fiction—not a jot of it, so far as I remember its details. I could name, and so could many more, the important scientific functions under government which the Gemini have most honourably discharged these many years, and there they are to this day, for aught I know, living demonstrations of the absence of all *caste* in the British constitution and society, whose highest dignities are open to just those citizens who best prove their ability to reach them and their uprightness to retain them.

All cannot of course secure the first prizes, but there are no ultimate blanks in the long run to persevering industry, moral integrity, and average capacity. The filial piety of the Gemini illustrates, with its own force of moral beauty, "the first commandment with promise." Their fraternal attachment is a touching comment upon the maxim, "whoso loveth his brother abideth in light, and there is none occasion of stumbling in him." Nor must the worthy schoolmaster's agency be overlooked as in some sort impressing the hospitable injunction—"be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." The religious element pervading the whole story commends the golden rule of life to our observance,—“them that honour me I will honour, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed.”

CHAPTER IV.

BULLIELAW.

Or "*Loving to have the pre-eminence.*"

His was a life to elucidate the difference between domineering and being dominant. "*Loving to have the pre-eminence,*" is far from the surest way of securing it. The lust for power, like other ill-regulated passions, is not unfrequently the impediment in the way of attaining it.

The name at the head of this article implies a temper which opposed as so much bully, every law other than its own, and did its best to enforce its bully upon every one else as law. He was noted from infancy for a wilful brat, an autocrat in swaddling clothes. Men seldom alter much from what they were as boys. Nothing short of the grace of God effects any material change in the original character; as a rule we retain the natural image until "conformed to the image of God's dear Son." Till then, the school is the barometer of the world—the boy the parable of the man. Bullielaw, as a lad, was only a minor bully to what he was as an adult. As the tree is bent in the twig, it stereotypes its form in the trunk. Mis-moulding the boyhood, it is then a life too late to shape the manhood. I never knew a character formed beyond 'the teens.'

Teacher of youth! it is now or never with them—"what thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might"—in a year or two, the world and the flesh will have put it out of thy power to influence them either way—they will have escaped thee; take heed betimes lest they finally escape from God!

From the first detection of Bullielaw's tyrannical turn, his school-fellows were on their guard, and he succeeded to less influence than he might have acquired had not his want of self-control prematurely betrayed him. He split on that rock throughout life.

Strange anomaly that they most covet to 'lord it over others, who can least control themselves.' "Be subject one to another" is an injunction beyond the scope of their observance who are not inured to self-subjection.

Bullielaw got the mastery over the timid and retiring, who yielded more in defence of their own unobtrusiveness than in deference to any acknowledged right on his part. The pusillanimous were cowed by his violence, and the indolent and inactive to escape the toil of antagonism. Sum up the total which these classes represent, whether in a school or borough, and you discover how Bullielaws get the head of a mob—parade an ascendancy really composed of elements of which they are but the fortuitous amalgam, not the main ingredient—the solder, not the leading metals. Add to the foregoing, the malcontents on every score, ever ready to follow a railer who is "not afraid to speak evil of dignities," and throw into the account the secret instigators in the background, whose political tools such men are, and you have the philosophy of Bullielaws all the world over, shadows of a Shimei, Tertullus, Catiline, Tetzels, Mirabeau, or a Wilkes of the days gone by.

Thus Bullielaw became numerically the top, but neither the head nor heart of the school. A series of petty seditions and play-ground insurrections wearied out and disgusted the seniors, and the vulgar ringleader seized upon their abdicated rule. Older communities of late years are too commonly guilty of the same neglect or cowardice, in abandoning civic and even senatorial functions to vulgar turbulence, and then complaining of the public mischiefs which are the result of their own inaction or pusillanimity.

Bullielaw's interregnum at school, which, while it lasted, obviously disorganised the little commonwealth, intercepted kindly offices and relations between the upper and lower classes, scattered broadcast the seed of many a petty bitterness which revived in adult feuds in after life, and turned the school into "a house divided against itself," until subordination and tranquillity were restored by the voluntary expatriation of the chief offender.

Possibly from some prescient impression that his mission was alike to grease the wheels and light the lamps of the public stage, Bullielaw apprenticed himself to a coal merchant and oilman—set up (it was anterior to the invention of gas) for a kind of 'live coal,' or rather public lamp himself, flaring up on his post at every breeze that blew, sputtering at every incident that dropped in his way—burning dull and sullenly at the best, and not unfrequently half extinguished for want of combustible, the publicity given to the fact by its intolerable effluvium extorted a fresh trimming from the town to get rid of the nuisance. To drop the metaphor, he quarrelled his way through half his apprenticeship—fought himself out of the other half—nearly ruined the business by his incivility to customers—was summoned before Justices by his master, and cross-summoned his master before the same tribunal, and was at standing feud with the whole warehouse, whose resentment of his airs only raised them into continual half-gales and hurricanes. He spent his small patrimony in showy extravagances beyond his years and station. Commencing business on his own account without capital or credit, he got limited orders by dint of boring people reluctantly into his books, and then using their names, as inducements to other customers. He struggled doggedly through a chronic insolvency, running from the first to last of his trade, and ended as he began, none the better for himself, but all the worse for every one who had chanced to trust him.

If the public expressed no surprise at his failure, except that it hadn't happened sooner, to do Bullielaw justice he thought so too, and evidently felt it less than anybody else, as indeed it

was rather anybody's loss than his own, the discreet man having had nothing to lose.

Spite of the slip, he was foremost man as ever at Town's meetings, perhaps a shade or so more acrimonious than heretofore, as if bitterness at least was a prerogative of misfortune which it had a right to indulge as its sole resource, if only to retort the presumptive apathy of its neighbours.

If any man hinted the propriety of less assumption under recent circumstances, Bullielaw denounced that man an aristocrat, an enemy of the people, whom his, Bullielaw's, lungs represented. If in spite of scurrility and rancour, he was foiled at an election, like "the dragon who pursued the woman in the Apocalypse, he opened his mouth to avenge himself by a flood" of indiscriminate abuse on all sides, impartially including his own.

If on the other hand, the chances of the poll were culminating to an equilibrium, which made single votes marketable commodities, Bullielaw had always a considerable reserve of free and independent electors on hand, whose delicacy invested him with a kind of dirty importance as the negotiator of confidential price of their suffrages. When some one jeered his harangue at the hustings by shouting at its climax—"sixpence in the pound!" Bullielaw, without a blush, retorted "that fellow never owed a pound, because no one would trust him with sixpence," and the mob clapped hands, hurrahed and gloried in it, as if the sally was worth the odd nineteen shillings and sixpence to his assignees. Bullielaw's public life spread over the period from the death of Nelson to the termination of the Railway mania, when he and many other kindred bubbles sank together. I can just remember his unctuous excitement (he was in full trade in oils at the time) at the visit of the allied sovereigns, whom he half regarded as his particular guests, and the incident of his picking a quarrel with a sentinel for ordering him away from the window of the "Government House," through which he had been staring at the crowned heads, probably collecting materials for his next impudent philippic against royalties and tyrannies.

which in conscious innocence of the Greek synonyms, he bracketed as despotic identities.

Authority in any shape was usurpation to an unbridled outlaw, who resented every obstacle to his effrontery as a personal insurrection. His home was the real interpretation of his constant text of the liberty of the subject. There it meant neither more nor less than subjecting the liberty of his entire household to his arbitrary caprice. His wife was his drudge, and all her children, with one exception, his serfs, without a sense of mental volition, so effectually had he stamped it out in the impress of his own. The only point on which Bullielaw was vulnerable, and this he and others like him shared with other menageries, was a sensibility to feeding time. The secret wherein he might be afflicted was the discipline of a fast, or the dread of missing a feast. The hint of a bidding to a prospective haunch of venison and its convivial accessories, turned, and toned him down to a sort of shaggy courtesy for weeks anterior to the hospitality. Only constitute him *chef de cuisine* for the occasion, and no Bengal mouser gloated, gambolled, and purred over its captured victim with more ferocious excitement than Bullielaw on the advent of a public dinner. If after repast, he fell into an equivocally digestive sleep, so profound as to be deaf even to the appeal of his own awful snoring, this was so much less disturbing than the dictatorial style of his ordinary conversation awake, that they let him sleep on, pencilling and pinning on his back a caricatured exposition of his recent increase of bulk, in the inuendo—'fat buck' inscribed at the bottom of the etching.

Poor Bullielaw! to drop the humour, where there was more room for regret, his was a stormy sensual world, and alas his only one. He never lived for another, nor probably imagined nor believed in a better, perhaps would have hardly wished it unless he could have had it here. He knew not, or else he cared not, that "to be carnally minded is death"; he was so mere an earth worm, creeping across "the things of the flesh" on the way to his

grave, and their own, that he would have insulted any man who would fain have turned him back again to consider where he was.

Politics, like poverty, makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows, hence the republican Bullielaw was a noisy advocate for Roman Catholic emancipation. The denouncer of despotism demanded its enfranchisement in its worst and most inveterate version, Romanism. Faction postponed his patriotism (if he had any,) to popery, not that he hated the Pope less, but the Peerage more. On that ground, or indeed on any other you liked, he was not particular as to principles; he would have returned to Parliament, Jew, Turk, Infidel, or Heretic, no matter who, so the election were contested, as no contest involved no row, and without that, "Othello's occupation's gone." The stormy petrel of the borough, if we may so express it, there was no fishing for him except in troubled waters. Other people's feud was his food. Underneath it all, his moral geology stratified as primary a coward, as bullies historically prove to be. He shed deprecating tears, and apologised, on more than one occasion, to escape actions for libel, and ran away from a mob whom he had inflamed into riot, at a glimpse of the asthmatic parish constable. His contributions to local literature were restricted to anonymous scandals, which he severally repudiated at once when challenged to defend them in a Court of Justice. His lodging in the borough after he ceased shop-keeping, or rather after the shop ceased keeping him, was the understood rendezvous of every local conspiracy, where oppositions had to be organised against Church or State rates or taxes, elections or petitions, Parliamentary Bills, or Parochial Vestries, no-matter what, he was the standing *per contra* against anything that lacked an adversary, from the return of an M. P. to the election of a beadle of the ward.

Nevertheless his position never reached beyond the force of a negative coincidence. Always more indebted to fortuities and factions, than to any address or abstract influence of his own,

circumstances made him whatever he chanced to turn up, not he the circumstances.

When the Reform Bill kindled its great national agitation, it naturally seethed to the surface much of the scum and froth which popular ebullitions fling there, obviously with an instinctive effort to get skimmed of them, as the public settles down to its common sense again. Many a demigod of that period who 'came out' in the conflict, went in again as soon as it was over, like the irritable bee that can sting but once, then dies from the loss of its little drop of natural venom, to buzz about our ears no more.

The success of Reform was all but fatal to poor Bullie; his public life was parenthetically sacrificed, like a swoon or an epilepsy, to that ingrate stroke of legislation which robbed him of his intermittent *casus belli*. It beggared him of popular grievances, left him stranded on a lee shore with nothing to complain of, not a solitary grumble, scarcely a decent grunt; 'it was ridiculous the people were so soon satisfied. What was the Bill after all?' As nobody answered, Bullie did, by briefly repeating the interrogative 'what?' Might he not say 'what?' He *would* say 'what?' In the exorcism of Britannia's familiar spirits, the hope of his gains was gone but for the fortunate interposition of the railway epidemic. It dropped out in the nick of time,—the rails had a fellow-feeling with the corroding railer,—they were just in each other's line: trespassing, disturbing, levelling, and running down with noise, violence, and vapour of smoke, everything before them. It was most opportune. *Io triumphe!* Bullie's himself again; here was 'the right man in the right place,' with no unseasonable scruples about the fabrication of statistics, tabulation of traffic, manufacture of concurrents,—but an exemplary tact to ignore, suppress, mis-state, distort, cajole, threaten, pledge, make affidavits, canvass, harangue, pack meetings, carry motions, sign petitions, attend committees of the House, committees of shareholders, committees of towns on the line, and committees of directors; injecting himself at last as actual round-salaried secretary to a junction branch

that couldn't stir without him, or thought they couldn't, and were obliged to take the incumbrance, as it was, "for better or worse," the latter taking the lead at starting, and keeping ahead to the end.

Here, in an office with nothing to do, and less to say, he might have anchored in peace, but that his rabid temper "refused to be comforted," only that it was not "his children," but his infirmities that troubled him. He domineered with all the airs of a "Dominie," but with none of his gifts or graces. The greatest bore on the line was not its longest tunnel, which, with all its natural engineering difficulties, *was* bored through at last; the Board itself was bored to destruction by its secretary. *He* was the main difficulty who had hitherto smoothed every other, as if he had merely done it to secure the monopoly of their annoyance. The alternative was inevitable of no Board or another secretary, and the shareholders preferred the latter. Bullielaw avenged the excision of his services by their immediate transfer to an opposing line, who indiscreetly estimated their value on one side by their virulence on the other. Poor unruly soul! ever more heady than hearty, he made enemies on both sides of a question, without advancing a point on either. No earthly being could really bring to bear upon him any effective permanent control, except the voice and womanly tact, and, after its kind, the filial piety of his fair-haired daughter.

With much of her father's untameable spirit, it triumphed over his by the sheer force of its integrity and truthfulness. Features of some striking beauty, which assimilated to her sire's, made somewhat masculine and to that extent disparaged them, first interested his parental pride in her, because the face was his own; then her pride in *him* won his natural affection, for it seized upon his weak point, and she held on by it till she ultimately mastered him. He bowed down before himself at the shrine of his daughter's likeness to him; it was an indirect self-conquest,—at least in that shape he rather gloried in it at first than was ashamed of it,

as being something he could shake off at pleasure,—but he didn't shake it off till she discovered, like Delilah, where the strong man "could be bound." It presently left him no choice but to capitulate,—the bluff, rude father surrendered to the gentle child. Nor did she reign ingloriously. She did her best, at many a bitter sacrifice of real filial feeling, to make his 'crooked paths straight, and his rough places plain,' but it was tried in her own strength alone, and as, alas, she knew no higher, holier resource, it failed everywhere except at home. . There she was a tender, loving shield for all the rest, marred indeed by the scar of many a shaft she had intercepted; but stout-hearted, strong, and invincible to the last, she stood her ground, the sole refuge of the household in every domestic outbreak, until its "tyranny was overpast." *Sole refuge* we said, for unhappily neither she nor they had ever realised a sense of what religion meant; none of them, except Mary, poor thing, were even acquainted with its accidents. She, poor girl, lived up honestly to her limited light, and was one of those involuntary disciples of whom the tender and compassionate Friend of the sisters of Bethany would have said, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." Her mistake was in identifying the forms with the essence of Christianity. There was so little personal in her views of devotion for instance, that her leading idea of prayer was a local duty or periodical sacrifice to be done, like business on a market day, at the accustomed time and place,—a public, official, stated arrangement, inattention to which was neither decorous nor respectable: but there she rested. In personal, heart-felt, spiritual, inner-man communion with God, neither she nor her family ever bent the knee; secret prayer was as far from their thoughts as a secret meal or a secret suit of clothes. Hence the household had no sanctuary into which to flee, and appeal from the persecutions of its arbitrary head. Domestic Christianity would have supported *them*, might have subdued *him*. The worldly-minded or merely formal man may smile, perhaps sneer, at these reflections, especially as the tail-piece of such a memoir. But we

have purposely drawn out a full-length portrait, in our humble way, of just the kind of men who too often hound on our unthinking and illiterate fellow-citizens, in their opposition to the better men and measures who have their real interests at heart. I speak from what I know, and as the experience of many long years spent in the midst of vast populations, among whom a defective moral element has led to mischief and impediments to the public good in innumerable shapes. The selfish, insolent, and incapable Bullielaws are at the bottom of those mutual alienations of the classes in Britain, which have prevented their social co-operation for their common welfare. Religious men, in any, even the most charitable construction of the term, they never are; and however unpalatable the sentiment, the truth must out, without religion, public men at the best are doubtful, in families there is no hope of peace or comfort. There is no sanction, no appeal. Let the men of the world sneer as they may, there is another world for all that. Let them sneer on, I cannot help it. I am only sorry they should know so little of "the things concerning their peace" as poor Mary and her family knew. Mary would not have sneered at these things if she had but known them. What she did know she sincerely practised; there are many of us who know better, who don't do as much.

As the case stood with Bullie's family, it was a hopeless as well as cheerless one—its only mitigation was the girlish champion who was doomed to be its martyr too. She married a man of some substance, chiefly it was said to relieve the desperate circumstances of her father; but found out too late, it was easier to suffer poverty than to endure contempt or survive neglect. She died a young wife and mother. Henceforth the only link which held unhappy Bullielaw in any check at all, was a cry or a childish endearment of Mary's orphan boy. Such things usually overcame his grand-sire even to tears, as if the child's bereavement was hardly sharper than his own. When Bullielaw's Line at length ran off its own points to a mathematical one, and ran up hosts of all kinds of

bills, instead of the Parliamentary one, it was shunted into a hopeless siding somewhere, where it stands for aught I know to this day, the steam long down, engine rusting, carriages rotting, and all its motley group of hypothetical passengers gone off by another train.

Partly from sympathy, partly to get rid of his importunities, Bullielaw's more secret patrons obtained for him a colonial magistracy. He went out to the antipodes, and at his age, it might have been reasonably expected, his far from unhandsome outfit would have their last trouble with him. But unhappily he carried out 'the old man' to 'the new country.' What the aborigines may have made out his religion to be is hard to say; it was more than his countrymen at home had ever discovered. Such versions of Christianity are notoriously the chief impediments to missionary work, far more than any ignorances or prejudices of the more obvious heathens. He committed himself, as well as others, in his judicial capacity; would embroil himself with colonial squabbles; was as imperious on the Bench, as he would have been impertinent at the Bar; was less a Justice of the Peace than amateur minister at war. His district at length arraigned him before the Governor; overstated the facts, as he would have done himself had the tables been reversed; 'hoisted the engineer with his own petard,' and threw him. He returned to England to appeal against the colonial supersedure, but the time and tide were dead against him, and he failed to procure a renewal. If he ever returns again to the Colonies it will be in a new capacity, towards which he has hitherto exhibited no leaning in the mother country—that of a voluntary settler.

The last time I met him, long, long ago, was in a suburb of the great metropolis, where, as in the grave, all men meet some time or other. Bullielaw was then white-haired, toothless and threadbare; and as if his social status sympathised with his physical infirmities, there was a general tone of dilapidation about him, in and out. He who was so unbending to others, feebly stooped to

his own debility, though the evident struggle to maintain appearances indicated a forlorn intention to keep at bay as long as possible the allied assaults of age and poverty.

The old man's gallantry was worthy of a better motive. Poor Bullielaw ! he had a raw material capable of being wrought, under better auspices, into a finer article than the useless and wretched one he found through life unsaleable.

He mistook the application of the precept "look not every man to his own things, but every man to the things of others also." He neglected his own duties to interfere with other people's; and they resented a dictation who might have been influenced by an example. He aspired like a Diotrephes, without labouring like a Paul; aimed at "the right hand and left" with the Boanerges, but sought it not like them in a mount of transfiguration.

"No man is crowned except he strive lawfully." Greatness is the reward, not of great pretensions, but of great services. "Who-soever will be great among you, let him be your minister," is the maxim, and its model is He who said: "I am among you as one that serveth." *He* who was missing from the streets when the people would have made him a king, was found of them in the desert place when 'they wanted bread.' He could stoop to wash their feet; he disdained to wear their crown.

CHAPTER V.

DAN, THE BOY BISHOP.

Was the title of another school-fellow whose premature gravity, uncommon genius, and eccentric acquirements, suggested to his contemporaries their prediction of his brilliant future. The school consecrated him a prelate before he reached his teens. There was a curious mediæval expression in his face which irresistibly reminded you of the sculptures of old bishops and mitred abbots niched up in ancient minsters and abbey walls. His very limbs seemed prematurely set. His tone of voice tolled precociously deep and solemn, like a knell; and his style of amusement was sombre, quiet, and mechanical. I don't mean to infer all this unseasonable eccentricity was desirable. On the contrary, if it had been assumed it would have been absurd and highly objectionable, but it was as much part and parcel of his nature as playfulness and thoughtlessness of ordinary boys. His mild, unobtrusive way of conducting himself on all occasions, made his gravity as much a check on anything unseemly among the boys as if he had been a junior master. It was a queer anachronism, the appearance of this tiny competitor in the higher forms standing side by side with boys head and shoulders taller and stones heavier and stronger than himself. He was the son of a widow of a naval captain, who had little else beyond her pension to subsist on. She was a quaint clever little body, like her son. The resemblance between mother and child included the moral as well as physical lineaments. She had begun his education almost in the cradle, and he took to it as kindly as if it was another shape of his mother's milk. He enter-

ed school at 9 years of age, in the third form, and never lost a step from the day he started on the race for the small, but symbolical, honors of the academy. He knew he had no dependence except upon himself and the blessing of God. Industry was his sole patrimony. He must make himself, if he was ever to become anything. The young wrestler in the game of life began to play the hero before he knew what heroism meant. He had a distinct, perhaps occasionally a bitter perception of the privations which his mother practised for his sake to meet his school expenses; and as she exhibited her care to him in the form of sacrifice and self-denial, his love for her insensibly partook of the same character. He felt that she and he had a hard campaign to fight through; and he fought it with her side by side, and inch by inch, like a fine little fellow he was, worthy of such a fine little mother as she was. So he wrought manfully at his studies from his earliest boyhood, and had little of the boy about him, as if that were a chronic luxury beyond his means. Dear lad! when some thoughtless young spendthrifts of their pence made fun of him for investing his scanty pocket money on second-hand school books to keep the cost of new ones out of the half-year's school-bill, they little thought what a pleasure the young frugal one was purchasing to himself in that shape, in the way of emulating his mother's sacrifice, and literally "booking" the incident to tell her the next holidays. In his case economy was filial piety. In every case, a school-boy's gratuitous profusion is an unfilial sin. Boys don't sufficiently estimate this point. They can *earn* nothing for their parents during their pupilage, but they can save much; "a penny saved is a penny got." Every shilling a boy fairly economizes, is a personal contribution in that shape to the necessary cost of his education and subsistence. My dear boys, think of this, and act upon it more than most of you do. Don't attach such little importance to the items which "go with the bill." Recollect who has to pay it. You really ought to make the self-denial which so often is compulsory on the limited means of parents to meet their

boys' bills, at least as light as may be compatible with the object of your being sent to school. Most of us might have been all the better for a leaf cut out of Danny's book. His education was the cheapest of us all, and the most successful of us all. But I won't anticipate. Dan was devoted to his school work. It was his business, his religion. Learning was the form of his obedience to God's law of labour. His books were not the substitutes for personal piety, but the daily line of duty which developed and applied it. There was not a devouter boy in the school in the more direct impulses and observances of religion; only his religious principle was not an isolation, a moral estrangement from other obligations of life, but the sanctifying element which pervaded, raised and influenced them all. The school-boy who merely says his prayers and merely says his lessons, reduces church and school to similar formalities, and makes no real heart progress nor head progress in one or the other. Danny was at school eight years, and for the last two of them stood Primus, nay facile princeps, of the sixth form. As the head boy of the whole school, we reckoned him a miracle of precocious learning. He obtained an exhibition at Oxford, and removed thither in his 18th year. At his college, which he entered as a servitor, he further obtained a college scholarship, so that by dint of frugal habits and uniform self-denial, he was in a position to meet his expenses. All would have gone on smoothly but that, in the providence of God, during his second year symptoms of phthisis appeared, and he was ordered to winter in a warmer climate. The difficulty was the expense. A young surgeon coolly assured a poor half-starved patient who was rapidly sinking from exhaustion; "Pooh, pooh, a dozen of good port will set you all to rights." "But where can I get the port?" enquired the sufferer.

It was pretty much so with Danny and his mother. A winter in the south of France might save his life, but where was the cost to come from? The widowed lady had straitened, bared, and even anticipated her limited resources, to support her darling so

many years at school; had borrowed money from friends to furnish Danny's outfit and start on his University course. Means and measures were alike exhausted. What more could she do? There was no alternative except the sale of her bits of furniture; breaking up her home, and embarking her last proceeds on the fond adventure of her boy's prospects. She did not hesitate, though the parting with some of her effects cost her many a retrospective pang; and the sale of trinkets of her youth and of her early married life, was like a final divorcing her from the memories of happier, sunnier days, before she had come in contact with the sharp exactions of poverty. There was a little auction then in the widow's house. Some of the less kindly disposed among her neighbours whispered she was "sold up for rent." Others insinuated Danny's 'extravagance up at Oxford had brought his mother into difficulties.' A few indeed heard 'the reason why,' believed it, so far sympathised with the brave little gentlewoman as to buy at the sale several articles at fifty per cent. below their value. But hold hard that sneer; —the baker she had dealt with above 20 years, bought in the Captain's portrait, and a learned cordwainer who was 'proud of shoein' a scholar like little Danny,' bought his mother's portrait, and both the worthy tradesmen begged Mrs. W's. acceptance of 'the pictures' next day. The selfishness of their neighbours was more on the surface than in their hearts. Both mother and son had 'carried their cup so evenly.' Their integrity shone out so brightly in their comparative penury, like stars more brilliant for the clear frost through which they glistened, that none who knew them could choose but admire them. The emigration of the widow, with her pallid sickly son, to the warmer temperature of the back of the Isle of Wight, elicited general sympathy. Lots of little portable articles of use, which they could take away with them, instead of being removed by the purchasers after the auction, were presented, in short, feeling, respectful notes of condolence, and good wishes, to the widow lady. In fact, to a considerable extent, her friends availed themselves of the opportunity of the

auction, to raise an indirect testimonial of their appreciation of her character, in the shape of the purchase money of articles which were thus returned to her. Oh thou blessed, and compassionate Father of the fatherless, and God of the widow, how often, and in how many ways, dost Thou bring it to pass that, "*out of the eater, should come forth meat, and out of the strong should come forth sweetness.*"

Dan and his mother were cheered by these tokens of affection. They were too poor not to value these neighbourly helps, and not too proud gratefully to accept them. On the morning of their departure from Cosham to the Pier at Portsmouth, the old shoemaker, himself a studious, clever man, with an unbounded respect for learning, waited on "Master Danny," with a new pair of boots, and asked if he might have the honor "o 'fitten' a farewell pair on to the feet o' the greatest scholar, and the littlest man, as he ever knew."

Dan thankfully sat down, not a little affected at his old friend's kindness, and putting out his tiny feet, the good cordwainer heartily and reverently pulled on the boots, and then, while still on his knees, taking Danny's hand, as if the chair were a throne and Danny the king seated on it, he respectfully kissed it, and said with a homely burst of homage: "that this hand, before it be many years older, will be the hand of a Bishop,—or else the more glorious palm of an angel in heaven! Good bye, sir, good luck to you, and the good lady, the mother as bore ye, and loves ye, and is proud on ye, so she ou't to be, but aint prouder on ye than the old shoemaker, as begs a pair o'yer old shoes for a keepsake in the room of them boots, which the Lord give ye health and happiness to wear down to the welt, and then send 'em back to me to mend 'em."

The worthy baker had called over-night to say "his covered cart was goin' in town for a load o' biscuits' in the morning, and would be glad to give them, and their luggage, a cart to the steamer." It would save a deal of money, so the arrangement was very ac-

ceptable. Accordingly at the appointed hour, Dan and the baker managed to pack inside, or on the roof, all their few remaining goods and chattels; and cheered by the friendly adieus and good wishes of their old neighbours, the widow and her son were driven the five miles to the shore, and embarked for the Isle of Wight. Ventnor is as warm or warmer than any winter quarter round the coast, but the season was unusually severe and tried Danny's constitution to its utmost powers of endurance. He grew weaker and worse every month. Constant medical attendance, the cost of furnished lodgings, and expensive diet for the invalid, made sad inroads on their little capital. Dan was ordered to cease all reading, to keep perfectly quiet and unexcited, and to live as much as possible in the same temperature. Twice during that weary winter he was brought into crises of imminent danger by the breaking of a blood vessel. His state of health grew daily more precarious. The winter past—spring was far advanced, yet he had not recovered strength enough to resume his studies, much less to return to Oxford. Summer set in, and the air of Ventnor no longer suited the invalid. He needed a more bracing atmosphere. Their nearly exhausted means left them no resource but to return to Cosham, where they were able to procure a very humble lodging, and lived in the deepest privacy and seclusion. The old shoemaker found them out, and begging Danny's pardon, looked at the soles of his boots. He shook his head at observing how little they were worn, indicating the little exercise the poor invalid youth, confined to his apartment, could have taken. "Ah," said the old man, "them soles give more odds for the angel nor the Bishop. I doubt the wearer has been "wearin" out instead o' the boots. The Lord love ye, poor Master Dan, I wish ye could ha' worn 'em better nor that. They're not the fit they was, I'm afeared."

Summer gently stole into autumn, and autumn dropt noiselessly, as one of its own leaves on the greensward, into winter again, before Dan was sufficiently renovated to indulge the hope of resuming

his college career. He however got back at last, having lost a year. He was advised to resume his book-work cautiously, take exercise moderately, and avoid excitement. The widow engaged apartments in Oxford, and her son lived with her. They practised the most rigid economy. The hope of academical distinction had faded away with Danny's health, and he dared not recover lost time by extra exertion lest it should precipitate a return of his malady. So he read on steadily, but not hard. Never a day passed without a step onwards. He looked above for strength and succour; neither neglected his religious duties nor his studies, and both made progress together. He was often hard put to for books—new and expensive books beyond his means,—but somehow or other, now through the sale of other books—then through the loan of a friend, it generally happened that he procured what he wanted. At length he went in for his degree, and anxiously at the close of each day's examination, mother and son conversed together on the amount of answering he had been equal to; and both were satisfied he should pass creditably, if with no great *eclat*. It was the crisis of Danny's after-life, the result of those few days of trial and intense excitement. They were soon over, and after the usual interval the class lists were published, and Danny ran home to his mother, his eyes overflowing with tears of joy all the way, breathless, and panting to tell her the glorious news; which when he reached her, he could not tell—his heart was in his mouth and choked his utterance—he could only look wildly at her moving face for a moment or two, and then get out—"Hurrah, mother!" threw himself on her dear neck, and faintly whispered "First class." Yes, the noble little Danny had scored another name on the escutcheon of the school; had multiplied its honors by the addition of his own; had recompensed his admirable mother for all her trials, privations and anxieties, and secured, under God, a provision and a standing for them both in after life. It was a moving as well as exemplary spectacle, which the world saw not, but 'angels desired to look upon,' and the eye of God approved, when

mother and son fell instinctively upon their knees and consecrated this happy tidings by an act of devout, heartfelt thanksgiving to the blessed Lord who loved the young son of Zebedee, and vouchsafed him the august title, open still to all who believe in Him and serve Him, 'the disciple whom Jesus loved.'

Thus Danny planted his foot upon the first stepping stone to his prophetic mitre. Oxford rang with the rumour of the little pale 'Worcester' man who had 'worsted' his host of competitors, and run in first; suggested he was born an Oxford jockey whom nature made to win; that he was suckled in stirrups, and slept on the saddle; that he was a diamond edition of the classics, a pocket euclid, an algebraic formula, a microcosm, 'a brick,'—this was the culmination of undergraduate eulogy, 'a thorough little brick, with plenty of mortar about him to stick into anything he liked.'

When little Danny walked into the theatre Degree day, to be admitted B. A., leaning on the arm of his little mother, both in black gowns, and as near a height as possible but for the bit of a bonnet, both might have been taken for incepting bachelors. They were no sooner recognised, than the galleries raised a deafening shout for the little lady, 'the First-class man's mother', and then a still louder shout for Danny himself. The publicity, the enthusiasm, the honor done her for her son's sake, rather frightened the widow, and the continuance of the applause overcame her, she felt faint, and to avoid a scene sat down, and a gush of exulting tears relieved her. The formalities were soon over, and the widow walked out of the theatre on the arm of her Bachelor of Arts, looking proudly and lovingly on his symbolical hood and bands, as who should say, 'My son,—my Danny—oh, if his poor father had seen this day!—"Thy will be done!" Thus Danny gained a first! He stood at college, where he had stood at school, number one. A first class-man at Oxford is a made man for life; like Adam, "has all the world before him where to choose." Spite of ill-health and of a lost year, the sound scholarship which was in him overcame these obstacles, so fatal to the whileom, de-

sultory, or imperfect student, who unpossessed of literary capital to fall back upon, has to condense, into the brief collegiate-course, the energy and application essential to a high position, which had been far better spread over several previous years of mental training.

With such a degree he had no difficulty in immediately obtaining pupils at a high scale of remuneration. He removed into the country, and in due time was ordained upon a rural cure in their old neighbourhood, the limited duties of which did not prevent his continuing his pupils. He and his excellent mother were rapidly placed in circumstances of comparative affluence. Their humble benefactors, in the time of their need, received an ample recompense in having the supply of the very large establishment which the widow and her son conducted. In this field of real usefulness to his pupils, alike in a spiritual and intellectual point of view, Danny laboured for many years. At length a colonial bishopric, involving also the charge of an institution for the training of a native ministry, becoming vacant, Danny was selected, alike on the score of character and learning. He accepted the post on condition of his beloved mother accompanying him to the scene of his distant labours. It was so agreed between them, and the prediction of his school-fellows was thus fulfilled; 'the Boy-Bishop' was consecrated to the see of——. There for a few years, and only a few, he lived and laboured, but fell a victim to the climate, at an age so early as scarcely to have lost the soubriquet of 'the Boy-Bishop,' so young was he in years, and so much younger still in figure and personal expression. The Right Rev. Daniel, Lord Bishop of—— lies beneath an aisle of the lowly minster which he had been permitted to add to the accommodation of his Cathedral Church. His pious mother, 'a widow indeed,' and 'a mother in Israel,' returned to her own land, not sighing, like Naomi, "call me Mara, for the Lord hath dealt bitterly with me," but bowing down in meek submission to His will who gave and hath taken away, acknowledging in both issues: "Blessed be the name of the Lord."

CHAPTER VI.

THE CLIQUE.

I hate cliques of all kinds, and everywhere: school cliques, country-town cliques, cliques in public boards and corporations, in social classes, and in professional circles. They are all more or less conspiracies against other people's rights, and engines of more or less mischief. There was a clique at my school. It consisted at first of six of the oldest and biggest boys of an upper form; I need not state which, but they were a standing nuisance and annoyance. They formed a cordon of exclusiveness around themselves and their actions, which it was impossible to break through; any attempt to do so being haughtily and often cruelly resented by the *confrères*. After a time they were left to themselves; and the airs of mystery and consequential elevation they assumed, provoked many a whimsical sarcasm and affront from outsiders. One of the number having been drowned on a fishing excursion in the harbor, the master threatened them with severe notice should they again venture on the water without special permission and a waterman to accompany them. They went out boating all the more frequently, to exhibit their indifference to the menace and their opposition to the interdict; but they broke rules so secretly, no case could be clearly brought home to them. They had among them a dull fellow enough in the way of learning, but a boy who seemed to possess an unlimited command of money, the son of a wealthy tradesman in the town. As this boy, whom, for reasons hereafter specified, I shall call "Tiller," contributed more than all the rest of the sextile to their sports and feastings, we used to taunt them with keeping Tiller to themselves to appropriate his spendings. We scribbled on Tiller's books, "Paymaster to the

Forces," "Accountant-General," and "Chancellor of the Exchequer." On his companions' books shrewd hints now and then appeared in manuscript, such as, "Sixpence in the pound," "Parasitical Plants, illustrated by a mob of sharks following a ship," "cupboard-love," "no small change," "lend me a shilling," wearing the features of the four members of the clique, growing on a tree-trunk drawn in the likeness of Tiller; bits of sponge were pinned to their jackets; queries, which afterwards sustained a graver significance, of "where does the money come from?" "who carries the box?" and so forth. Boys instinctively hit upon the raw places of facts, and make galled jades wince. Oxlip, Thyme, Tiller, Cowes, and Violet, nevertheless kept their own council; became more exclusive than ever in companionship and habits of life; got up all sorts of holiday excursions among themselves; smoked cigars and drank sherry, in out-of-the-way places, after school hours; had secret suppers at night in their bed-rooms, hours after every boy was supposed to be asleep. Presuming upon their ages, as bigger boys soon to leave school, they inaugurated a whist-club, and won Tiller's money by sovereigns at a time; yet he never wanted means. He was a weekly boarder, and on his return on the Mondays was as full of cash as ever. Messrs. Oxlip, Thyme, Tiller, Cowes, and Violet,—to use a vulgar, but not inappropriate phrase,—were "thick as thieves," and as jealous of any cognizance of their sayings and doings. Tiller himself was not half so ill-tempered and unsocial a churl as he became under the influence of this precociously bad fraternity. "Birds of a feather flock together." Four of the clique had long been the least liked or trusted boys among their school-fellows, because of their habit of bullying every one in each other's behalf, without reference to the merits of the quarrel either way. They were a young gang of desperadoes whom none but the boldest and best fighters cared to encounter; though to do the school justice, they received a retributive thrashing now and then, both individually and collectively. There was a premature setting in

of ways of life and habits of thinking, every way prejudicial to the formation of upright character. Some of us trembled for the clique as to how it would end. On more than one occasion, some of them were so tipsy as to be with difficulty helped up to bed, without detection of their condition. It was moreover current in the school, that the whole five of them had been seen drinking spirits in a house in a notorious street, filled with characters of the basest class, both male and female. We marvelled no one gave a hint to the head master. As for ourselves, we had no direct evidence to prove their guilt, besides we despised the function and dreaded the discredit of an informer. Nevertheless we wished it were known for their own sakes, to arrest the downward career of vice, as well as for the repute of the school. Oxlip, Thyme, Tiller, Cowes, and Violet, as may well be expected, came out as low down in the list of names in their form as they well could do. Cowes was last, and with two names intercepting the succession, the other four just above him. Hence the lads nicknamed them "the Cowes' tail," whom their 'Tiller' had 'steered' to the bottom! We parodied the couplet:

They left a name, with which the school grew stale,
To point a moral, and create 'a tail.'

At the breaking-up supper, one of the boys, who was the minstrel of the school, celebrated as a public singer in after life, was asked for a song. He was a wag in his way, and could throw his waggishness with irresistible humour into his tone and articulation in singing. He convulsed us all by the significant looks he threw on 'the Cowes' tail,' and the covert application of the words of a familiar song to their notorious sponging upon Tiller's cash, as the banker of the firm, when he sang out in a sly, melodious strain:

"I know a bank whereon the wild Thyme grows,
Where Oxlips, and Cowslips, and the nodding Violet blows."

the whole school, except Oxlips, Cowslips and Co., rapturously extemporized the chorus,

"Where Oxlips, and Cowslips, and the nodding Violet blows."

The rage of the quintette at this sally vented itself in each of them rising one after the other, and as noisily and indignantly as possible leaving the room. Thyme, who grew wild like his namesake, only without its natural fragrance, dropped something on the floor as he rose from the table, but though a score of boys saw it, not one would tell him. He had sent us all to Coventry, and we returned the compliment. On what little things great events often impinge. The paper parcel Thyme had hastily plucked out of his pocket, with his handkerchief, lay upon the floor unheeded for half an hour after he had retired. At the end of that time we were astonished at the entrance of a policeman, accompanied by the master and the five members of the clique.

"Boys," said the master solemnly, "have any of these five boys passed anything into your hands, or given you anything to keep for them, to-day?" There was a general silence, till a little fellow got out of his place, ran, and picked up the parcel which still lay on the floor, and giving it to the master said, "Thyme dropped this, Sir."

The master opened the paper, and then handed it to the officer, who coolly remarked, "All right—come along," and the whole five culprits left the room with him. It was not for some days after that we learned the meaning of this ominous capture. None of the clique ever returned to school again, having all of them been ignominiously expelled. It appears the father of Tiller had been systematically robbed for a considerable period, and suspicion fell on one shopman after another, but no clue to the depredator had been discovered. The man was therefore always on the watch, constantly annoyed and anxious, but unable to take any step in the way of detection. He had prosecuted an apprentice, a mere boy, during the previous year, whose pilferings to a considerable amount he had detected. The judge who tried him, to make an example to diminish the frequency of these breaches of trust, had transported the youth for seven years, and the shame and severity of the sentence had broken his father's heart. Tiller's father

dreaded a repetition of these painful scenes, as well as of the loss of his property.

At length when the sums abstracted, probably from the till, grew larger in amount, as if impunity had emboldened the thief, he called in the aid of the police. Enquiries, examinations, visits, and re-visits were repeatedly made with no effect. The personal habits of the shopmen, so far as they were known, affording no ground of suspicion, the police shifted the investigations from the shop to the family. They learned that Tiller coming home every Saturday might have access to the till, and thought it well to enquire into the youth's habits at school. There they learned sufficient to justify the impression Tiller was the thief. But they dared not communicate their suspicions to his father, lest, to spare his son the disgrace of detection, he should prevent their adoption of means to effect it. The officers were piqued at the time and trouble the case had cost them, and determined to bring home the crime to the real offender. Besides many innocent persons had suffered unjust suspicion, and it was due to them, and to the rest of the establishment, that the facts should be fully substantiated. So they asked Mr. Tiller, senr., to place in the till that day (which chanced to be a Saturday), a marked five-pound note, a few sovereigns, half-crowns, and shillings also marked, and to note the exact sum thus marked and left in with the rest. This was done. On the Saturday evening, at the close of business, nothing was missing. The same expedient was repeated on Monday, and that night after business closed, four half-crowns and a five-pound note were gone. This was the night of the breaking-up supper. The officer, whom we had seen, procured the information at 10 o'clock, and soon after calling at the school, he desired to speak with the master. To him he communicated his suspicions, and requested permission to search Tiller's school-desk and the box in his bed-room. The first disclosed nothing unusual, so the master and the officer repaired to the bed-room, which contained in fact only the five beds of the clique. They had retired to it from the supper party below, some

half hour since. The beds were huddled up together against the wall so as to clear a space for the junction of three dressing tables to form their symposium, and this concrete table was now covered with hot-house grapes and other costly fruits, sweets, confectionery *ad libitum*, and abundance of wine and spirits. Reckoning upon no disturbance on the closing festive night of the half-year, they had opened the window for the escape of the smoke, and every boy's mouth was occupied with a cigar. Their unanimous expression of dismay, and the dropping of cigars, at the sudden apparition of the master, with a live constable at his heels, may be readily imagined, but the palest face among them was Tiller's. His conscience immediately read the true solution of this visit. His jaws chattered against each other in mortal terror. The master stood petrified with astonishment at their effrontery, and with anguish at the unmistakeable guilt of the chief delinquent. He calmly said: "You are all expelled," and then turning to the officer, he said, "That's my duty—now do yours."

The man went up to Tiller, and demanded the £5 note and four half-crowns which he had stolen that morning from his father's till.

The vicious youth denied that he had done so, and the officer proceeded to search him, but evidently to the surprise of the culprit found nothing on him. He then searched the other boys. On Violet, and Cowes, he found a marked half-crown each, and took them both into custody, much to their consternation, and weeping and wailing.

The officer insisted on Tiller's 'confessing where he had changed the note.' The terrified youth inadvertently let out 'he had not changed it, but some one had picked his pocket of it,' at the same time looking hard and angry at Thyme. The officer instituted a more rigid search of that individual, who turning at bay assumed the airs of injured innocence. "We'll see," said the officer, and proceeded to search all the boxes of the clique in that room. In Oxlip's box a marked shilling was found, and the officer

added him to the list of his prisoners. Nothing else was discovered in the other boxes to criminate Tiller or Thyme, except that Oxlip at once betrayed his companion by confessing that he had received the shilling from him; Violet and Cowes volunteering a similar statement in reference to their half-crowns. Disgusted at their ingratitude and meanness, Tiller scouted them as knaves who had continually prompted him to rob his father, and that they had all rioted on the plunder. "I shall take Tiller as the thief," said the officer, "and the other coves as receivers of the goods, knowing them to have been stolen."

The master in the meantime had sent for Tiller's father, and further action was deferred till his arrival.

Tiller now persisted that Thyme had the £5 note. The officer asked if there were any other boy in the school likely to be Thyme's confederate, with whom the note might have been lodged.

The master thought, and hoped not, but would make the enquiry in some form likely to elicit the truth. Upon this, they all adjourned to the supper room, where the main body of the pupils were still enjoying themselves. The result has been stated above. The paper parcel contained the missing note. The officer now simply stated his case was complete, and that the whole five youths were his prisoners. They all looked chap-fallen, and sunk into extreme terror. Presently Tiller's father arrived, and instantly he appeared, Tiller fell upon his knees, confessed his guilt, and bitterly crying, prayed his father to forgive him. The poor man groaned with anguish at the spectacle. He recalled to him the figure of another youth, about the same age, who knelt to him with the same agonising prayer a few years back, and he, stern man as he was, would not hear him, but consigned his young life to infamy, and shortened *his* father's life. The unhappy man covered his face with his hands, and sobbed aloud.

The poor gentleman was himself a borough magistrate, and as such, the officer of course was ready to obey his orders either way. After some struggle, the strong pleas of nature prevailed,

and he motioned to the officer to leave the boys to him. He deigned no reply nor notice to his son, nor to any of the other culprits who now clamorously besieged him for mercy. He turned to the master, and observed: "Sir, these youths must not escape with entire impunity; what do you propose to do with them?"

"I have already expelled them, sir," the master replied, "for the gross breach of school discipline which I witnessed in their bedroom."

"Sir, I will only pardon them," said Tiller, senior, "on condition of each of them immediately receiving a severe public whipping before the whole school."

"It shall be done before you leave the house," said the master.

"Good," said Tiller's father, "and my precious scapegrace shall have another dose before the whole of my establishment, as an example, as well as in justice to those who have been unfairly suspected." The whole party adjourned to the supper hall, where the boys were still enjoying their farewell night. At a signal from the master, there was an immediate stillness. The master, with no small emotion, addressed the general body of the school on the crime of which the five boys had been convicted on their own confession, and dwelt upon the vileness of the premature sensualities to support which they had all been accomplices in a system of ungrateful plundering a parent. He described the abominable scene of violation of all rules of the school which he had witnessed in their bed-chamber, and concluded by a moving appeal to the delinquents to repent of their wickedness, and endeavour, by the long suffering grace of God, to recover honest characters by a different course of life in some other sphere of action. That they could no longer be trusted there; the contamination of their example must be at once removed, and he had erased their names from the school lists as no longer worthy to be reckoned among upright boys. Finally a severe corporal punishment would be now inflicted, as a terror to evil-doers, and a just and necessary retribution for their great offences."

He then ordered them to strip. The formidable block over which culprits bent was brought in, and Thyme, as a pickpocket, and the least contrite of the clique, received on his bare buttocks, being forcibly held down by two of the junior masters, a castigation, under the sharp torture of which his hardihood presently gave way, and he screamed for mercy so fearfully, that some of the younger boys grew frightened, and cried with him. No matter, the master still inexorably laid on, with no sparing hand, nor till the senior prepositor said 'fifty' did the birching cease, and the bad boy was allowed to retire to his seat. Oxlip and Cowes came next in turn; to whom an equal number of birch-blows were administered, with a similar amount of outcry, and roaring with pain. Violet succeeded, but the sight of the sufferings of his three companions turned him sickly pale, and as they were placing him unresistingly on the block the master observed the boy had fainted. Restoratives were applied, and he was ordered to bed in a separate room, where one of the masters slept, his punishment to be deferred till the morning. Tiller was reserved to the last. He went at once voluntarily to the block, and presented his body to the scourge without the least show of resistance. He yielded himself with the air of one who acknowledged the justice of his sentence, and asked no quarter. The master already fatigued with his previous painful exertion, both mental and physical, felt this last chastisement the most trying of them all, as it had to be inflicted in the presence, the sorrowful, but unrelenting presence, of the culprit's father, and that father the man whom his unfilial crime had so wronged and deceived. He hesitated a moment, and then whispered in an undertone to Tiller, senior, "Sir, had you not better retire? my hand trembles at the idea of striking a boy under the eye of his father." "Sir," said he, sternly repressing his emotion. "Do *your* duty, and show me how I must do mine. This is no trifling guilt."

The master bowed; a tear stood in his eye as he brought down the birch on the boy's bare quivering flesh, but it came down

honestly. It swung through the air at every repetition of the lash, and shortly the starting blood bore evidence of the rigid reality of the infliction. But Tiller neither stirred, nor shrieked, nor even cried for mercy. Tears indeed trickled down his cheeks, but they trickled slowly and silently, more like signs of mental anguish than of physical suffering. The dull boy's heart, dull as he was, was smitten with an awful sense of his wickedness, and no punishment seemed bad enough to visit it. He bit his clenched fist to the bone to gag his mouth from crying out. He felt he ought to bear it, and was conscious of a gloomy sort of satisfaction in enduring it as patiently as possible; as if a groan or a cry were inconsistent with submission, especially as the father whom he had robbed was there to witness the degradation and penalty of the unfilial thief. The master flogged on in increasing wonder at the unnatural silence of the culprit. He looked under him at his face at the thirtieth lash, but the lad's bitter tears and the face of consummate misery assured him it was not sullenness, much less bravado. The master's arm dropped to his side, the birch fell out of his hand to the ground, he faintly said, "I can't strike him another blow," and broke into a fit of weeping. Sobs sounded all round the school. "No," said the father, "let there be impartial justice;" and stooping down, and picking up the birch, he calmly, and effectually administered the remaining twenty lashes, when he too wept with the master 'until he exceeded.' He took home with him his profligate, but as he was thankful to note, not hardened son, and separating him at once from the rest of his family, locking him into his bed-room, left him without light or word at parting, to the darkness and solitude of the night. During that night Violet and Cowes effected their escape from school, and enlisting for soldiers in the British Legion, then organizing for the Spanish war of succession, both fell in the field. Oxlip was sent out by his friends to a situation as clerk in what was then the Ordnance Department in the West Indies. In a few years, drink and the yellow fever dug him an untimely grave in Barbados.

Thyme, after some years of dissolute young manhood as a medical student, reformed, creditably passed for his diploma, and eventually married and settled down as a respectable country practitioner, with a good round of patients, and a round dozen of children. Of poor Tiller's after life I gleaned more particulars. On the morning following the scenes at school, the elder Tiller assembled all his household in the long-room where his assistants sat, and apprentices, and took their meals. He conducted his son into the midst of them, and then addressed them in a feeling, manly tone of voice and sentiment, expressing his regret at having ever harboured an unjust suspicion of the integrity of any one of them, but rejoicing that no overt act of his had on any occasion betrayed the individual direction which his surmises had taken. "Gentlemen," said he, "it is due to you to state who is the real culprit, and painful as the announcement is to me, I am ashamed and grieved to the heart to point to this bad boy—(here his finger indicated Tiller) as the thief in my house. As an example of that rigid justice I am determined to pursue in this great business establishment, I did not spare Charles——, I would not yield to the anguish of his father, nor will I yield to my own. Henceforth this boy is no more son of mine. I shall hold him prisoner to his room till I have secured his passage beyond seas, and by the next ship which sails for Australia he will leave his home and native land, never to see either again till years of honest labour in an inferior class of industry, and satisfactory proofs of sincere repentance and permanent amendment of life, may render it as just to forgive as it is now to banish him. He received last night a severe corporal chastisement publicly before the whole school which his misconduct has disgraced, and will have to endure another on these premises, as an example here. You have now heard his crime and its punishment, and will see him no more. Here let the miserable business drop. I shall feel obliged by its being never referred to again, nor being made the subject of any conversation out of doors." The worthy tradesman bowed, and followed

by his downcast, weeping son, left the room, recommitting Tiller to his solitary confinement.

The youth was never seen for many years in the neighborhood again. His father was a stern but just man. He forwarded him to Australia, with a moderate outfit, and enough money to subsist on for two months after his landing at Sydney, and thenceforth left him to his own resources. He declared no letter he might write home would ever receive any answer, until he had found some honest employment, and his statement to that effect should be endorsed by a certificate of character from his employer. The shopmen's last sight of Tiller was that exposure before them as the detected thief; and the last sounds they heard of him were the shrieks which reached their ears from his bed-room, over their own sitting-room, when, on the third day after his castigation at school, his father carried into cruel effect his threatened repetition of the dose. They learned the inexorable and incensed man had ordered his son to strip to his skin, naked as he was born, and in the presence of his two younger sons, with a view to terrify them by the example, had flogged Tiller with a heavy hand-whip till his body was covered with blood and bruises, and the screams of the tortured sufferer were audible throughout the house, and even in to the street. That was the father and son's last interview.

The severity of the discipline alienated any remaining feeling of filial love which had been struggling against himself in a bad heart and a dull head, and which more mercy and the touching power of more forgiveness and tender expostulation might have turned into a penitent direction. Its reaction was the resentful impression that his father had taken it out of him; and his indignant conscience cried quits with his offence. He went forth from the home he had disgraced with the conviction it had fully retaliated the wrong by hopelessly degrading him, and thus the inolemceny of the punishment froze up the tears and hardened the award of repentance.

It outlawed the boy's heart, and he no longer cared what he

did or what became of him. They put him on board ship; he mechanically did as he was bid. His mother wept bitterly over him, but he could find even for her no tear for tear. His brothers and sisters were not allowed to see him nor even take leave of him; but he sent them no farewell message though his unhappy mother asked it of him.

His heart seemed turned to stone. The poor woman, at the last moment as she left the ship, begged him to send one word of sorrow and repentance to his father. "Do you see this, mother," said he, tearing open his waistcoat and showing her a large bruise, still bloody on his breast. "Tell the man who did it that brutal wound shall never heal; that I'll pick and tear off the miserable scab to keep it green and bleeding as long as I live, that I may never forget and never forgive this parting pledge of his fatherly affection."

With that the poor hardened wretch turned upon his heel, and left his mother to her anguish.

Several years rolled on before any tidings of his subsequent fate reached them. No letter from him or of him reached his home. His name was never allowed to be mentioned, except in his mother's prayers and yearning solicitude; the unhappy lad's existence as a member of the family seemed generally forgotten, or at least outwardly ignored.

At last they heard of his whereabouts from a very unexpected quarter, as romantic as facts often are, more so than fictions, for of course man's inventions are inferior to the real coincidents of providence. I may tell the story as it reached me. Tiller had tried his hand at various employments in the colony, but the only ability he possessed, viz. some acquaintance with languages and literature, and some imperfect knowledge of accounts, were of little avail where the best muscle and bone constitute the only aristocracy.

He was often put to great shifts for food; parted with one article after another of his outfit, after his limited capital was expended, till his wardrobe and other effects were reduced to the

threadbare and scanty garments in which he stood. He had wandered on foot through many parts of the bush; visited many cities and towns then just rising into note, and at length, at the end of five years, found himself back again at Sydney, with the determination to ship himself before the mast on board the first vessel which would accept his services in return for his food and clothing.

He visited several vessels, but found none willing to engage a landsman wholly ignorant of seafaring duties. At last he met with the captain of a ship, bound for San Francisco, who agreed to take him on board in ten days time, but the difficulty was the ten days actual food till then. He tried to get any employment however menial, but failed. There was nothing left but beggary, or starvation, so he stood in the street, unable to speak, but holding a tattered hat in his hand, in the familiar posture of a mendicant. But like the fate of the prodigal, "no man gave unto him." He was young and looked well able to work, so the busy men of Sydney 'passed by on the other side.' He was brought face to face with the direct pangs of hunger. He had tasted no food for a day and a half, when on the afternoon of the second day's fast, a gentleman drove up the principal street of Sydney in a tandem drawn by two magnificent horses, and pulled up at a bookseller's shop. Tiller ran to him as he dismounted, and for the first time in his life actually begged for some food. The gentleman thrust him aside for "a lazy vagabond, to be begging at his time of life," and entered the shop. Tiller followed him, and watched him through the window, intending to resume his supplication when the gentleman had transacted his business there. He pressed his white hungry face against the glass, and peered in with eyes that gleamed wolfishly at the handful of sovereigns with which the stranger was settling some account with the tradesman. Presently the stranger caught Tiller's eyes and dwelt a moment on his features—then he put his face nearer to the window and gazed intently at Tiller—then he started to the door, and demanded in a gruff voice,

"Is your name Tiller D——?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, trembling, and astonished at hearing his name pronounced by a strange gentleman.

"Wait till I've done," said the gentleman; "stand at the horses' heads till I come to you."

Tiller, delighted with a commission which promised at least the price of a meal of victuals, did as he was bid, wondering within him who the gentleman could be that knew his name.

Presently the stranger reappeared, and, taking a short foraging cloak from the driving-seat, bid Tiller put that on, and run to the outfitter's opposite and buy a hat and a pair of boots; giving him, at the same time, a sovereign to pay for them. Still more astonished, Tiller ran to execute the commission; and, as soon as he returned, the stranger said, "Now you are producible, mount up there;" and taking his seat beside him, both drove off.

Nothing was said till they reached a large hotel, near the wharves, where the stranger put up his horses, ordered dinner, and directed Tiller to the bath-room for a thorough lustration. Then he sent for a clean shirt and stockings and a complete suit of decent clothes for Tiller, and finished up with "chartering a barber," as he called it, who shaved him, and cut and dressed his hair; and then Tiller's benefactor pronounced him "producible inside, as well as out," and invited him to "pick a bit with him." So the two sat down to a more sumptuous repast than the friendless youth had ever seen since he left England five years before. There were soup and fish of the first quality, poultry and game in abundance, and wines of rich vintage, and fabulous prices, at that distance from Europe. The poor half-starved youth could have believed it to be a dream, but for the substantial assault his long abstinence had unequivocally made upon the material facts before him. It was no illusion that splendid turkey—no airy nothingness that brace of partridges—no allegory those distinguished puddings and tarts—and no "empty pageant of a vision," his poor loaded stomach, which had not experienced such a run of

business in the digestive line for many a hungry month. The feast was got through at last; fresh wines were put on the table, with the best dessert which the city markets could afford, the waiters retired, and Tiller was left alone with his host.

First, the latter said, "For these, and all his daily mercies, the Lord be praised."

Tiller started, for it was the invariable grace his father always said after meals, at home.

The stranger next filled a bumper of port, and desiring Tiller to do likewise, heartily exclaimed:

"Tiller, let us drink this glass to your father, my best friend on earth!"

A light began now to dawn on Tiller's dull mind. His memory had slowly recalled the features of that apprentice whom his father had transported some ten years before, and he was half-ashamed to ask, "Can it be Charlie T——?"

"The same," said he; "and owner of a sheep-walk as large as the old country."

Tiller instantly rose from his seat, and, timidly offering his hand to Charlie, "hoped Charlie wouldn't remember the old sore, for he had got one too." Opening his breast, and showing his entertainer a bruise still unhealed, he said:

"There, that's the last memorandum my father left there, when he scourged me like a dog till he drove me mad."

"Ah!" exclaimed Charlie, "how so? The old man could bite sharp!"

Then Tiller told out his story of the repeated thefts, and how the clique had urged him on, and hedged him in on every side, with threats to tell of him unless he continued the stolen supplies of their secret extravagance; how his conscience, long before the detection of his guilt, had realized it, and made him so miserable that he wished he were dead, and tried to drown himself, but his heart failed him, and he was afraid to die a thief and self-murderer; how he almost welcomed the detection at last, to put an end to his

misery ; had made up his mind to bear the disgrace and the public birching without a murmur, and felt the good schoolmaster's emotion almost more than the flogging ; but, even then, he marvelled that his father's heart was harder than the master's ; and how he could scarcely endure the agony of the last twenty lashes without a shriek, but did bear it, though he bit his hand through to the bone to keep down the cry,—how he was locked up at home all alone in the dark—exposed to the shopmen next day as a common thief, then locked up again, and after three days of horrible solitude, and those nights of frightful darkness, fed all along upon bread and water, on the third day, his father stripped him to his skin, and lashed and mangled him like a beast of prey. How it had turned his heart to stone, and changed his remorse to bitter resentment, and every feeling of the son into hate and terror of the tyrant. How he had kept the hard word with which he parted from his mother, and never let the wound heal which should be the remembrancer of his revenge some day." Charlie shook his head, and cried "shocking boy—never let me hear such a sentiment as that again, or I'll turn you adrift as I found you. Your father's anger was just, though too severe. Perhaps many an apprentice or shopman on his establishment, has been deterred from your guilt by the shocking example of your penalty. Besides impunity might have ruined you. You sowed to the wind, as I did, and reaped the whirlwind. Your father did worse to me, for he branded me a thief, and transported me a convict to this colony. But it cut me from connections which were ruining me soul and body, *like your own*. You remember my uncle Jones, the lawyer, who defended me on my wretched trial, and muddled it. His daughter, my fair cousin Jane, and I had been young lovers together, and even she sent me a message of contempt for my misconduct, by her sober father too, who didn't dilute it on its passage. All the world forsook me except my fond, abused, deceived, but still forgiving father, for which I owed my precious aunt, his sister, no thanks. But they were all

justly incensed against me. My young life was marred and ruined at its outset, like a new schooner wrecked in her launching. I was sentenced to seven years. It was a sharp remedy, but the disease was fatal if left to run its course. So I came hither. After a few months I was assigned to a feeder of sheep and cattle who applied for me. My amateur knowledge of chemistry stood me in good stead, for it enabled me to save a flock of some thousands from a disease which was carrying them off wholesale, and my kind master recompensed the service rendered him by a present of a hundred sheep and a run of pasture. I continued with him till my term was expired, minding my own flocks together with his. Then I set up farming on my own account. I have greatly prospered through God's goodness, and only lately came into possession of all my dear old master's property."

"What, had he no children?"

"None but me."

"None but you, what can you mean?"

"That my master was my beloved father."

"Your father! why they said in the town your transportation broke his heart."

"So it did, till the fine old man brought it out here to; he patched up again by the deep repentance and recovered affection of the scoundrel who was his only son. I served my master-father truly and lovingly, till God removed him from me; but the relationship between us was never known. He followed me out here, communicating his intention to no living being. My mother had been some years dead. He had no other earthly tie he cared for but me. He invested what capital he had in land and flocks; had me assigned to him as what is called a government servant, and I and the dear, loving, forgiving, old man, lived in peace and comfort, and I was permitted to soothe and support him in his dying hours." Here Charlie paid the tribute of a manly tear to his father's memory, and Tiller observed:

"My father never forgave *me*."

"Oh, but he will," said Charlie cheerfully. "First deserve his pardon by your conduct, and I'll engage the worthy old soul will send out his forgiveness and blessing to us both. In the meantime you shall return to the bush with me, and I'll chalk you out a way of doing well. Only put your trust in God's providence; banish every bygone reminiscence, except an honest regret and repentance for the past, and we'll make a man of you yet."

It was Tiller's happiest day for many, many years. The clouds were breaking, light was shining in, and hope awoke from her long wretched slumber, cheering him on. The friends returned together next day, and after seven days smart travelling, reached Charlie's remote sheep farm on the plains of W——.

* * * One year from this date, and nearly as long after the bruise in the breast had been healed, at which Tiller picked no longer, on the contrary rather picked at his heart, with yearning thoughts of home and parents, Tiller wrote a letter enclosing a bank bill for £100, the proceeds of his first year's industry and success in the lucrative post of chief shepherd assigned him by his friend. The letter was addressed to his father, communicating the details as above related, and fetching up his personal history to the present period of his engagement with Charlie. The letter further enclosed a remittance of £100 from Charlie, both entreating the old gentleman's acceptance of the money, as their first fruits of repentance, and a duty of restitution to cover the amounts which they had respectively stolen. Tiller added, "We can neither of us feel easy in conscience until these thefts be made good. Till then our money is not our own; till then neither of us have the face to say: 'Sir, forgive us.' We have wronged you and are sorry for it, and would make amends by laying at your feet the amount of plunder of which we had robbed and defrauded you. We entreat you to pardon the delinquents who confess their misdeeds with sorrow and shame, and who bless God who has mercifully led them to repent of their transgressions. We are striving to live honestly and industriously. We trust the motto of

our future lives will be: 'Let him that stole steal no more, but rather let him labour, working with his hands the thing that is meet, that he may have to give to him that needeth.'" Then Tiller dropped out of the plural into the singular number, pouring out his heart in the love which had displaced his unfilial hatred, retaining no resentment except against himself and against the crime by which he had forfeited the esteem of his family. "And now, dearest father, send back one line of comfort to the unhappy child who will see your face no more, but prays for more comfort in your declining years from the younger sons who have caused you no such misery and uneasiness as your first-born did. Tell dearest mother, the bruise I showed her is long since healed, and with it every wicked, revengeful feeling which I had been tempted to entertain; but my heart can never heal till I receive my father's blessing and forgiveness. We are surrounded with abundance of every kind in this land of plenty; and I am rapidly accumulating property, more than I can ever spend or want out here, and far more than ever I deserved. Nothing is wanting to complete my happiness except my dear old father's pardon and blessing." The letter concludes with affectionate remembrances to each of his brothers and sisters by name, and an Australian present to every one of them. To one a carved native club, to another a parcel of stuffed birds, to another a kangaroo skin, to three of them quaint effigies of the aborigines carved in bone, and to his mother a nugget of gold found in one of the earlier diggings just then beginning to creep into note. The parcel was despatched from Sydney by a Liverpool line of packet ship, and it was Tiller's first happy holiday with his friend, that journey to Sydney to see the things despatched to dear old England. He saw them safely on board, and only wished he was going along with them, but it was not to be. * * * *

The worthy paterfamilias sat in his well furnished drawing-room waiting the announcement of dinner one afternoon, enjoying the society of his wife and children. Two of his girls had

married ; his second and third sons were apprenticed to his business, and little Ben, the fourth, a boy at the old school. It was mother's birthday ; the married and single members of the household were to dine at home that day, according to custom, in honor of the anniversary. They were all there, except him, their first-born, the poor cast-away, whom they were wont to remember by his absence from the family meetings. But the mention of his name was interdicted, and the reserve had never been broken during all the years poor Tiller had been missing. Odd times, indeed, there were when the old man wondered they never heard of him, and regretted he had forbidden his writing until, in point of fact, he had achieved a position to do without their aid or sympathy. He would have recalled that prohibition if he could, but he could not, so his thoughts were never uttered, though he often thought them. Besides he blamed himself, if on calmer reflection, for the terrible severity of that ministration of the scourge, and there were times when the old man's sleep was disturbed by the imaginary sounds of a tall boy's screams of agony, which he recognized as his son's. He bitterly reflected on himself that he had never relaxed a moment to the last, and had not even taken leave of him on the day that his poor mother, with a less rigorous contemplation of his offence, had accompanied him on shipboard. He remembered too his parental function had been only half discharged, and that the harsher, more unfeeling half. He had ministered the penalty without the prayer ; the severity without the sympathy ; the condemnation without a word of solemn counsel and expostulation. Like the jailer at Philippi, he had cruelly beaten and scourged, but now he felt he had not " taken him the same hour and washed his stripes " with the affecting and subduing sanction of a father's tears. He had done his duty on the poor wicked lad's body, but had forgotten his soul. He looked more to the effect of his example upon his business than upon the misguided delinquent. Like too many sentences upon other criminals, he had not taken into consideration all the tempta-

tions and extenuating concomitants of the crime. He had long been dissatisfied with himself, and the affliction of his son's bereavement had not been lost upon him. He admitted painfully and sorrowfully, that unlike the tender spirit of his Lord and Master, "in the midst of judgment, he had not remembered mercy." These reflections had long weighed with him, and he would have given a hundred pounds for a single note or authentic news of his first-born. He had increased in wealth and social standing. Everything else had gone well with him, alike in his business and in his family; but the anxious and unhappy recollection of poor Tiller was the Mordecai in his gate, and all things else availed him nothing. He was a man of strong passions and stern will, but of warm affections withal, and sincerely devoted to the best interests of his family. He extorted in a sad hour of confidential communion with his wife, what Tiller had said about the bruise in his breast and his never suffering it to heal; and though he resented the feeling at the time, as an index of hardness of heart and insensibility to his offence, it had sunk down into a transfer of the bruise to his own bosom, like a mental inoculation, and he could not choose but pick at it from time to time, as if his conscience were the seton, ever irritating the sore and keeping the old wound open and painful. The old man yearned for an opportunity of relaxing the bitterness of his denunciation, and to assure his son that he still loved him and forgave him. Some such thoughts as these were passing through his mind as he looked on the gambols of his two grandchildren, and the romps of their mothers, with their brothers and sisters, when a servant came in and placed before him a letter which had arrived by the evening mail. He saw it was a colonial post-mark, and forgetting in the excitement of the moment his own interdict, he exclaimed: "A letter from Tiller."

Instantly the sounds of merriment were hushed, and every member of the family looked with breathless expectation at their father, to hear the tidings of their long lost elder brother. It was

affecting to see how even the babes shrunk shyly to the side of their mothers, partly awed by the sudden silence which befell the company. No strangers were present, so the family's private sorrows or joys could be discussed without reserve. The old man spread the letter on the table, fixed his spectacles, bent over the familiar M.S., and first read over to himself the ardently desired contents. As he read on they saw he was moved. Not a sound disturbed the perfect silence of the gathering; indeed, it was so perfect that every one in the room distinctly heard something fall pat upon poor Tiller's letter. It was a large tear which had been some minutes accumulating in the old man's eye, which ran over at last, and dropped heavily on the paper, like a tear that had fainted away.

"Our boy has redeemed his character!" said the old man softly,—"God be praised!" Then amid many interruptions of joyful tears, of clapping of hands, and exclamations of wonder, especially at the singular providence which had thrown Tiller in Charlie's way, and the happy results which followed; the letter was read out aloud from end to end, Tiller's mother weeping gladsome tears of gratitude to the good Lord, who, as she quaintly put it, "had found her boy in a desert land, led him about, instructed him, and kept him as the apple of his eye." It was clear enough her poor wayward first-born was 'the apple of *her* eye,' and among the grounds of her rejoicing, not the least affecting was Tiller's meek allusion to the healing of the bruise, which no one understood except her husband and herself, and which she waived explaining, further than as poor Tiller's figurative way of picturing how his heart was wounded and broken till the Lord had bound it up. There was the happiest family party that evening at dinner which they had enjoyed for many years. Before, however, they adjourned from the drawing-room to the dinner-table, Tiller's father looked wistfully at his good old faithful wife, then at the children God had given them, and then in his mind's eye recognized another form there as virtually brought back to them; whom God had

thus graciously twice given to them, that he could not resist the sanctified impulse of thanksgiving. With the profoundest feeling and solemnity, he said, "my dears, let us bless God together for this family mercy. Let us pray." All fell upon their knees after their father's example. Even the little grandchildren were hushed into silent awe by the strong emotion they witnessed, though utterly at a loss to understand "what made mamma cry and laugh too? and why grandpa hid his face in his handkerchief? and what *could* have happened to grandma that she kept on cryin' more than all of 'em?" So the little creatures unconsciously did as the rest, and falling on their knees, the biggest boy of four years old, unwittingly suiting the word to the action, said, sotto voce, the only prayer in his limited liturgy; "Pray God bless pa and ma, brothers and sissies, uncles and aunts, and everybody—Amen!" No one beyond his mother overheard him, or tiny Tilly's involuntary act of domestic chaplaincy might have disturbed the really devout gravity of the occasion. The old man lifted up heart and voice in earnest gratitude to the merciful and bounteous Giver of all good, the God of all grace and consolation; interceded lovingly and strongly for the absent son, whom on his knees, and under the influence of the gentle spirit of prayer, he solemnly numbered again among the names of his children, re-incorporating the long exiled Tiller in their family membership and communion. Then beseeching God to overrule and sanctify the event to the softening of his stubborn heart towards tenderness for other's failings, and more humiliation for his own; to the more effectual opening their eyes to the bitterness and exceeding sinfulness of sin, and to their being moved by this great family mercy to more trust in God, and more submission to His holy will, and more devotion to his service.

All rose from their knees, more or less relieved in feeling, sensibly refreshed by this act of taking God into their confidence and counsel, and felt safer in committing themselves to the guidance of his love and wisdom. Dinner over, the old man apologised to grandma for once displacing the precedence of her birthday

toast. He was in haste to reinstate the prodigal son to do what they could to "bring out the best robe," and in imagination, through the symbol of the family toast, to "put it on him." "Children," said he, "Here's your brother's health and happiness, and speedy return home to us." There was neither brother nor sister there who "would not come in" to the forgiving sentiment. Cries of "brother Tiller—poor brother Tiller—Tiller for ever!" rang all round, and in this unanimous way of hearty welcome to his letter, the family circle "put the ring on his finger," as if he had been there to wear it. How can I better depict the universal feeling of that happy party? Beat about the bush, as I may, for some novelty in terms or variety in sentiment, I find no other phrase to fit the occasion—none so true, whether to the sensations of nature, or to the operations of grace, as the beautiful and holy words of the Saviour's parable which instinctively fell from father Tilly's lips: "It is meet we should be merry, for this my son was dead, and is alive again, he was lost, and is found."

In the evening, the Australian packages were opened amid shouts of public rejoicing. Nay, grandma smuggled in substantial toys among the articles, which she had marked by a pretty deception with the names of her grandchildren, that not one of the family of any generation should even seem to have been forgotten by uncle Tiller. The applause which greeted the unpacking of each several present rang through the house so boisterously, that the maid servants and some of the older shopmen who felt an interest in the family being detected listening on the stairs, were instantly seized and dragged into the room, *flagrante delicto*, and ordered on the spot to look at whatever they liked. "My son sent 'em!" said the old man proudly. "Bravo, Master Tiller," said a grey-headed shopman who had been on the establishment before Tiller was born: "I always said he'd turn up trumps, after all, and so he has, God bless the lad." "Amen," said father Tiller, "and thank you kindly Roberts; you did the lad more justice than his father did—but we'll find a way to square that account."

"So we will, Sir," said Roberts, gratified at being associated with his master in doing justice to Tiller. "There's Remington's stock aint carted off yet; the lot will sell better in Australia than this side of the water. Let's ship them off to Master Tiller, Sir; he'd make a thousand sterling on them."

Tiller, senior, patted his old accountant on the back—mechanically drank a glass of port with him, and filled him another, without thinking of anything but Remington's stock, and finally said: "Good, Roberts," but whether he meant the port or the shipping was indecisive, till he slowly added, "Forward them off by the next packet. Tiller's not going to stuff us with birds, and come over us with native clubs and kangaroo skins; ship off Remington, you old rogue of a Roberts," and the master heartily shook his old shopman's hand. "Write off the stock in bulk to Tiller's credit, and give the lad a hint or two how to make a better job of them than Remington did."

"Then there's little Charlie," said Roberts, forgetting the years which had passed since "little Charlie's" departure, and remembering only the fair-haired prentice boy whom his master's rigorous justice had exiled for his dishonesty. The fact is old Roberts knew all about it, for the whole marvellous story had been told over and over again down stairs, and Tiller's letter, by special permission, had been read out in the assistants' long-room, and there were few dry eyes among men or boys by the time it reached its close. Nay the magnanimous generosity of little Charlie, whom several of the older shopmen remembered, towards the son of the man who had blotted his young life with the infamy of a convicted felon, and that son guilty of the same crime as himself, created a diversion in Charlie's favour, and there was a general shout of "Bravo, Charlie, Charlie! for ever!" Old Roberts had witnessed this, and approved it as just. He was jealous of his master's standing in the esteem of his establishment; and though Charlie's circumstances needed no pecuniary aid, he hoped he would set some mark upon his conduct which should at once

recognize the young man's noble spirit and fully reinstate him in his old employer's respect and favour. Roberts believed his master quite equal to any duty of requital which the occasion merited, nor was he deceived in his belief. "I have been puzzling my dull brain all the evening how to match that glorious young scamp, but he has outwitted me—got the better of his old master—fairly and fully proved a far more Christian heart than mine. Poor Charlie! how could I withstand the sorrow of his old father's grey hairs, and the lad's anguish of soul, when I would not hear him. Tiller, my own boy, was the scourge that retaliated on my proud hard heart that old man's agony, pang for pang—Charlie you were amply avenged!" "Sir," said Roberts—"you thought it your duty to do as you did, and the result at all events hasn't proved you in the wrong. Both lads was separated from connections as might have spiled 'em for life. Their boyish offences who remembers? and if they did, who would cast up against the steady thriving man the thoughtless mistakes of the boy. Sir, few of our boyhoods or young manhoods either would bear any close stock-taking. Mine wouldn't anyhow."

"If you dare say a word against old Roberts," said the Senior, "I'll indict you for a libel, you scandalous old Thisty."

"Charlie seems fond o' hosses, Sir. Don't you mind his tandem a pickin' up some body in the street over Sydney yonder?"

It was the exact nail to hit, Roberts was a first-rate 'striker;' the allusion to "the tandem" conjured up the whole scene of the starving, ragged, perhaps dying boy, left weltering in his want and wretchedness on the cold world's highway, and who was the good Samaritan that "looked on him, had compassion on him, and took him to an inn." The associations crowded in on the old man's heart, and overcame him. His voice faltered, and another big tear stood in his eye as he replied:

"You're a Grand Vizier, Roberts,—You're an A 1, and tons between you and the next vessel, you good old craft. Charlie shall have the best pair of the best blood horses money can buy

in England, and God give the fine lad life and health to drive them for many a happy year." "Amen," said Roberts. Harness of silver, whip and spurs of gold, and the costliest dog-cart for his tandem, will I order to-morrow, and Charlie's portrait side by side with the lad's whom he saved shall hang on these walls while I live." It was Robert's turn now to shake hands. "Sir," said he respectfully offering his hand, "let me have the honor to congratulate you on this happy day, so nobly closing its account, every body settled with in full of all demands. Its the best private windin' up I ever knowed or ever look to know. This bill will pass in the Lower House." With that speech, in discharge of his conscience and of his honest affection for all parties concerned, Roberts adjourned to the long-room, or what he styled "the Lower House," and reported what had occurred in the upper chamber. It was received with enthusiastic acclamation, and the names of 'Charlie,' 'Tiller,' and 'Master,' got mingled together in the applause, as if the three were as one again, as they were with many a hearty good wish; and among the devoutest shopmen, with many a mental prayer that no untoward infelicity in the future should ever occur again to separate the affection and respect which had so happily blended the parties together. There was a grand supper given by the master in the long-room that night; mulled port and a profusion of unusual dainties were served there, and also among the servants in the kitchen; the whole house was happy; they could have illuminated the windows, if it had not been a sacred kind of family joy "with which a stranger intermeddleth not." Everywhere was laughter, and feasting, and innocent merriment," up stairs, and down stairs, and in my lady's chamber." Thus was Tiller's first letter welcomed home.

Tilly senior lost no time in fulfilling his intentions. He would not return either Charlie or Tiller's draft, for he would not undervalue the upright feeling which dictated their remittance, nor deprive them of the honest consciousness of having made restitution of their former wrong. Henceforth, except to forgive it in

both cases, the darker shade of the story was never alluded to again. The valuable presents the old man sent out to his son's benefactor involved also some amends he felt due on the score of his former severity against Charlie's delinquency, and that view contributed to the relief of the old man's mind. He added his portrait, richly framed, and inscribed "Tiller D—, in grateful remembrance of his kind friend Charlie T——," and the delicacy of the association of the names implied in this present, gratified Charlie as much, or more, than all the rest of the gifts, costly as they were. *What* they cost, the old man would never state; but Roberts used to rub his hands gleefully as he hinted they would "hurt a thousand."

Tiller senior's wealth had accumulated, and the final act of reinstating his son, as a member of his family, was to bequeath him his full share of property with the rest, under his will.

In due time the gifts arrived at Sydney, whence they were immediately forwarded, agreeably with Charlie's directions, to their distant homestead. The day of their arrival was immediately given up to general jubilee. The letter from the old man was first read, conveying to his son his full forgiveness and blessing, and adding some touching words of regret at the over severity with which he had visited his transgression, and trusting that "Tiller would forget and forgive that, as he had forgiven and forgotten every thing, except that his beloved son was in a far land, and he longed to see him again before he died." Tiller wept as he read the letter, and looking up saw Charlie weeping as he read *his* letter. But with both they were tears of joy and manly emotion. Charlie was the first to speak, by holding out his hand to Tiller, and cordially shaking it, he said, "From this hour, let us be brothers in mutual love and affection, as we have been partners in guilt and its inevitable suffering. This is the last allusion we will ever make again to by-gones. Let our future lives prove the sincerity of our repentance, and verify the power of Divine grace to reform the life and conversation of the most abandoned."

The piety and prayers of Charlie's father bore its fruit in the character of his son, long after the loving, devoted old man had been gathered to his grave as a full shock of corn in its season. Over the spot where they had buried him, Charlie built a little tabernacle of witness in the desert, supported there a humble catechist, who was ordained as at once their minister and the teacher of the children of the district; and as years rolled on, the homestead became a centre of attraction and religious influence to hosts of new emigrant settlers. In the third year of Tiller's residence with Charlie, whose partner he had become, the two friends paid a visit to the home country, leaving their joint estates in charge of a confident agent. They safely reached England; but a few weeks before the vessel came to anchor in the Mersey, Tiller senior had been removed by death, so that father and son met no more. His arrival, welcome and joyous as the event was, at first re-opened the recent wound in their hearts occasioned by the lamented death of the head of the family. Then there was great rejoicing over their brother, and they communicated to him the handsome provision made for him in full equality of restored confidence and affection with his brothers and sisters, in his father's will. Tiller's stay in England was to spread over the greater part of a year, as he and Charlie had much business to transact in relation to the improvement of their flocks and herds and agricultural implements, being desirous of availing themselves of the advanced modes of farming getting current in the home country. Charlie had gone over to a neighbouring town to visit the only remaining contemporary relative of his father, his aunt, the widow of the attorney heretofore referred to as the muddler who defended Charlie on his trial. The old lady was his father's sister, and she was left with Charlie's ancient flame, middle-aged spinster daughter, in no very affluent, but not destitute circumstances. The motive of Charlie's visit was one of respect to his father's memory, a natural yearning towards the only two kinsfolk he knew on earth, and a kind intention to make them a liberal

present, which he could so well afford to do. Charlie's account was, "I was frigidly received by the starched widow and her crystallized daughter. Nor did they betray any particular emotion when I stated the fact and place of my poor father's death, except that the elder lady observed, "She had never known where her brother had betaken himself; he had not thought proper to acquaint her, but she *did* think it strange he had forgotten his only surviving relation." "Except just his only son," I replied with some pique. "Who had ceased to be anybody's son when the law adopted him," the lady interpleaded with a sneer, which didn't improve our mutual communications. "My father forgot that legal difficulty," said I.

"It was not the only thing he forgot. My poor husband's bill of costs, for your defence, suffered from his weakness of memory."

"Do you mean he did not pay my uncle?"

"He did not pay my *husband*."

"Well your husband, be it then. I say he *did* pay him, and a pretty smart bill it was. A regular relation's do; upwards of £80. I have his receipt with me among one or two other papers my agent will show you shortly if you have any curiosity to see them. It just occurred to me they might be useful. Uncle Sam was no book-keeper."

"Mr. Samuel Jones, if you please, Sir,"—said the widow, haughtily correcting my familiarity.

"Will you show me my husband's receipt? I know the dear handwriting too well to be imposed upon. Folks that steal one way, may do it another."

"You think me, or my father, capable of forging this receipt?"

"*My brother* was above anything mean, much less dishonest."

"But you wont answer for your brother's son? Well, well, to be suspected is no more than one deserves; still, dear aunt, who will ever trust me if my own relations have no confidence in the ex-convict?"

"You made your bed and must lie on it, Charles, and the less you say of your dear aunt, the better she will be pleased. You were a precocious hand, Charles."

"I was, Aunt, so precocious, as like other precocities, to have outlived my talent. I had hoped at least I was young enough to be forgiven by this time."

"You disgraced your family, as well as yourself, Charles."

"Aunt," I said, "I sinned, and have suffered the penalty. My father forgave me, and received me back to his affection; will you withhold yours?"

"I have a character to maintain," she said, "and a maiden daughter's honor to protect; how dare you ask me to recognise as a kinsman one whose hands have been convicted."

"Of picking and stealing," I said, "but not his tongue of lying and slandering? Aunt, you for got your part of the catechism, as I forgot mine, but my cousin Jane will plead for me. Dear Jane, you and I were children together. We romped and played, quarrelled and made it up together in those happy days that never lose their sunshine in the memory; as little man and wife we married one another before we reached our teens; I was wild and wicked in my youth, my guilt separated us for long weary years, a world of water asunder. We are no longer young, but we are not old enough to be chilled against all old memories and feelings; I implore your gentle intercession with your mother, not to cast me off and abandon a solitary man to walk the earth alone, without a kinsman on it to care a thought whether he lives or dies!"

Miss Jane fidgeted in her chair, pressed up her lip disdainfully, "hoped she knew herself better than to run counter to her mamma's greater experience as to what was right and proper, and begged to be excused any interference whatever on so painfully delicate a topic." Then the stalactite was cold and rigid as before. But I wouldn't give her up without another chance, though she so scornfully gave up me. I ran through the seductions by which I was tempted to steal—my remorse—the constant dread of detection

—the agony of the trial, the conviction, the sentence, and the painful separation from my father, even boy as I was. The terms of the convictship—my rigorous labour in the colony, the eventual arrival out there of my aged father, my being assigned to him as a shepherd—his loving and complete forgiveness—the duty and affection I showed him—the peace and happiness in which we lived, and my loneliness and anguish at his decease, till I met with Tiller. I dropped no hint of the wealth my father left me, nor how wonderfully things had prospered with me since, because I was too proud to buy their recognition of their importunate relative, and indeed would rather give them the chance of doing so disinterestedly and in simple Christian charity. But I saw my poor story made no way with cousin Jane. The old love I bore her, and which a word or look of kindness would have recalled, like a spark on a train of powder ready laid, was oozing out of my heart in disgust and indignation at her own and her mother's uncharity. I restrained my feelings to intreat her answer, whether she could not find it in her heart to pity such a tale as mine, but she was silent.

I said, "It is clear then you never loved your little cousin?"

At the word 'love,' she looked at me severely, and said—"Preposterous!"

"You won't let me call once more before my final return to Australia, just to say goodbye?"

"Ridiculous creature," said cousin Jane, "why should you degrade us by another visit?"

"What do *you* think, ma'am?" said I, respectfully turning to my aunt.

"I think so too,"—said aunt.

"And so do I," said cousin Jane.

I could stand it no longer, and burst out furiously laughing. "Leave my house this instant," cried the elderly, incensed at my irreverent levity. "Which is your house?" said I, still laughing savagely, for I felt wild and savage as a bushman. "*This*

house is mine," I said, "and every stick and crock that's in it too. You could not be imposed upon by your dear husband's signature, but you won't believe me;" so I rose, and rang the bell. It was answered by the appearance of her 'dear husband's' late confidential clerk, now my agent, who had accompanied me to the house, and waited my signal to bring in the papers.

"Show this lady first her late 'dear husband's' receipt for his moderate bill of costs for my defence."

It was produced, inspected, and returned to the clerk with a heavy sigh. The deceased had always to his dear wife denied its payment. "Now show her the conveyance of this house and premises." The clerk produced the deed, duly signed and witnessed by another clerk of the deceased, and both ladies turned sickly pale and faint. "Your dear husband had another wife, ma'am, the date of whose marriage is a trifle in advance of yours, and I who knew this—(my friend here has the certificate at your service) would have married the bar sinister, and Jane and I would have smothered the blot of shame on both sides, and forgotten it and the respectable villain who deceived you, in my estates at the other end of the world."

Mother and daughter stood aghast. The cruel discovery tortured them both. "What's the arrear of rent due to me?" I coolly asked the clerk.

"£270, Sir; there's been none paid since the date of the conveyance."

"I haven't 250 shillings by me," said the elderly, quite crest-fallen. "We had but this house, and £50 a year."

"Let him turn us into the street, mother," bitterly said the mediæval spinster.

"Not so fast, Jane," said I, "don't expect every body to do as you would do—they haven't all your virtuous spirit and strength of mind, to turn an old friend adrift."

"Oh, miss," said the clerk, with an honest tone of regret, "how could you refuse Master Charles, and a clear unencumbered

three thousand a year? Bless me, what are the women made of now a days!" Jane's increasing thaw was melting into a whole February flood of tears. The conviction settled on her she had made an irreparable blunder, and she wept with vexation, as well as distress, at the awful discovery of her illegitimacy, and of her own and her mother's beggary. Had either of them been women of more real feeling, the cruel denouement would have sunk them to the earth with anguish and misery. As it was, the tables were turned, and the poor old abject victim of deceit, who little knew how much she had long owed to the forbearance of that brother whom she had charged with forgetting her when he set off in the search for his unhappy boy, now felt the substantial kindness he had secretly shown her, and acknowledged it.

"For your father's sake, dear nephew," she cried, "have mercy on me and poor Jane; at least I am your aunt."

"Had you only said 'dear nephew' half an hour ago; had Jane but pitied me and called me cousin Charlie, I should have known her childish heart was still true to the old love between us, and blessed her for its generous sacrifice of social prejudice; all I have would have been laid at her feet, though I knew the fatal blot, ineffaceable as my own, which stained her. I could and did pity her, but she had none for me, and there ends the dream."

Jane wept more profusely, and would have fainted had I the least encouraged it. But she had let out the real thing she was,—had turned her heart inside out: the specimen didn't suit me.

I turned coldly to her mother. "Aunt," said I, "you are my noble father's sister, and that's your shield. This worthy man will show you when I'm gone that I have reconveyed this house to you in your maiden name, and settled on you £100 a year for your life and that of your illegitimate daughter. The late rascal's provision of the annuity for you (the only good thing he ever did,) cannot be disturbed, as the capital is simply vested in trustees who will continue to pay it to the individual they know he meant it for. The other wife was dead before he made the

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but its terrible foreclosure had smothered it, like the prince in the Tower, in its infancy, and except in its compassion and regret, Charlie's disgrace had extinguished it. Still the pre-occupation of her young heart had insensibly shut it up against other overtures, and she had gradually settled down into that convenient appendage, the old maid of the family. But when her early sorrow was repeated in her brother's person, and the misery of that event had been mitigated and eventually diverted by the opportune generosity and interposition of her old lover, her secret tenderness revived, grew strong, and, unlike cousin Jane's, had triumphed over the social disparagement and shame of its criminal associations. The subsequent career of Charlie only deepened her attachment in the ratio of her esteem for his character. Charlie knew nothing, and was too sensitive on the point of his unhappy disqualification, to suspect anything of this feeling in his behalf. Nothing she had ever said or done suggested this impression; but its existence involuntarily escaped her once, and only once, in conversation with old Roberts, with whom she felt less on her guard than with her more immediate relatives and equals. It was when young Charlie lay in jail, waiting his trial, that she asked Roberts, "Do you think father would forgive him if I begged him off, Mr. Roberts? I'd give up all my pocket money till it paid back what poor Charlie took."

Old Roberts blessed the little girl for her pitiful young heart, but shook his head at the proposal which, without his opinion in its favour, she dared not attempt to carry out. Roberts, the worthy old soul, had watched her as he best could during Charlie's sojourn in England, and at length arrived at the conclusion that Charlie might venture to open his mind to the lady, always supposing he had a mind to do so. Old Roberts would not interfere too prematurely. He let things take their course, in the secret hope the thing he most desired might fall out yet by its own accord, which it was best it should. But the month of final departure had begun its first week, and "the thing" was none the nearer to

its issue. He must refrain no longer, or it would be too late. The farewell dinner parties were going the round of the family and of their intimate friends, and no more time was to be lost. Roberts took Charlie aside one day, and closeted him with himself after business hours in the deserted counting-house; he said:

"Mister Charles, you wont be offended with an old and true friend of your own and of the family, if I make so bold as to ask, are your affections at this present free from any particular appointment, or other honourable liability?"

"What can you mean, friend Roberts?"

"I mean have you passed your word, or accepted any bill for any lady, with a view to matrimonial negotiations?"

"None in the world, on my honor, as an ex-convict—there is honor among thieves, you know."

"Then let that honor do the right thing to a dear young lady whose heart you have stolen unawares to both of you."

"I must have done it then when I was walking in my sleep; whom have I so cruelly wronged?"

"Well, she never said so to man or mortal, but there are some things as don't want telling out in words. Like the bloom on a peach, or the scent of a flower, you can see and know that it is there without an advertisement in the *Times* or local papers, by just looking at the article. If there be any reliance on an invoice, or any confidence in carefully taking stock, Miss Louisa loves you, and perhaps wonders you never found it out yourself to spare her father's old clerk the equivocal duty of suggesting what course a man of honor ought to pursue."

Charlie crimsoned like one detected in doing something he was not ashamed of, only annoyed that he had somehow betrayed himself. He despondingly said: "Miss Louisa would scorn the pilfering apprentice."

"So she would," Roberts answered, "and so she ought to do; but she appreciates the self-recovered and reinstated man. Sir, the sly tear as stood in her eye, afraid to drop before witnesses,

which resented your judgment against her accompanying little Master Ben to Australia, was not so much on her brother's account as on her own."

"Do you really think so, Roberts?"

"In course I do, or I shouldn't say so," said the upright old fellow.

"Then we'll soon put it beyond further doubt," said Charlie, who was put beyond himself with joy. "I wish I could only see her alone a moment."

"Bide where you are till I come back to you," said Mr. Roberts, and went off straight into the house, whence in three minutes he returned leading by the hand what he called, "the head sister of the house." He had beguiled her with stating he wished to speak with her himself on a matter of business, and she had innocently accompanied him. She hesitated on seeing Charlie in the counting house, but Mr. Roberts begged her to "walk forward and take a seat," significantly adding "this gentleman will explain to you my business better than I can, for he's got it off by heart." With this joke he said "he would be back in a minute, there or thereabouts."

"Miss Louisa," said Charlie, his chest swelling and his eye moistening, "I humbly beg your pardon for having dared to confide to our old mutual friend, the admiration with which your virtues have inspired me."

"Mr. Roberts is my poor father's oldest and best friend."

"Miss Louisa, I robbed your father."

"And you saved my brother."

"I disgraced my character."

"And tenfold more nobly redeemed it."

"I was a convicted felon."

"And the too cruel justice of the father should be indemnified by the sympathy of the daughter."

"But the taint upon my name is ineffaceable as the pigment in the blood of a slave."

"The deadlier the injury done you, the greater the claim for compensation."

"My unworthy hand has been already rejected."

"The better reason for not driving you to despair by another rejection."

"Then the flower of this house I wronged really pities me?"

"The old maid of the house that wronged *you* would willingly repair it."

"Bless you for that word. May I really hope you will return with me and be my own Louisa?"

"You voted against Louisa's going with her brothers."

"But not against Mrs. Charles." In an ecstasy of joy he took her hand, and fervently kissed it a score of times, when Mr. Roberts walked in and whispered to Louisa, loud enough though for Charlie to hear it, "Aint these precious lips of yourn jealous o' that there hand? I do wonder at young men now-a-days." Charlie instantly improved the hint and, maugre old Roberts' presence, sealed the nuptial covenant by several kisses, which he omitted to count, on the jealous members indicated.

"That'll do now," said Mr. Roberts, "and now to business. Miss Louisa's fortun'." "Never mind the fortune, Mr. Roberts, my fortune is the lady." "Well, well," said he, "we can go into the cash account another day; in the meantime both of you my dears, go up to the good lady, your mother, and your mother-in-law Charles as is to be, and ask her blessing. I've made her ready for you, and here up to present date the account balances."

Charles with Louisa on his arm did as they were bid; a few natural tears the old lady shed at parting with another, and she so dutiful a child, so far away, but she submitted to the will of Providence, and the projected wedding was universally approved by the family. Not indeed on both sides, for aunt and cousin Jane wondered how cousin Charles could marry into a family that disgraced him by their cruel persecution. The return to Australia was postponed three months out of respect to their fa-

ther's decease, and at the end of that time Charles and Louisa were married. A week after, bride and bridegroom, Tiller and little Ben, sailed for Sydney, comforting the reduced circle they left behind them with the promise that some or all of them would revisit England every third year, at least so long as their venerable mother lived. The last heard of them they were prospering in the colony, keeping open house and heart for less fortunate emigrants from the mother country.

CHAPTER VII.

THE VOWELS.

ASH, ELLIS, IVIMEY, ONION, AND UNIT.

In our school, there was 'a clique' for evil, and 'a set' for good. "A set" is an arrangement into which boys, and men too, instinctively fall, from the attraction of gravitation to a common centre of congeniality in taste, age, and kindred pursuits. Where virtue and uprightness describe the circle, such associations are of mutual help and comfort to its members. There were five boys composing such a set, in fellowship of studies and habits, who presented a striking contrast to the roystering clique biographed in No. 6. The initials of the names of 'the set' happening to coincide with A, E, I, O, U,—namely—Ash, Ellis, Ivimey, Onion, and Unit,—they were called 'the Vowels.' The *soubriquet* furnished materials for lots of school-boy wit; to the effect for instance that their agreement together entitled them to be called consonants rather than vowels; that they were four ciphers with the unit at the wrong end, and therefore vanishing quantities. They were styled the Harmonicon—Cruden's concordance—Pax vobiscum—the shut-up brackets—the shunt—and 'full fathom five.' They were not unpopular, because the whole set were thoroughly quiet, reading boys, and affected no superiority nor stand-off of any kind with other boys. Only they professed their own society. 'The set' was formed insensibly and grew inoffensively; were mutual stimuli to each other's educational industry, greatly improved each other's powers of expression, and exercised their habits of thought and self-tuition, by importing

the current subjects of the school into their ordinary conversation. Boys always get a better insight into books by talking over them than by only looking them over. It is a great point gained in advance, when boys have acquired interest enough in their classical and mathematical studies to chat about them. A literary gossip is one of the best kind of lectures. There is no more fortunate incident in school-boy life, than to form an intimacy with sensible contemporaries who make school-work their business even out of school hours. It impresses the sense of things better than birch, or prize, or emulation of place. It constitutes the lessons not the end but means to an end, materials for suggestion rather than the limit of acquirement. All the members of 'the set' who lived long enough, more or less distinguished themselves in their several vocations. The foundation of all their eminence was laid in the auspicious habits of mind into which they helped to mould each other at school. Pardon the moralising of an old school remembrancer, looking back from grey hairs upon the seminal effects of early associations. How happy he would feel, if this humble bequest of an elder's experience should be of any use to dear younger friends, whose best interests lie very near his heart. A conspicuous feature in connection with 'the set,' which occurs to me at starting with their memoirs, is the disinterested, unenvious pride which they took in each other's successes, notwithstanding their common competition for the distinctions achieved. They all knew how fairly each other won, and how honestly each did his best to be the winner. Thus, the particular result was left to Providence, all employing the means to attain it, and when the issue was decided, some natural disappointment was felt, and perhaps expressed, but there it ended. Hearty congratulations of the victors ruled the day. What they had lost, not an enemy nor a stranger but a friend had gained, and thus victors and victims at once generously rejoiced and consoled with one another. Where none did badly, there was less difficulty in acknowledging *their* merits who did the best. Indeed no one blames the boy who

fairly does his best, but everybody blames the laggard who does his gifts injustice. School days are not affluent in variety of incident, at least of a striking or unusual class. Schools are pretty much alike, because boys are. Perhaps one of the earliest things we noticed, in the habits of "the set" was their attraction of cohesion, their being instinctively drawn together, insensibly forming themselves into an unobtrusive, quiet coterie, to their mutual help and comfort in the matter of studies. For instance they would compare each other's verses before showing them up to the master, and the judgment arrived at among themselves as to their relative merits or demerits was generally confirmed by the master. They invented literary games, in which they puzzled each other in long winter evenings, with etymologies and genealogies, as if the ancestry of men and of their words was a cognate enquiry. The synchroization of the pursuit of both, relieved the monotony of the less interesting of the two. Their conversation often grew so animated on these topics, that other boys who overheard them, as we sat in the long-room after school hours, were drawn to listen, and now and then dropt in a hint, when they had one, proud of an opportunity of the smallest contribution to the colloquies of so distinguished a conversazione. It is due to the latter to add that every such addition to their conversation was rather welcomed as an accession than resented as an intrusion. They had no exclusiveness, except such as similarity of taste and habits implied. Some idle and prematurely vicious boys denounced them "muffs," but with the main public of the school they were a popular aristocracy of character and talent. They were too real in everything to affect anything. Hence they were equally earnest in the school room or the play-ground, and equally natural in one and the other. They were athletes as well as philosophers, and as good at cricket as at their classics. No moping or dawdling, no lisping nor clipping the Queen's English; they said what they meant in a way that obviously meant what they said, and said it so as to give no reasonable offence to anybody.

Boating was the favourite amusement of the school, and their occasional wherry-races, with the boys pulling the oars, constituted the school's olympiads. The vowels chose little Ralph A—for their steerer, because he was light, active, and intelligent, and being poor, the orphan of a naval lieutenant, the 'Five' always delicately franked him in the expenses of such excursions. They adopted old Emslie's boat, because it was the oldest wherry, and himself the oldest waterman, and therefore the least employed by others. The old man at length saw through it, and felt grateful to them accordingly. In spite of this drawback, the 'Five' generally won the day, much to Emslie's delight and pride in 'his old tub' that held her own with younger craft. He used to say "the five gentlemen was the best hands at a rowin' match as ever he knowed on, and made the old wherry feel as young as themselves." One instance of their courage occurs to my memory. Returning to school from one of their excursions, they suddenly came upon a formidable bull-dog which had seized one of our boys by the leg, and pinned him to the ground. The boy screamed with the pain and terror; Ellis ran up and seized the savage brute by the throat, when the dog transferred its teeth to Ellis' arm. Onion instantly dashing his fist into the beast's eyes, it flew at his throat, and fixed there. Onion turning black in the face, Ash and Ivimey each took a jaw and with main force tore open its mouth, Unit for lack of other expedient biting the brute's tail to the bone; Ellis, at the same moment, returning to the charge, he and the dog rolled over on the ground together, Ellis gallantly seized him by the throat, and pressing his weight upon its body, held it to the ground till he strangled it. The owner, a burly butcher, reaching the spot only in time to 'come in to the death,' without inquiry into the cause of the fray or the extent of the mischief, struck Ellis a blow which felled him, when immediately the other four attacked the cowardly bully simultaneously, and administered to him a thorough thrashing on the spot. Ellis picking up himself and the carcass of the dog, dealt the butcher

a valedictory blow in the face with it, with a force and fury which closed the negotiation, by laying prostrate both brutes, the live and the dead one, biped and quadruped summarily meeting their deserts. The 'Five' were all under 18 when this adventure occurred, but their joint activity and valour got the better of man and dog. This exploit raised the reputation of the 'Five' to the highest pitch of scholastic enthusiasm. Not that we approved of brawling in the streets nor anywhere else, but the whole school admired the bravery which rushed in to the rescue of a school-fellow at all hazards. When the butcher complained to Broome-law, he was peremptorily dismissed with the statement "he had only received his deserts," and cautioned not to make or meddle with his boys again, or he (the Doctor) would meddle with him."

Five finer young fellows it has never been my lot to know as intimately as I knew and esteemed them, though I was not one of them, for at the period of their schooling I was a junior boy, without either the age or standing as yet to be admitted of their confraternity. There was a freemasonry of homogeneous spirits, only with no secret, which was not welcome to any body. Two of "the set" were not distinctly religious as the other three were, but all of them were in most respects boy-models of young life and conversation. Early piety in the three who seemed really to possess it as the happy result of a Christian home-training, wore, in their instances, such a cheerful, winning, unobtrusive aspect, as if they neither doubted nor were the least ashamed of it themselves, that it told greatly on other boys. We are all so easily influenced by contemporaries whether for good or evil. All five were strictly virtuous in word and deed, and imbued with a nice sense of personal honour and candour which exerted the happiest effect on the moral atmosphere of the school. On the fifth of November and like holiday commemorations, foremost among the diligent compilers of combustibles and inventors of pyrotechnics, were the members of "the set." They threw themselves as heartily into the sports as they did into their studies. Only

each had its time in turn, without the folly and often the make-believe of attempting both at once. They were whole boys at one thing at a time, and hence whatever they did they did their best at it, and so things were generally done well. They were witty, and appreciated wit; could take as well as give a joke, and do both with equal fairness. But there was a moral symmetry in their conversation which insensibly found 'a place for everything and everything in its place.' Hence at their books, they were simply bookish; in the school prayers unaffectedly devout. At Church uniformly decorous, and even more in earnest there, as being the most serious and important exercise of life. Oh, it is an immense point gained, when boys begin to look at Church and school with a similar conscientiousness as both places of sacred duty and privilege; both soils of moral and intellectual growth, where the same gracious and bountiful 'God giveth the increase.' A conscientious boy cannot but make progress in proportion to his ability (and neither God nor man require more), because in that boy's view, idleness is disobedience, and the waste of time and opportunity, a precocious profligacy.

'The Quintal' (another of their names,) were always the first to set on foot a school subscription, in cases where the benevolent or religious elements of boyhood was fairly appealed to and presented legitimate grounds for its cultivation. Giving is as much a virtuous habit to be educated as any other personal endowment. One occasion of such subscription I record with peculiar pleasure, because it had a subsequent bearing upon the tale of one of the five. There was a little fellow, very little for his age, who was leaving school in his 12th year, to enter as midshipman into the royal navy. His father had served a long life afloat, but never attained rank beyond a Lieutenant, and dying at sea, left his widow slenderly provided for, with very little beyond her pension. Lots of our boys went to sea. It was as if the smell of the salt water seduced them on ship-board, so naval were the general tastes of the school. Little Ralph A—, for some reason or other,

was a great favourite with all five of the set. Other boys who envied him their patronage, ungenerously charged him with sneaking into favor with the 'Five,' with tuft-hunting, and the like. One witty rogue called him 'The Five's Court.' When some one suggested 'little Ralph was deep enough,' the witty rogue answered: yes—'full fathom five.' But little Ralph had really attracted the sympathy of 'the Quintal' solely by the fact, first, of his orphanage, and then of his gallant turning to the forlorn hope which his father had stormed through a tempestuous life, without attaining higher rank or honor than to die at his post, like a brave subaltern as he was:—

' For loyalty is still the same
Whether it win or lose the game,
True, as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not smiled upon.'

The Lieutenant's only boy making choice of the sea, affected his five seniors, drew their interest to the side of the fatherless midgy, and determined them to make a substantial effort to raise him a first-rate outfit, which they knew was altogether beyond his mother's means. Besides they wished to spare her as much trespass as possible on her own limited resources. So cap in hand one pocket-money pay day when little Ralph had gone home for the half holiday, when silver and copper was in circulation among the boys, the 'Five,' having divided the whole school into as many sections, applied to every boy for a subscription. But first there was a public meeting, at which Ellis, the senior, told little Ralph's story, "how his father had been a gallant old tar"—and here Ellis who was the school poet improvised the pun:—

"Do ye know why they call a seaman, 'a Tar' ?
Ah, the reason we'll never let slip ;
'Tis because in the gale of weather, or war,
Like tar, a tar sticks to his ship."

"Bravo, Ellis!" cried the juvenile public, "Hurrah for Jack Tar! Hip—Hip—Hurrah!"

Ellis got their ear, and went on to tell them "how the brave old salt fought under Nelson in thirteen engagements—never had any interest, except among post captains who knew his seamanship and bravery, and were always glad to get him for their first Lieutenant—how the admiralty thanked his commanders for successful acts of skill and valour which their Lieutenant had performed—how he felt it and grumbled at it, but went on sailing and serving, fighting and manœuvring, chasing and capturing, storming ships afloat and ports ashore, as if he never had any thing to complain of, and stood up to the last for the honor of the service and the glory of his country, as if they had made him a port admiral. How the yellow fever off the West Indies scuttled and sunk the fine old man o'war which had never struck colors to any mortal foe, and never would, though the odds against him were never so fearful; how they sewed him up in his hammock with a shot at his feet, and dropped him in a deeper grave than ever sexton dug, swathed, like a marine mummy, in bunting and tarpaulin, to beat about the sea in death as he had been beaten about it through life, a mariner till the day of doom; and how the widow wept when the sloop came home with another first Lieutenant's name on the ship's books, and only a purser's account and Captain's letter of condolence for *her*; how she missed the hearty shout of welcome with which he used to hail home and wife and child, which she and little Ralph would hear never more; and what a blank it was, so sad, and vacant, and what sharp work it was for her and Ralph to make both ends meet, without breaking the thin cord of resources that had to be stretched so tightly; and now—in short, little Ralph was going to sea like his father before him, but had no father to give him a start, and only a poor lady, his widowed mother, to help him to his outfit; and what could the poor lad do unless they gave him a lift, for the honor of the service, for the memory of the old Lieutenant, for sympathy

with his mother, for the credit of the school, and for school-fellows' love for himself. He (Ellis) knew the boys only wanted to know the simple facts of the ease to fit out little Ralph like an Admiral, as he would be some day if he didn't die a Lieutenant, like his father, and like thousands more before him, and if he did, all the more claim on their kindly feeling."

The boys 'thought so too.' Not one of the whole school who did not contribute something, except Skinny Jem who never gave to anything unless it was taken from him, like King Charlie's 'benevolences,' by some compulsion, but he got a good 'bonnetting' on the play-ground then and there for his stinginess. The sum amounted to £27, for lots of the senior boys gave a sovereign, and the Quintal headed the list with £2 each; so the sum was soon run up in L. S. D., the seniors L,—the middle boys S,—and the small boys D; and thus little Ralph was equipped with his outfit, in a manner creditable to the school and honourable to his personal standing.

The day the purse was presented to Ralph, when he took leave of us, was a nice little pleasant demonstration in its way. Ellis, the senior five's man, again addressing him, in the name of his school-fellows, said: "We beg your acceptance of this token of our friendship, in proof of the high esteem in which we hold your character, and we all of us, young and old, desire to add our hearty good wishes and prayers for your happiness and welfare in life." Here the orator was interrupted by shouts of "Here, here, and little Ralph for ever!" "You will find," the orator returned—"the names of every one of your old school-fellows, except Skinny Jem's, which you won't miss, as he's not in the habit of having his name anywhere except where he is himself concerned." Shouts of derisive laughter and hisses received this sally, in the midst of which Skinny Jem, fairly overcome by the contagious enthusiasm of the occasion, and thoroughly ashamed of his own selfish exclusion from its generous fellowship, walked up to Ralph, and pulling out his huge pocket-knife of seven blades

including cork-screw, button-hook, file, and saw, a condensed Sheffield in cutlery, he put it into Ralph's hand for a parting gift, and hoped he would forgive him, and accept it. Ralph heartily shook hands with him, and Skinny Jem won a partial vote of applause, mingled with cries of 'better late than never.' Then Ralph went through the ordeal of a tumultuous shaking of hands with everybody, and the same good wishes repeated over and over again, and the same reciprocations on the part of Ralph. Finally he received proposals from two of the smaller boys who loved little Ralph and couldn't bear to part with him, to get them a middy's berth apiece on board his ship the Bellerophon, or Billy Rough'un as the sailors called her, for "they'd quite made up their minds to go to sea with him, and didn't like stopping at school a bit, that they didn't, and would come off as soon as he wrote and told'm he'd got the Captain to make 'em middies." And so Ralph bid them farewell, his eyes rather red about the lids, as if their lashes had flogged them; but he was going to be a jolly tar and was above crying outright, so he didn't, but manfully kept it in till he could run home, like a squirrel, to his mother, and when he told her all that had befallen him, and the £27, and Skinny Jem's knife, and the two boys who meant to go with him, the widow smiled at the latter arrangement, and she and her orphan wept together tears of joy and gratitude. She felt an honest pride that the boys had made so much of a lad whom nature had made so little of. When the widow and her son and their one little scrap of a servant had their little domestic Ebenezer together that night, before they sought their beds, the mother contrived to put in a petition for the dear boys at school who had shown such great kindness to her own precious Ralph; and the little scrap of a servant felt called upon to respond to the grateful interpolation, by an extra amen. They three, the little widow, little Ralph, and the little scrap, were not a little pleased that night, notwithstanding Ralph was going aboard next day. But the ship wasn't to sail for a fortnight, so with the help of

widow, scrap, and a neighbourly needle or two, Ralph's outfit—the school outfit—was got up in time, and the orphan middy embarked with the heart of a full admiral of the red. The 'Five' accompanied him to Spithead in old Emslie's, the waterman, boat which was the favorite wherry of the Five, and it was amusing to mark the interest which the old man o' war's man, as Emslie himself was, took in the start of the young middy. His respectful touch of his tarred and painted old hat, was a more than usually naval salute of the little customer who so often joined the 'Five' in their holiday boatings with old Emslie. He taught Ralph at once how to splice a rope, and when the boy did it the first splice Emslie nodded his head to the rest of the 'Five' approvingly, and said: "There's a chip o' the old block, gen'lmen—that wouldn't please the old Liffenant late of His Majesty's sloop the Lee Sibble," (query La Cybele) that wouldn't. Bless him, gen'lmen, he's a sailor born every inch on him."

When they had delivered Ralph and all his goods and chattels safe on board, bid him good bye, and left him standing and looking sad at parting with them, at the port hole which seemed to frame him like a full length portrait, as soon as they had shoved off a respectable distance, the 'Five' gave him a cheer. Old Emslie threw up his hat in the air, and catching it, on the feather of his oar, twisted it round, hurrahing at the pitch of his voice. So they left little Ralph to the rough mercies of a life at sea, which he began by a good cry on the port-hole where no body could see him, not even the friends on the wherry with whom he was parting, with four of whom, he little thought, he was parting for ever. Ash, Ivimey, Onion, and Unit, he never met again.

The 'Five' stood none the worse in school repute for this feeling tax upon its pocket money. Boys are generous enough; touch the right spot and their hearts open like a spring drawer that seems to offer you all there is in it, on the spot, like a liberal impulse. The vowels deserved their title, for they were constantly

linking all sorts of young living consonants together, and turning them into intelligible and well-rounded periods. It is a rather mysterious way of putting it, but I mean to indicate their happy useful way of healing old sores, composing passing contentions, throwing in a word of explanation between two disputants who mistook each other, and setting them right with one another, by showing the exact grounds on which they differed or agreed. Young debaters are apt to miss each other's points,—to argue inconsecutively, begging the question, or talking beside it, proving too much, or perhaps too little—importing irrelevant matter, or resorting to personalities, special pleading, declamation, or nonsense. A, E, I, O, U, were as useful, nay as indispensable, to the school, as vowels to a language. They were the master's right hands—his embodied Briareus, by which he laid hold of the intellects and tempers of the school. Happy the general, seconded by such a staff of subalterns! They aided him to organise a first rate army of scholars. They were his brevet junior masters, exerting the direct influence of young peers on their contemporaries. The plastic force of *æquale ætate* is felt at every period of life, but most of all in impressionable boyhood. Then the moral indentations are cut in deep and lasting. Dr. Arnold, the admirable Crichton of the dark ages of public schools, said something to the effect that he never felt he had the right hold upon his school until he thoroughly possessed his sixth form. When he had got his upper boys, by whose influence to let himself down upon the juniors, he realised his possession of the young public mind and heart. Fortunate is the school which has its set of moral 'vowels.' They determine the language, tone, and entire moral grammar of the young community.

They are the tillers to the helm, ever communicating to the ship the direction "wheresoever the governor listeth." These five youths were the school's recognised peerage in talent and character. They imparted an academical 'ton' which insensibly leavened the mass, and all the more so that like leaven it was hid-

den in its operation. It worked without the consciousness of either party, the leaveners or the leavened. Had they given themselves precocious airs, or ostentatiously assumed the power which they insensibly exercised, it would have provoked resistance. It could only succeed by being involuntary—the natural result of its own intrinsic attributes, like the light, which makes no formal proclamation, but unwittingly allures every body to its welcome shining. Well, we all had a high opinion of the ‘Set’ the ‘Vowels,’ the ‘Fives,’ in the ‘Quintal,’ as they were variously called by way of a change. Whatever they were called, no real disrespect was ever intended; for they were the cleverest, foremost, bravest, boys in the school, and wore their honors modestly, as all real honors can afford to do. They are their own pipers, and want no other heralds. In due time the Vowels left us for Cambridge, and it is no mere pun to say the tone and language of the school suffered much for the want of them. We heartily, and often, wished them back again; could have better spared them gradually, two, or three, at a time, than all at once. They left the most popular memory behind them of any set of school-fellows I have ever known. If I were a master, I would wish no better fortune than to embark with such five Lieutenants between me and the crew. Their career at college was a duplicate of their life at school,—steady, studious, devout, manly. Losing no time, missing no fair opportunity, wasting no money; contracting no loose habits, doing every term’s work in its term, getting steps at every annual college examination, gaining athletic as well as scientific fame, and pulling a boat up or down the Cam with any crew of their number on the river. They met of course with a larger host of literary competitors at Cambridge than at school, but when their degree time arrived, four of them came out within the first twenty wranglers, but Unit, through ill health, lost time, and only got 19th Senior Optime. Oddly enough their places ranged with their initials A, E, I, O, for they ran among the wranglers, Ash, Ellis, Ivimey, and Onion. But if Unit had been

more fortunate in health, he would, most probably, have destroyed the alphabetical arrangement, for he had always hitherto taken the lead of them all. True to his name, he had been always number one, but wasting sickness had debilitated his frame and interrupted his reading. His spirits gave way from the day he fell short of the degree he had hoped to win. He sincerely congratulated his friends, but his own fate was sealed. He tried to be resigned to the will of God in the disposal of his academical course, and earnestly sought more submission, as one who felt he needed it, but he went home a sad and disappointed man. The friends separated to their several callings. Ash and Ellis to read for the bar, Ivimey for the Church, Onion entered the counting-house of his father, who was a foreign merchant, but poor Unit went home to die! The first meeting of the 'Five,' after their dispersion at Cambridge, was six months after, when they were "Five" no longer, when they wept together at poor Unit's funeral. Ash and Ivimey sobbed so bitterly at the grave that the clergyman himself was much affected at the sight of their genuine sorrow. Unit's father invited them to stay with his family for a few days to smooth down the distress on all sides, with conversation about the deceased. Ash and Ivimey consented, but the other two being unable to do so from their engagements, took their leave. This pathetic incident of their visit after the funeral led, a few years later, to their marriage with two of Unit's sisters. The father of their friend, a Shropshire squire of good family and fair estate, had but three children, and as Unit was his only son, he was not averse to his daughter's bringing into the family two of his deceased heir's dearest friends. I dare say there was a pretty story, if one knew all, connected with this two-fold marriage, but as I never heard the particulars, I must leave the record, bare as it is, except to add the sad statement that poor Ivimey, the clergyman, when the father of four daughters, was drowned in the attempt to save his wife in the capsizing of a boat off Margate; and Ash fell a victim to cholera in his 30th year, leaving a

widow, and a son, the heir to the Shropshire property. But both had maintained throughout their comparatively brief lives the admirable characters which had distinguished them at school. They died early, but they had not lived in vain. The old squire mourned for them both as he had mourned for his son, and as they had mourned for their friend. Both deserved all the regret which followed them to their early graves. Ellis remained a bachelor, and a poor struggler for business at the bar. Now and then, his old friend Onion put a will or conveyance in his hands, and begged for him a brief from his father's attornies. But life went hardly with him, though he bore it bravely. He continued a close student of law, and gradually acquired, in the profession, the reputation of a sound and learned counsel. If he made little money, he gained stores of law; lived frugally at his chambers, and got into nobody's debt; coursed through Coke upon Littleton, on a little ton of coke; digested statutes at large, on a stomach occupied with little other digestion; kept up his spirits, without the aid of British and Foreign ditto; wrought on, trusted on, and hoped on, till he got on, and Ellis, the barrister, became a name in the courts. Ten successive Christmas days he had joined his friend Onion's home circle as their most welcome guest, and 'the memory of the Five,' of whom two only now were left, had of late years been matter of solemn commemoration. Before the 11th Christmas had reached its anniversary, poor Onion was no more. He had succeeded his father, at whose death, on fully investigating his affairs, the estate was found to be insolvent, notwithstanding the appearance of wealth which had been assumed for years. The humiliating discovery brought on an attack of heart disease, which rendered any excitement peculiarly dangerous. Onion junior's uprightness eschewed concealment of the true state of the case. As his late father's partner, he felt himself implicated in the discredit, as well as the loss, to which he had unhappily succeeded. His moral sensibility was wounded, as it turned out fatally. Fortunately he had not married, so that he

at least had the gloomy satisfaction of suffering alone. No wife and children were wrecked with him. He committed his affairs into Ellis's hands, who nobly discharged the trust reposed in him : wound up the business—settled with every creditor at a moderate composition, and then installing his old schoolmate in his own (Ellis's) chambers, comforted, sustained, and watched over him, like a brother, and indeed as few brothers would have done. But the young merchant's credit was gone, not indeed with them who were acquainted with the whole affair, but with the world which judges harshly of the unfortunate. He was reading a paragraph in a leading paper which reflected bitterly on what the writer sneered at as 'his tardy detection of the insolvency of the firm, of which he was an active partner,' when he fell on the floor. Ellis tried to lift him up again to his chair, but 'the silver cord was loosed and the golden bowl was broken.' Onion was numbered with the dead, and Ellis in tears and loud lamentations bent over the corpse of his friend, feeling himself the last of the Five whom God had spared. The event was greatly sanctified to the lonely barrister. He had always been a singularly correct and moral man, but the voices from four tombs of his contemporaries seemed to call him nearer to God, as if his dead schoolmates had said, in as many words: "Friend, go up higher!" He used often, after business hours, in his lonely chambers, to sit thinking of the companions of his boyhood, the dear fellow-students whose admirable example and influence had helped him on in his school and college work, and greatly contributed to the formation of those habits which had stood him in good stead through a trying, and, till now, unsuccessful life. And now that he had at last won a name, and was rapidly acquiring wealth by his professional emolument, and could have enjoyed so much assembling his attached old friends round his own table, to renew their ancient love and amity, and be gratified by their hearty felicitations on his prospects, not one of them was left. "Unit, cut off so early by the blight of literary disappointment! Ash and Ivey, both in their prime, and Onion,

under the stigma of commercial failure, who am I, that I should be spared? Friends of my youth, your memories make me very sad. The joy of success is spoiled of its relish, for I have no fond loving old heart to share it with me!" He could have given half his large income to have had one of them to help him to enjoy the other. In one of these solitary retrospective moods, he found himself one day embarked in a wherry from Southsea to the Isle of Wight, that he might avoid the steamer, and indulge in the recollections of the days when the 'Five' used to spend a holiday afloat, sailing about the harbour or across to the beautiful island. He was engaged on the following day on an important arbitration between the Ordnance department and a local proprietor, to assess the value of some land required for the public service. He had come down from town the day previous, to anticipate by a few hours rest and relaxation, the arduous labours and responsibilities of the enquiry. He was chosen arbitrator, and had bestowed immense pains in thoroughly mastering the case. He had sought out and found the same old waterman whom he and his friends had always employed in their boating expeditions. The old man, hale and hardy as ever, still plied his boat from Southsea Beach, and gratified the eminent barrister greatly by recognising at once his former patron, and addressing him by his name. "Want a boat, Master Ellis?" said old saltwater.

The words 'Master Ellis,' went straight to the barrister's heart. It conjured up four other young 'Masters' who used to row with him in the old boat, and the link of connection stirred up a kindly feeling in Ellis's memory, which promised well for the old waterman's fare.

"Take me a cruise round the old spots, Emslie,—the harbour, Tipner, and Portchester castle, come back through the ships in ordinary—then we'll coast along Block-House port, Haslar, and Stokes' Bay, sheering off for Spithead to take a peep at the fleet, and then land me at the pier at Ryde."

"Very good, Master Ellis, that's as *you* please, sir; bless me, sir, I be right glad to see ye again."

"Thank you, Emslie, I'm glad to see *you* wear so well."

"Not so bad, sir, for an old craft as has been afloat so long, and in all weathers."

"The old school still gives you a spell now and then?"

"They *does*, sir, but not so often as you and the young gene'l-men as used to consort wi' ye. How's Master Ash, sir?"

"Dead," said Ellis mechanically, for the old man's remark had plunged him into reveries, and the sight of the Sally Port, Round Tower, Gunwharf and Dockyard, as the wherry severally passed them, called up recollections of the joyous party they used to make in similar excursions. "Poor Master Ash," said Emslie, unconsciously touching his hat, as if that was the only respect he could pay a deceased patron, and paid it like an honest old fellow as he was.

"And Master Unit, sir?"

"Poor Unit died ten years since, quite a youth."

"More's the pity," said Emslie, again touching his tarred hat—"poor young gene'lman—he was alway a good friend to me—to think o' sich young craft founderin', and leaving old hulks afloat. Ax your pardon, Counsellor, but there was Master Ivimey, sir, the person as we used to call 'im, I hope he's all a tant and hearty—he wor a solid young gene'l man, Master Ivimey was."

"He too is no more," said Ellis very sadly, a tear gathering in his eye.

"The young parson dead!" exclaimed old Emslie, repeating his salute with some emotion; "I'm most afeard to ax arter the other gene'lman, that open handed merry little soul as gid me many a shilling when the frost had stopped the boatin'—"

"He's dead too," said Ellis, and he, the last of the old boating party, now boating on the old track alone, could bear old Emslie's catechising no longer, and burst into tears. The old man looked pitifully at him as he made his last salute. He drew his tarry coat-sleeve across his eye, and blundered out—"I ax your pardon,

Master Ellis, for makin' sich a roll-call, but who'd a thought so many sich young gene'lmen would'nt answer to their names, never no more! Ah! Master Ellis, you and I will get sailin' orders too some day: forgive an old man mentioning, sir, as he hopes, through mercy, he's ready, and don't mind what date. Poor dear young gene'lmen to slip their cables so soon!"

Ellis rose and shook the ancient waterman's hand. "Thank you, Emslie, for your kind remembrance of my lost friends. I hope their untimely deaths have not been without use to me. I am left alone in the world."

"Not so, sir; take heart 'pon top o' that, Master Ellis. Look to the Lord, sir, as promised, and I've often thought on it in my old crazy boat out at sea of a night,—“So I am with you alway, even unto the end o' the world.” “*Him's the convoy, sir, when the flag's lowered, it may be half-mast high.*” They sighted Tipner, then Portchester, then retraced the channels, for the tide was down back to the harbour—Rat Island, Priddy's Hard, Weovil, Horton, Gosport, and so outside the mouth of the port, whence the town, the 'Port's Mouth,' receives its name, beguiling the route by occasional reminiscences of the five friends about their whims and old doings; it was a relief to Ellis to talk even to the old waterman who only knew them in their boyish days. The breeze had freshened rather boisterously as they stood out for Spithead, and Emslie reefed sail a bit to be ready for squalls. “I am glad you remember the poor fellows, Emslie. We shall never boat a holiday together again. Your old face, this old wherry, the old spots, and the rough old sea, salt and wholesome and bracing as ever, bring them all back to me. Young, hearty, merry spirits as the dear old fellows were, and now not one of them left but me. Ah, the prophet under the juniper tree was not more desolate than their old school-mate.

“I mind him, sir,” said Emslie, “that 'ere prophet, and how he wanted the Lord to take him off along with the rest, but the Lord had summat else for him to do in the room o' dyin', and so the

Lord has for you, sir, or He wouldn't ha' kept your name on the ship's books. Ye'll be my Lord Judge yet, sir, a ridin' into Winchester wi' trumpets and hosses."

The old man's homely way of comforting Ellis, and his quaint prediction of professional success, hit through the right port-hole, 'raking him fore and aft,' as Emslie told his wife, 'and it was a meltin' sight to see the young counsellor brace up, clear decks all at once, and prepare for action—all the black chalks was wiped out, and he stood to his gun like a man; all which meant that Ellis made an effort at laying aside his dejection, and succeeded. The wherry went spanking through the waves at the rate of 6 or 8 knots an hour, for the wind was fair, and plenty of it, rather too much for some nerves, not to mention diaphragms, and presently they found themselves sailing alongside the fleet of line o' battle ships there waiting orders for foreign service.

Suddenly the boat struck against a hawser at the stern of H. M. S. Asia; Ellis, who was steering, not having given it wide berth enough, or else, in the reverie into which he had sunk again, forgetting the precaution. Besides his seamanship had rather rusted during the many years which had elapsed since he left school. In a moment the boat capsized, and Emslie and his fare were thrown into the sea. The old waterman at first sank immediately, as if he had never swam a stroke in his life; the boat filled and went down, as if to follow its old master; and Ellis, with difficulty, kept himself afloat on the surface. The waves beat over him, blinding him every moment with their salt water, but he manfully struck out, and presently recovered his nerve. Emslie's head reappeared above water, wildly striking out his arms, with less judgment than might have been expected from an old waterman. But he was too old for the rough work of his youth and prime. Unless Ellis by a convulsive effort had struck out towards the old man and caught him, he would have gone down again. But the boldest swimmer of the old 'Five' was as much at home with the 'liquids' as with the 'Vowels;' he seized the sinking

man by the arm before he was again out of sight or reach, and loudly shouting "all right, Emslie," supported and cheered him as he best could, both crying lustily for help. The accident was seen by the Lieutenant on watch, who instantly ordered a boat to be lowered, but observing the two floating men had somehow got entangled with each other and that both sank, he daren't wait for the boat, but flinging off his coat and cap on deck, seized a rope and let himself down astern over the exact spot where the strugglers had disappeared. He dived after them, caught a head by its hair, rose with it to the surface, hauling up both men like a knot. He then let go his hold, and striking a kind of vigorous horizontal header between them with all his force, separated them. It was done as if his body had chopped them asunder like an axe, and before they had time to get again entangled, the boat from the ship was lowered and alongside of them, and all three dragged out of the water, and instantly taken on board the man of war. What was Ellis's surprise and emotion to recognize in the Lieutenant who had saved his life, little Ralph, his old school-fellow, the subscription for whose outfit he had been the first to suggest and so heartily to promote. "This is the hand of God," said Ellis solemnly, as he shook Ralph's hand. "And the heart of a man that God has opened," replied Ralph with equal solemnity. "My school-fellowship gift taught me what I owed to every fellow-creature who stood in need of my help." Emslie, as an old man of war's man, felt it an honor done him that an officer had saved his life at the risk of his own, but when he too recognised in the epaulette, the little customer of his wherry who had so often accompanied the 'Five' on their school excursions, he pulled the forelock of his hair, in apology for his hat which had been sank by its own weight of paint in the sea, and exclaimed, 'Mighty bless ye, sir, if it aint little Master Ralph, as was no bigger nor a handspike, grewed into a full Liffenant in His Majesty's service—God save the King—but I was as nigh founderin' as the wherry as is gone to the bottom, poor old wench.'

While this conversation passed on deck, the seamen in the boat had rowed about and picked up every oar, spar, boat-hook and bits of timber which had floated away from the wherry as she sank, and by the aid of grappling irons, immediately and with a good will, dropped down to the bed of the Spit; the crazy wherry was fished up, baled out, all her gear reinstated, and in two hours after the accident, before Emslie had finished his dinner between decks, which Ralph had ordered for him, and provided him with a brand new hat from the purser's stores, the wherry was ready for her return voyage, but Ellis was *not* ready. He must dine on board with his old friend, to have another long talk about old times—get his clothes thoroughly dried, and send ashore for fresh linen, carpet bag, &c. The wind had gone down with the sun, and only a favourable breeze to play with blew on the sea. The wherry had not cast her ballast blocks which were loosely tied to her side-planks, and she had otherwise sustained no damage, so Emslie was dispatched ashore for Ellis's travelling gear, Ralph undertaking to put his friend on Ryde Pier time enough for his work on the morrow. Ellis gave the old man a couple of sovereigns at parting, and a half sovereign for his wife, and added, if he discovered any thing missing when he overhauled the wherry in the morning, he felt bound to make it good, as it was his bad seamanship which had imperilled both their lives and done all the mischief.

Old Emslie very gratefully received Ellis's liberal gift, which was meant as some indemnification for the perilous ducking as well as the afternoon's sail, and as he departed on his errand, he touched his new hat, and said: Thank' ye for me, gene'lmen both, to think o' Master Ellis a savin' o' me, and Master Ralph a savin' on us both. Ax yer pardon, counsellor, and your'n Liffenant Ralph o' the rial navy, *don't* our adwentur, under this here ship's stern, make good the scriptur,—“His way be on the deep!” Here Emslie touched his hat again in honor of the holy words with which he discharged his conscience. The old waterman looked admiringly on the two friends, and once more touching his hat,

took leave, whispering to the ship-carpenter as he passed down the ship's side, 'Them two gene'men was as solid as a ship's chaplain when they was boys—they be just the right yarn to spin a man out on. Please God, I'll cruise over to Ryde in the mornin' to hear the counsellor tip'em the law—he'll giv it 'em, I'll go bail;" then Emslie dropt in his boat, muttering as he shoved off, "Bless his wig, I'll hardly know the dear young chap's figure-head under it. And to hear tell o' little Ralph groomed into a commissioned officer in His Majesty's service; my timbers! what changes an old hulk lives to see."

Ralph and Ellis spent a delightful evening together in the private cabin of the former, whither they adjourned after dining at the ward-room mess with Ralph's brother officers, who were most attentive to their messmate's guest. Ellis was the hero of the banquet, and the important case which had been referred to his arbitration on the morrow, was a prominent topic of discussion; not that Ellis offered any opinion on it either way, but was not sorry to gather any hints about it from individuals, many of whom were familiar with the locality. When Ralph and his friend at length found themselves alone, no other subject, except the fortunes and early deaths of the four members of the old school 'Five,' stood any chance of a word. Ralph was as much moved as his friend at the untimely removal of the benefactors of his boyhood. The Counsellor and the Lieutenant agreed to form a mutual friendship henceforth, cemented by the sad memories in common between them. In the morning Ralph conveyed his old friend, at his good-hearted commander's suggestion, in the captain's gig, with due naval honors, to Ryde, the ship's flag dipping the water at the stem. For three days Ellis sat hearing all the evidence which they chose to submit to him on both sides, frequently taking up the examination of witnesses himself, in a quiet, sagacious way, which indicated his singular ability and shrewdness and acquaintance with the points at issue. Old Emslie sat out the first day, from the morning till the court rose,

occasionally requesting bystanders, when talking interfered with his hearing what Ellis said, to 'hold their jaw.' Ralph sat on the bench with the arbitrator, evidently interested at what was to him a novelty, the proceedings of the Court. Within a week after the close of the enquiry, the learned arbitrator delivered his award, and I was told by parties conversant with the facts, that it was a masterly judgment, which fully satisfied the public, though of course was not equally satisfactory to the litigants. Ellis and Ralph, from this time to the end of their lives, though they were not long ones, continued most attached friends, the more so when Ralph, through his learned friend's interest, was promoted to be a post captain, he married Ellis's sister. The little widow, by this time well advanced in years, was next to the bride, the most honoured guest at the wedding. With a touching simplicity in her way of showing gratitude for past favours, and connecting with the occasion five names to whom she and her son owed grateful recollections, she presented the bride with a beautiful little cross of gold. The four extremities were shaped circular, and the vowels A, I, O, U, with the E in the centre of the transept, were set in little diamonds, the cost of the article being £27, the exact sum which the liberal example and efforts of the Five had induced the old school to contribute, in their days of poverty, to her gallant young captain's outfit. It was understood by all the party, but appreciated by none of them so affectingly as by one of the Barons of the Exchequer then present, to wit, Mr. Baron Ellis, who had been recently raised to the bench, fulfilling old Emslie's prophecy. "My Lord Judge" took the trinket in his hand, gazed wistfully at the initials, and a tear stood in his eye as he tenderly replaced it round his sister's neck. Then he turned to the venerable mother of the bridegroom, and thanking her for her thoughtful and beautiful gift, begged to return her a filial kiss in the names of the dead and of the living. All the company were sensibly moved, when they marked the grave judge put his arms round the widow's neck, embrace her, and silently shed tears. "Ah, if *they* were here to-day said he—

Ash—Ellis—Ivimey—Onion—Unit.—The vowels are all gone, save one; I am the last of the Five. God has spared me; may his Holy Spirit teach me what He would have me to do, and give me strength to do it!" That prayer was heard.

How strange is the mortality in some circles of friends! Within a few years of this wedding, the captain and the judge were chief mourners at the funeral of the bride, her only child having sickened with its mother, and

"Blossom and bud lie withered in one grave."

The next year, the captain and judge stood side by side in the unobtrusive quiet procession which conveyed to her rest the good and brave little widow, who never forgot her Ralph's rank, gratifying her loving recollection of his father with the innocent idea that the long services of the latter had been at length recognized and requited in the early promotion of his son. It redeemed in her view the honor of the service, and she expressed sentiments to that effect upon her death-bed. Ralph couldn't reach her chamber, from his ship in the Cove of Cork, till she ceased to breathe; but her last message to him indulged alike her maternal fondness and pride in his position. "Give my love and blessing to my dearest captain," said she, "and tell him my last thought and prayer was for my beloved boy." Four years later the captain stood alone at another funeral, when the remains of Mr. Baron Ellis were consigned to the tomb, death overtaking the learned judge in the prime of life and vigour of his intellect. The last vowel was extinct. The widow's cross no longer bore an initial of the living among the dead. The trinket was wholly funereal, a memory, and a sad one. Captain Ralph wore it next his heart, where, several years after, the destroying finger of diphtheria found it, when he lay dead in his cabin off Malta, and a band of comparative strangers, the officers of his ship, buried their popular commander in the Protestant cemetery. These all died after no great length of days, but I believe not one of them lived in vain, nor were removed before they had done the work God had given them to do. When that is finished, the sands are run. "When the corn is ripe, immediately He putteth in the sickle."

CHAPTER VIII.

ANDREW BROOMIELAW, LL.D., HEAD MASTER.

'Old Broomie,' as the boys called him, was of Scottish extraction, and as 'kindly a Scot' as ever travelled south of the Tweed. His great ability and conscientious industry as a teacher, rapidly raised in my native town one of the largest and most successful schools in the south of England. Schools are the creations of the master, and the master's portrait is drawn in that of his school. Of course in the main features of incident and character, the raw material in all schools is pretty much alike. Gauge the waters of the Thames at Richmond, Chelsea, and London Bridge, and you obtain from the same river three different specimens of fluid filth, varying in the ratio of their degrees of chemical decomposition by the action of the sewers. But take school life at never so many different stages of youth or locality, any one school is an average type of all the rest. Like White's Natural History of Selborne, the incidents, though local in collection, symbolize the national ornithology. Selborne was the index, and England the book it classified.

The secret charm of a love story lies in every man's personal response from some early romance of his own. The attraction to school-boy memories strikes a similar chord, vibrating to every one's experience. School is a microscope of the world.

Every boy in it is an epitome of the after man. Its petty feuds and factions, its partialities and antipathies, its manikin tyrannies and interpositions, its changes and chances, prizes and blanks, mean things and manly ones, constitute a parable of life, conformable as twigs to trees and shadows to their projecting sub-

stances. The critical importance of early education dates from the fact, that the plastic season of youth is the now or never for fixing the right direction.

Taking the Christian stand-point, human nature is fallen, and is therefore in every case on a false scent at starting. Hence the true philosophy of education, as the word implies, is evangelical.

It is to educe, draw out, or draw off the boy, from the young native self of sin, ignorance, and insubjection, to the better self of taught, renewed, and disciplined youth, whose character and exercised capacity become hostages for a well-ordered manhood.

School is the matrix where the man's die is cast. More schools, less jails, is the conclusion of modern statistics. Christianity adds, more religion at school, less vice and unhappiness at home. Our old school was conducted by a man of learning and a man of God. His piety graced and recommended scholarship. His pupils naturally identified them, and learned to honor either for the other's sake. The connection raised young Christianity, like its Divine Author in his childhood, to a position among the doctors. Its religious atmosphere sanctified the school, imported conscience into questions of discipline, and insensibly, as an effect of temperature, acclimatized the young impressionable hearts that breathed it. Lads fresh from every variety of home-rule, or no rule at all, chafed under the yoke at first, but its admirable fit drew them into it involuntarily. There were of course exceptions, as there are everywhere. There are no specifics for every malady, whether in schools or surgeries. Black-draught or magnesia, like the flesh, will have its way. Some influence reached every case, and most of them effectually. Here and there the naughty or the noisy element found vent in their usual explosions, and always more to their own damage than of other folks, but the strong hand checked where the true heart failed to subdue. Broomielaw, like his Glasgow neighbour, landed safe ashore many a young drifting craft that had been all at sea. The birch, like the forbidden tree, was only tasted by the disobedient when every other tree failed,

to keep within bounds. If inflicted at all, it was in earnest. One bullet is more effective than a volley of blank cartridges.

Broomielaw's leading policy with his boys was putting them on their honor. The rule was to believe every boy on his word till he was detected in a lie. It taught the boys self-respect, gave every one a stake in himself, a prerogative he was loath to part with, and thus enlisted him on the side of virtue. An incident will illustrate the working of the master's rule on the boys' moral sensitiveness.

Three boys who were chums, though of diverse temper and predilections, were named:—Beauchamp, an English boy, Mackie, Scotch, and Tim, Irish. Tim was an orphan with some mystery about his birth, which the boy either knew not or chose not to talk about. Mackie and Beauchamp had quarrelled and fought on this point and had made it up again, when a difficulty arose out of it which their dialogue will explain:

"Mackie," said Beauchamp, "it wont do to deceive old Broomielaw, *for he believes us*. I could stand a birching better than to lose his confidence."

Mackie thought so too, only he'd denied it already.

"What's the bother?" enquired Tim, who was not aware of the quarrel.

Beauchamp answered, "Mackie and I fought each other like bulls."

"Like bullies ye mane," suggested Tim, "bullies is jist the diminutive for little bull, or calf."

"Well Mackie calved a lie to the master," said Beauchamp, "when he asked him what blacked his eye, he said he had run against the stable door."

"The weakest always goes to the wall," said Tim.

"But when Dr. Broomielaw asks what blacked my eye, what can I say to save Mackie?"

Here was the difficulty: the two boys had blacked each other's eyes. Each was heartily ashamed of himself, and sorry for the

other, and Mackie sank in his own esteem at the falsehood he had been suddenly tempted to utter.

"What shall we do, Tim?" they asked.

Tim admitted: "it was hard to split upon one's self, only it was harder to cheat old Doctor Broomie. What was the scrimmage over?"

The combatants looked uneasy, how could they tell him?

"What was the ruction over?" again enquired Tim.

"It was mysel to blame," said Mackie. "I hinted somebody's bairn was born out o' kirk; Beauchamp said it was a lee, and I bate him, and he bate me."

"Boys," said Tim, "a dacent batin breaks no bones, and makes better friends, and Broomie's batin best of all. Less power to his elbow when the birch is convanient to it, but he's a noble old Broom any way, and sweeps clane. Try him Mackie with a bit of confession. No penance is half so heavy as the shame the heart daren't show."

Mackie looked troubled. He was sensitive on this point of his character for truthfulness, and sore at his declension from it. He felt the false step must be retraced, if only that it cost more to adhere to the wrong than to return to the right. If done at all Mackie wouldn't do it by halves, so he begged Tim's pardon, as he said:

"It was yourself I did the wrang to, Tim, when bonnie Beauchamp gave me the lee. The other lee I'll just confess to Broomie."

Tim's humour faded as Mackie owned the cruel slur he had thoughtlessly cast on his honest parentage. It perhaps sharpened his sense of orphanhood for the moment, but it did not check the generous temper with which he reciprocated Mackie's candour in acknowledging his offence; he said:

"Tell the Doctor, Mackie, should he ask you why he might forgive you, that I forgive you too."

Mackie clasped his friend's hand, then he and Beauchamp went

at once to Doctor Broomielaw, and Mackie with an expression of real regret and shame, confessed his fault. No reply at first was made, the Doctor keenly eyeing the penitent. When Beauchamp broke in by stating what Tim had said, old Broomie's eye quivered softly on the three lads. Turning to Mackie he addressed him in the precious words: "Neither do I condemn thee, go, and sin no more."

We shall probably hear of these three boys again, the representatives of England, Ireland, and Scotland, in their quarrels and reconciliations, their characteristics and tempera, their genius, generousities, and infirmities. Our present portrait is the master's, and they were only introduced as a moral background to throw out the principal figure. Broomielaw encouraged manliness as a part of morals. Had no spies in the school, as fostering in the young informers a spirit of meanness, and in the rest of their schoolmates aversion and distrust. He exhibited as much tact in what he would not see, as in dealing with what he was obliged to see and condemn. His aim in all things was to cultivate a chivalrous sense of honor between himself and his boys, and with the boys between one another. He considered the sense of honor a good stock on which to graft the religious sense, as it precluded youthful insincerity in religion, on the ground that insincerity in anything was disingenuous and therefore dishonourable and unmanly. In looking back upon the mischief of any temptation to pious pretence in young Christians, I am sure Dr. Broomielaw's policy was correct. He was for reality in all things, and was himself one of the realest, most sterling men I have ever known. Serious in school, and church, and in the household devotions; at other times, off parade so to speak, he was the simplest, cheerfulest old Don, making every boy at home with him, yet so as nobody mistook him or trespassed on his condescension. He didn't actually play cricket with the boys, but he only excused himself on the score of the stiffness of age, not of his position; and looked on for hours at the match, as if his interest in it survived

the power of a more active co-operation. He never declined arbitration in any disputed points, whether of that or other games, and heard the statements on both sides with a gravity and attention which obviously recognised the propriety of the appeal and the importance of the pleas at issue. He wished the boys to do everything in earnest; play, as well as work; contending that a desultory game was as injurious to mental habit, as desultory reading. The master was happy in his family relations, having a clever, diligent, judicious wife, who superintended his establishment with a combined tact and tenderness which secured the domestic comfort of the pupils and conciliated the confidence of their parents. She was the school's best advertisement, next to the Doctor. His uniform courtesy to her before the boys, was a lesson to them, as well as justice to herself. It early impressed that sentiment of respect and politeness to the sex which softens the manners, and accustoms youth to the graceful discharge of a duty which exerts a favourable influence on their conviction of other social duties. A hear to women is a bore to men, and more brute than brother to both. Broomielaw's two sons were educated in another school, that he might avoid even the appearance of parental partiality, and perhaps the temptation to do them less than justice lest he should be suspected of doing them more. He desired to separate the parental from the tutorial function, and therefore entrusted the education of his own boys to other approved masters, as other people entrusted their boys to him. He was, at the same time, conscientious as a parent as he was as a master, and the half yearly examination by which he tested the progress of his sons was a process he would gladly have seen applied by his pupils' parents to *their* sons. It would more thoroughly embark parents and masters in the same boat, adding force to the school stimulants by the influence with which it was seconded at home. Dr. and Mrs. Broomielaw were most perfect as Tutor and Dame. They may have had, for aught I know, their private faults and infirmities, but so long as these were kept to themselves, what had the outer world

to do with them? The public should observe the rule, to 'praise the bridge which carries them over.' None of us are perfect, except in bad romances. In the sturdy realities of life, all of us have our share to forgive and be forgiven. The Doctor had one daughter, of a tall, commanding, magnificent figure; clever beyond her years; she was only 16 when the 'Five' left for college, one of whom, Unit, was said to have conceived a boyish passion for her, which was secretly reciprocated on the part of Nelly Broomielaw. Accomplished in all the arts of female education, she aspired to enter the masculine lists, and under the proud tuition of her father, made considerable progress in Latin, Greek, and even Hebrew. Nelly as she grew older was a model of artless, innocent decorum, (without a particle of starch, or spice of coquetry,) to give a school of boys an elevated idea of feminine character. She indirectly helped her father in this branch of social teaching, and was herself unconsciously his object-lesson, a lovely and a lively diagram to illustrate the various phases of woman's influence and attraction. Her manner of address to the boys, on the few occasions she came into conversational contact with them, charmed them by its simple dignity and self-possession. Her good sense and light heartedness, equally removed from the levity of flirtation, or the rigid inaccessibility of a polar spinster, made Nelly the type of a girl which the boys expounded, as just what girls should be, to their sisters at home. Her example, like the eye accustomed to good pictures eschewing a daub, raised the taste of the boys to the appreciation of the difference between a lady and a doll. To crown the whole, her evident, though unostentatious personal piety; her profound, loving reverence of her father; her uniform deference, filial courtesy, and attention to her mother, and her whole-hearted affection and pride in her brothers, so endeared her to the inner circle of her family, that the boys outside reckoned it their brightest gala day, when now and then, in their turn, the Doctor invited them to coffee, and an hour's music, and chat, in his private drawing room. What Nelly said and did

was the topic of discussion, when the favoured ones rejoined their schoolmates. The Doctor's boys, Andrew and Archibald, abbreviated in the home circle, and adopted in the school ditto, as Sandie and Archie, were both older than Nelly, and possessed natural gifts inferior to their sister's, though she never could admit it was so. They were boys of average talent, but supplemented their want of brilliancy by an indomitable industry which enabled them to 'hold their own' with sharper classmates. Their progress, like their conduct, was respectable rather than splendid, and satisfied conscience more than their ambition. The Doctor never withheld his cordial approval at his half-yearly gauge of their school position. He knew how much they could do when they did their best, and was neither unreasonable nor unkind enough to expect more. Broomie's sense of justice to his own boys equally applied to his school. In general education, as in religious teaching, he believed the scripture rule was the only right and equitable one, viz., to consider the various degrees of gift, opportunity, and hindrance, whether in men or boys, "if some having compassion, making a difference." Hence he multiplied his classes more than in most schools, to equalize as nearly as possible the abilities of their component members, not to keep on a low standard, but to afford one, fairly within reach of all, to encourage them to try their utmost. Boys won't try when the standard is too hopelessly beyond them. By this policy, even dull boys took heart, and got to believe at last they were not so dull as they thought they were. Broomielaw never addressed a boy as if he supposed him stupid. Would never allow a boy to take it for granted he *couldn't* work a sum or construe a sentence. He taxed him with indolence, carelessness, want of thought, forgetfulness of preceding lessons, or want of judgment, or patience in applying it, but he never admitted the plea of mental inability. He used to say never call a boy a fool; it was the way to make him one. All are born babies, but not boobies. Boobies make themselves; but don't help them by recognising the process, except to discountenance it."

Broomie's school was like a moral manufactory, where every bit of machinery on the premises had something to do with the business. Thus, even the choice of his domestic servants, male and female, entered into his calculation, as subordinate implements in the general work of the school. Mrs. Broomielaw selected such only as were believed to be of decidedly good moral character, as well as possessed of the other requisites in faithful and efficient servants. She maintained a vigilant oversight of the whole domestic interior of the establishment, and though the boys were sometimes too cunning for her detection in occasional instances of infraction of bedroom regulations, the servants were kept in order. With a single exception, not one of them was ever dismissed for impropriety of conduct. While those who left to be married, and who had behaved well and served faithfully, the Doctor publicly dismissed them at the dinner hour, with words of commendation to the effect that the honest discharge of every duty in life, however humble, constituted a claim upon respect and recognition, and that they carried away with them the good wishes of himself and all the school for their health and happiness. I remember servants weeping so bitterly at parting from us all, that it was with difficulty some of us refrained from weeping with them. This was another of what Broomielaw called his "lessons of social justice." He used to say, "*Quid pro quo* is as much the rule with domestics, as with the rest of us. Why should one expect it otherwise? Serve them well, and they will serve you well. You will get what you earn from them, and they will fairly earn what they get from you. No class of our fellow-creatures are beneath the rights of reciprocity. Boys, remember this when you become heads of families, or employers of labour. Render unto all their dues, and this will render others less liable to forget what is due to you."

The gifted Nelly was eighteen years old when the news reached school of poor Unit's disappointment in his degree, and of his untimely death. No intercourse or correspondence had passed between them since the head scholar left for Cambridge. Unit's

home was in a distant inland county, and they had never met. Consequently the merely childish attachment of Nelly to her distinguished admirer had naturally yielded to the influence of time and absence, and except as a fine promising boy, of whose affection for her Nelly felt a girlish pride, she had almost forgotten him. But when the Doctor, at the usual period after the dinner cloth was removed, very feelingly stated the melancholy intelligence, there were few dry eyes round the tables, except among the new 'fellows' who had never known poor Unit. "My dear boys," said Broomielaw, after he had announced the fact, and Unit's age, scarcely twenty: "the early death of one so good and clever, so distinguished a gem of this establishment, deeply distresses me. I loved Unit for his manly character and real religious spirit, and I was proud of him as a pupil who would have done us honor; but he has been called to glorify God in another way. I trust you and I are ready to bow down in submission as well as sorrow, and say: 'Not our will, but thine be done.' These things teach us none are too young to die, and therefore none can be prepared for death too soon. Repentance of sin, and faith in the Saviour, for which sacred gifts we must implore His Holy Spirit in earnest prayer, are the great secrets of life, until we have attained which, we have lived in vain. All we have learned is spoiled of its chief value, use, and beauty, till we have been taught of God, so to 'use this world, as not abusing it, for the fashion of this world passeth away.' I should like a nice feeling letter of condolence, such as your own hearts may dictate, to be drawn up, and signed by the 6th Form, to be forwarded with mine to the bereaved gentleman, our poor Unit's father. It may be some comfort to him in his grief to know that others share it, and would willingly relieve him of a portion of it in the only way in their power to offer." The Doctor's proposal was cordially responded to, and suppressed murmurs of sympathy passed from lip to lip. Nelly sat at her father's right hand, at the head of the middle long table, and made no effort to conceal the tears which her father's

words of eulogy and affection for her boyish lover drew from her. She was not ashamed to weep over the untimely end of one so young, so highly gifted, and so grievously disappointed in his generous aspirations after literary distinction. The boys noticed her tears, and loved and honoured her for them all the more. "The noble girl," said a little fellow just entering his teens—"she's got a heart, our Nelly. I'll make her an offer next holidays, if she'll have me." And so he did, and Nelly thanked him for loving her, and promised to love him too if he was a good boy, and got up to Unit's place when he was as old as the dead." Then she kissed him like a younger brother when she bid him good-bye, and called him her dear little Charlie, and one of the best little fellows of his age she knew, and hoped he would keep loyal and true as he had been. So 'little Charlie' drove off in the fly to the station, his young heart swelling with mingled emotions of gratification at Nelly's kindness, and of annoyance at her treating him so like a child, that he was totally at a loss how to understand her expressions of interest in his welfare. Nelly had to parry many a boyish assault upon her affections in a similar good natured way, so that there were at least a dozen boys, each of whom considered himself her special, if not exclusive, favourite. She wished to be accounted, what she really wished to be, an elder sister of the whole school,—a kind-hearted link of connection between the home and the school element.

Another rule of Broomielaw's establishment was to reserve corporal chastisement for moral offences. Ordinary delinquencies, in the way of careless exercises, imperfect lessons, habitual idleness, and inattention, were punished by confinement to walls and impositions of extra tasks in time or memory. He held the actual infliction of the birch to be an extreme penalty, too solemn to let its impressiveness be frittered away by too frequent interpositions. He believed it well worth while to give boys as much chance as possible to retain the self-respect which is compromised by a personal chastisement. If schools are to attach importance to a flog-

ging, as they should do, it must be the symbol of only grave offences. All punishment should aim at reforming the culprit, hence the moral mistake of the promiscuous administration of those punishments which are calculated to degrade a boy in his own estimation. Some schools don't sufficiently realize this point, and the general result on the boys' minds is to render them callous and indifferent, and not seldom to resent punishments which they feel they scarcely deserve. Besides the temptation to sympathise with the offender impairs the moral sense of his offence, and forfeits the loyal allegiance to discipline. I have known boys flogged into scamps, who might have been better trained into respectable citizens. Dear old Broomie's heart was too thoroughly in the right place to get his head often in the wrong one. He believed no system incapable of improvement from the suggestions of experience, and was never above learning, whether from his own observation or that of others.

Broomielaw in short was an educational philosopher who loved his work, not only for its profits merely, though professional income was all he had to depend upon, but his heart was in it. He believed he was, in his humble way, illustrating the inspired encomium upon David—by “serving his own generation according to the will of God.” Some men are *behind* their age, and these are the clogs upon the wheels of progress. Others are *before* their age, and their speculations may or may not be useful. But the real men of immediate use, are the men of their age, “*serving their own generation according to the will of God.*” That's the phrase. It exactly defines the practical philanthropist, the genuine citizen, whose life is a boon to his contemporaries. This was Broomielaw's praise. In looking back upon his character, better understood, and therefore better appreciated, by my adult retrospections than by the imperfect impressions of boyhood, I realize the many obligations I owe to him for any little good that is in me. He was the justest, kindest, most judicious friend of my youth, and returned a hundred fold the capital which my father's liberality invest-

ed on my education. In Broomielaw's hands, my father and I "received our own with usury." I have personally known many schoolmasters in my day. Some were irritable, impatient despots, who looked to the terror of the rod, rather than to patient inculcation of their teaching, to spar on their pupils. Others were indolently, and therefore fraudulently indifferent, as to the progress of their schools. Others were themselves miserably incompetent, and nevertheless had the effrontery to pretend to teach what they did not know, and created a generation of smatterers like themselves. A school used to be the ultimate resource of every insolvent incapable, who had failed in everything else. I knew a man who kept a school which couldn't reciprocate the empty compliment by keeping him, for it was *a grammar school without the grammar*, and turned out such a transparent farce, that the boys themselves one day put an end to it by a general puerile rebellion; kicked him out before the public, and "one and all both great and small" declared to their parents and friends, that "the blind were leading the blind, and all falling into the ditch together." The boys carried the day, the incompetent swindler was scouted by the whole community, and finished his course, where it probably began, in a workhouse. A winning feature in dear old Broomielaw's government was its paternal character, particularly when any of the boys were sick. I shall never forget the unslumbering vigilance and tenderness with which he spent hours of every night, for nearly a month, by the bed-side of Carl Vandenberg, a little fellow under ten years of age whose parents were in India. He had been sent here for health and education in his 7th year, and was consigned at that tender age to the Doctor's charge. His father was a wealthy merchant of Dutch extraction, whose family had been settled for several generations in the Bengal Presidency. An elder son, Hans Vandenberg, had been educated till his 16th year under Broomielaw's care, and left school to enter the army. Hans and little Carl were the only surviving children of the merchant, no less than seven others, and ultimately his wife, having succumbed to

the climate. Hence little Carl was dispatched to Europe at so early an age. His brother Hans, in point of years, had been nearly a contemporary with Nelly, being only two years older than the master's daughter; and in the lonely vacations spent in the establishment, Nelly took all the homeless boys, Indian and otherwise, under her special sympathy and patronage. Young Hans gallantly reciprocated her girlish courtesy by chivalrous attentions beyond his years. The familiar pleasing intercourse with Nelly beguiled the unnatural solitude of the intervals between school terms, and made them, what otherwise they would never have been, holidays. Hans was a manly, ingenuous little fellow, and a great favourite with every body, and Nelly distinguished him by many little innocent tokens of her regard and admiration. It was a heavy day with both when the gallant boy bid his school days adieu. The fact of Carl being Hans' brother prepared the school to like the child. It exerted insensibly a warmer interest in his favor with Nelly, who admired young Hans' manly character. He and three boys of the same age, also children of Anglo-Indian parents, were placed under Nelly's care. They were too young for the public school, so Nelly, proud of having something useful to do, instituted a new domestic preparatory class in her own study, where the little Indians observed the same hours, and the same general regulations, as the rest of the school. Our Nelly was the shield between them and the rougher campaigns of older boys. It was her pride to work them up to a creditable pitch, before they should be presented for admission into the school. Little Carl Vandenberg prematurely wasted away. When the school surgeon pronounced his case hopeless, Broomielaw kissed the child's forehead, shed a tear over him, as he muttered almost inaudibly to his kind hearted motherly wife who was tending the poor boy, and *would* do every thing for him herself—"dear lad, no father's or mother's eye to watch his young sands running out, Mary"—(his wife's name was Mary Ellen) "we must be his pa-

rents; let us mind he does not miss his own poor father or mother. It will be heavy news to send out to tell them. God's will be done!"

• The Doctor and Mrs. Broomielaw, or Nelly, relieved each other, in their night watches over the little sufferer. One of the three was always with him, night and day. Physic, food, soothing caresses or affectionate words, he received exclusively from their hands. Nay the child, in the gentle delirium which preceded his death, naturally enough mistook Nelly for his young mother in India, and fancied himself in his old Hindoo home. He said to her within three hours of breathing his last, "Don't cry, mamma, I'm going to heaven, but I'll wait for you at the gates." He kissed her so lovingly, like a babe mistaking the cheek that caressed it for its mother's bosom, that Nelly had not the heart to undeceive the boy. "Darling child!" exclaimed Nelly through her tears, "God bless you, and take you to his ever loving tender bosom." The dear boy suffered much, and as Broomielaw sat by his bed-side soothing him in his struggles, and repeating terms of endearment, and simple consolatory allusions to that world where there is no more sorrow, nor sighing, nor any more pain, the pretty child seemed to make an effort between the paroxysms of his sufferings, to listen, and respond to his venerable friend, now and then, and faintly said, Yes, sir; thank you, sir; you are very good to me, sir. The gratitude of the boy was a pathetic idea of his consciousness of the fact of his dying among strangers, for he would instinctively have received the same attention from a mother or brother, as things of course, as involuntary jets of kindred love, given and received as such. He never mistook the grave estimable doctor for his father, but was often beguiled in his less composed intervals into imagining Nelly was his young mother. And to do her justice, Nelly well deserved the involuntary compliment. She was a mother of the lonely Indian boy, and wept, and watched, sung him off to sleep, and talked cheerily to him awake, gave him his physic or food at the proper hours, nursed him on her bosom when he craved change of posture, and

brought him implements for amusement when he had strength and heart to play with them, read with him, and prayed with him, and said, and did, all in her power to comfort and support him. All that the tenderest care, the best medical skill, the utmost solicitude and earnest prayer, could do, was done, and done heartily. But the child gradually sank. Nelly and her father were both with him in his last moments, though neither of them were aware his end was so near. The little fellow's mind was wandering, but, like a wounded bird fluttering to its nest, it wandered homewards. He believed that he was in India, and that Nelly was his mother. He stretched out his thin white wasted arms to her, and said lovingly, as one who felt he was going away, and was bidding her adieu, "Kiss me, mamma—dear mamma—do take me once more, mamma." Our Nelly yielded to the child's plaintive importunity, took him up, and caressed him softly in her arms—"There, try to sleep my Charlie,—do my own little Indian boy," said Nelly soothingly.

"Yes, mamma, I will," he said faintly, and closed his eyes. Presently he re-opened them, and his bright lustrous orbs shone with a peculiar, almost solemn light, as if already streaked with the dawning of *their* fellowship who "always behold the face of their Father which is in heaven." The sun was shining brilliantly into the chamber, yet the child's eye looked steadily at it without blinking, as he said: "What a short day, mamma,—it is dark so soon."

"No darling, it is not mid-day yet," said Nelly.

"I'm very cold, mamma."

Nelly wrapped her shawl around him, and pressed him closer to her bosom, as she sat weeping, and watching his features:

"Sleep, dearest," said she, in a gentle whisper.

"Sing to me, mamma, and I'll try."

So little Carl Vandenberg again closed his eyes, and seemed to listen to Nelly's song, which warbled about children's angels fanning them to slumber with their fleecy wings:

Tell them not of fairy elves
 Rocking infants off to sleep ;
 Wings of angels, like themselves,
 Fan them to their slumbers deep,
 And watch and ward about them keep.

Will it be believed, the grave old doctor gently murmured in with Nelly, the refrain :

Fan them to their slumbers deep
 And watch and ward about them keep.

The gentle tones of the voices of father and daughter died away a tone a little above a whisper—"watch and ward about them keep,"—a perfect stillness fell on the chamber, for the child had evidently fallen asleep. His little body never stirred a limb ; his bright eyes continued closed ; his breathing grew calm as the repose of death, and for half an hour, that good and true old man, and his good and true young daughter, sat in perfect silence not to disturb him, she nursing the little slumberer, he taking up a book of child's devotion as there was no other there, and perusing it in the spirit of a child, as in the best sense he was, till at length dame Broomielaw quietly opened the door, bringing some dainty bit of nourishment which she had prepared for the patient. The old lady tripped lightly on tip-toe into the room, whispering what she had brought for him, but as the child still slept, the Doctor made silent motions not to wake him. So dame Broomielaw set the savoury morsel on the hob to keep it warm, and all three sat on, another quarter of an hour, without moving hand or foot. At length dame Broomielaw, who of course had more experience in children's sickness than her husband or daughter, softly whispered,

"He sleeps soundly, precious boy."

"He has never stirred since he went off," said Nelly.

The venerable Doctor quoted the disciple's words, in relation to Lazarus ; "If he sleep, he shall do well."

Then the three watchers relapsed into silence again. They

had 'left the ninety and nine' pupils who needed not their immediate care, to concentrate all their solicitude on the one little lamb, who they did not know was already folded in the Shepherd's bosom. Mrs. Broomielaw struck with the child's preternatural stillness, lifted Nelly's shawl to look at his face. It was beautiful, and a sweet smile rested on it, as if death had done his office gently, and left that touching evidence of the fact on the features of his victim. The little Indian boy was dead! Nelly had been pressing to her bosom, nearly an hour, Carl Vandenberg's passive corpse. He *did* 'sleep soundly,' as dame Broomielaw said, the sound sleep which nothing earthly should wake again, till "the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God."

Broomielaw tenderly raised the lifeless body from Nelly's arms into his own, imprinted a kiss on its still warm lips, dropping a tear as he did so on the pallid cheek, and saying, "that's for your poor father, Carl," laid the dead child on the bed. Then Nelly went over to him, weeping and crying as she kissed him, "that's for your mother, little Carl"—and then fondly kissing him again, exclaimed,—“and that's for Nelly, who loved you dearly for your own sake, my little Indian brother.” Dame Broomielaw put the untasted morsel out of sight, which with her own hands she had prepared for the child, who now indeed had “meat to eat that the world knows not of,” and softly bidding her husband and daughter leave the rest to her, they retired, and the motherly heart of the good old lady grew heavy as she tenderly straightened and decently composed the limbs. ‘She would not commit the sad task to strangers,’ she said, because the child had enough of strangers in its short life to entitle it to hands and hearts that at least knew and loved him in death, so she did it all herself. She wished to write that comfort to his mother, that no hired hand had come between her little one and the hand of God. She fetched the whitest and finest shirt in the boy's wardrobe, put on his little head one of her own handsomest caps, and laid him out reverently, and prettily as a flower. Then she kissed his

cheek, exclaiming: "and that's for us all, my bonnie wee bairn, for all the school loved ye, for your playfu' winsom ways, and sax o' the chieils ye loved best, shall carry their wee schoolmate to your grave, my puir bairn, wi' yer mither so far awa."

There was no school the day of Carl Vandenberg's funeral. The doctor, and six of the youngest boys as pall-bearers, were at first arranged to constitute the procession, but, at the request of the six prepositors, they were allowed to carry underhand the light coffin of their little Indian schoolfellow, and his six playmates followed as mourners, the Doctor, Dame Broomielaw, and Nelly bringing up the rear.

In after years, a valuable Indian appointment procured for Broomielaw's younger son through the influence of Carl Vandenberg's father, requited the kindness shown to his own deceased child.

This is a fair specimen of the interior of Broomielaw's house, and of his heart. Carl Vandenberg's case was a gauge of all the rest. In school he was our firm, just, but considerate master. In our petty quarrels, the welcome umpire. In attempts at splitting up the school into factions, he was the bond of union to bring us at one again. In sickness, or sorrow, our sympathising friend. In disappointments, our cheering consoler. In domestic calamity, or reverse of fortune on the part of the parents of any of the boys, it was hard, if the case admitted of friendly intervention, if he did not find out some means of alleviation. Such a master is not a mere mathematical or classical pedagogue, but a teacher of all the other lessons which enter into the relative duties and responsibilities of life. He influenced the hearts of his pupils, as well as filled their heads; formed their moral character, as well as literary style; made them manly Christians, as well as clever scholars. His own life and temper were a constant example of what a man should be in his calling, and whoever is such in his own calling, is a model for every man in any other. It is the being 'faithful in the few things,' which in our Lord's test of conduct, qualifies the individual to become the 'ruler over many

things.' Whether 'the talents' committed to our charge be 'ten, or five, or only one,' it is 'the usury' which determines the ultimate judgment.

I don't know that Broomielaw was as faultless as he seemed to me. This I know, if he seemed better than he was, it was not pretence, but self-controul, which, by the grace of God, effected the difference between his natural and professional self. He felt as between him and his boys, he was continually, so to speak, on parade. Always directly, or unwittingly teaching, he denied himself, if any unseemly temper or other spirit strove for the mastery, and in this sense, as in its more personal application, "took up his cross daily and followed" that Divine Teacher, who astonished his disciples, as much by the *manner*, as the matter of his doctrine. It is a high standard to aim at teaching like 'the Rabbi sent from God,'—and none ever fully attain it, but it is the only effectual one. It is precisely in the proportion that the growing grace of the master approximates the Divine model, that his effect upon his pupils is real and abiding.

Carnally-minded men will call this bigotry, and consider him the best master, who, in their view of what his business is, has less to do with the piety, and more with the scholarship of his boys. There is an increasing bitterness of unbelief on this theory of separating the religious from the scholastic element, and the result of the success of such a theory will be a generation of learned irreligion, 'with its oppositions of science falsely so called,' turning into ridicule, or contempt, the simpler faith of their fathers. Broomielaw "set his face like a flint," if anything so hard and sharp was in him, against the secular educationists; stood up chivalrously for Christ in all his teachings, and infused love and reverence for the dictates of revelation, as a Divine oracle from which there lay no appeal, and no pottering with its simple obvious sense. Hence he never even pointed out a 'various reading' in the Greek Testament class, without prefacing it with a tribute of admiration and thankfulness for the general accuracy and fidelity of the

authorised version. He never uttered the name of Jesus without a note of solemnity; nor explained the old classical myths, without cursory episodes of contrast with their analogous antecedents in revelation, in evidence of the superiority of written over traditional data of faith. The classes were all thoroughly worked in their immediate branches; but every subject susceptible of religious suggestion, received it so naturally and unobtrusively as to seem an essential part of the lesson. Thus piety was rather the atmosphere, than the desultory weather of the school. Not like weeds and debris thrown up by occasional storms, but like fruits and flowers naturally brought forth in their season. Hence no boy ever called Broomielaw a puritan, though every boy felt, whether he cared for it or not, that Broomielaw was a Christian, and 'a Christian is the highest style of man,' or master. This, the Doctor's extraordinary success indisputably proved. At the annual examination for the admission of pupils in naval architecture, open to all England, his school invariably took the lead. It was a grand fête day, when out of eight admissions in one particular year, six were obtained by the Doctor's pupils. There are grey-haired men still living who remember that day. They will not have forgotten the Doctor's principal assistant, the second master of the school, an intelligent, able man, and kindly Scot, like himself, who came up from the lower school with a list of names on a sheet of paper, and begged the Doctor to allow business to be suspended while he made a gratifying announcement to them all, which he had that moment procured from the Dockyard. Old Bustle'em, as the boys called him, '*ut lucus a non lucendo*,' because he was uniformly slow in speech and quiet in action, and never bustled himself or anybody, had sent his son to wait at the Dockyard till the list of successful candidates was published. The youth ran back with it as soon as it was copied out, at the top of his speed, and panting with the excitement and the race, placed it in his father's hands. Bustle'em, true to his ironical name, paced deliberately up the stairs to the upper school, and quietly addressed the Doctor as above.

"Close books," said Broomielaw, "Mr. Macfarlane has something to tell us." Mr. Macfarlane, *alias* Bustle'em, bowed to the Doctor, and the Doctor bowed to Mr. Macfarlane, *alias* Bustle'em.

Silence was at once obtained, and Bustle'em stated with the utmost gravity, "Doctor Broomielaw, and young gentlemen of this weel-kenned and respected establishment: Jamie my bairn has jist noo placed in my hands a document of the utmost value,—a document worthy of a consideeration by this school, not to mention the centelligent public of these realms,—a document which contains eight names, six of the which we have heard of before the day."

Shouts of applause greeted this intimation of the extraordinary and brilliant success which the school had achieved. But when good old Bustle'em waived his hand for silence, and raised the list to his spectacles to read out the orders of the candidates, and the first six were all our own, shout after shout welcomed each schoolfellow's place, the junior masters joining in the applause. Well, it was got through at last, and the noise subsided into whisperings to and fro among the boys, as every eye turned in the direction of the head-master's desk, where Broomielaw sat still as a statue, only wiping his spectacles with a vigour due to something which had dimmed their crystals. The boys observed him at length lift up his eyes without their spectacles, as if what he looked for there could be seen without mechanical aid, and in the solemn silence which succeeded their enthusiasm, "lest in their mirth they should forget God," Broomielaw affectingly ejaculated with a broken voice: "Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy name give the glory!" Then turning to the school he said: "Thank you, dear boys, for this hearty congratulation of my pupils, your schoolfellows. They deserve it at our hands. In their names, and in honor of their noble triumph, I close the school this afternoon at once, and give a whole holiday to-morrow. I propose we give our six champions a banquet to-morrow at 3, to celebrate their victory." At this address, the shouts, loud enough before, grew

deafening. Hats and caps flew to the ceiling. The school was tumultuously dismissed without farther formality, except that a dozen of the biggest boys crowded round the Doctor, and begged they might have the honor of carrying him in his master's chair of state to Mrs. Broomielaw, to convey to her, with befitting ceremony, the glorious tidings. The Doctor smiled, and yielded amid vociferous cries of 'Doctor for ever!' 'God bless him!' 'God bless Dr. Broomielaw!' 'Long live Broomielaw's school!'

The Doctor walked down stairs as he was bid, chiming in with the humour of the boys, as if he were one of them, and when he had seated himself in his chair, and two long forms had been extemporised as poles for the bearers, then the six champions struck in for their right to be the carriers.

"Don't we owe him most?" said one of them.

"Didn't we fairly earn the honor of carrying the master?" said another.

"It will be your turn," said another, "when the Doctor has carried you, where he has landed us."

Palmas qui meruit ferat, said all the six, which was held conclusive, and the illustrious half dozen shouldered the forms. The elevation of the Doctor was the signal of an uproar of applause, which was heard afar off. The youngest boy in the school preceded the procession of the chairing across the playground, to the drawing room window, at which appeared Dame Broomielaw and Nelly, attracted by the shouts of the boys. Arrived there, the Doctor stood up, and addressing the ladies said: "We, the Master, and Junior Preceptors, Præpositors and scholars of Broomielaw's school, if you ever heard of the said establishment, beg most respectfully to announce to you the great success with which it has pleased God, by his blessing on our work, to give six of our academical body. Out of eight vacancies, this school, ladies, has filled up six. In honor of this great and joyous event, we have a whole holiday to-morrow, and our petition, ladies, is to the effect, that a suitably grand banquet may be served up, at the hour of three of the clock

to-morrow afternoon ; and we further pray, subject to your lady ships' better judgment and discrimination, that along with other more wholesome viands for weak digestion, the said grand banquet may include, not less than four geese, two sucking-pigs, and calf's head, commonly called mock turtle soup, in token that there is not a gabbling goose, nor a lazy pig, nor a single silly calf on these premises, except such as we turn into savory food." The Doctor's sally evoked another joyous shout, in which the ladies joined, waving their handkerchiefs, and assenting to the culinary propositions, all and singular ; and so with another shout for " Mrs. Broomielaw, and Miss Nelly," the six champions gently let down their honoured burden, and he heartily shook hands with each, and dismissed them all to their pastimes till the tea bell rang. I omit the next day's banquet, and the Doctor's speech in proposing the health of the " six champions," (only two of whom are now living,) and the senior champion's reply, in which he did himself less justice than his *place* did him. Enough to say it was a right joyous festival, rendering honor to whom honor was due.

" Of course Nelly married one of the boys," the reader suggests, but she did not. She might have done so *ad libitum* if she had chosen, but her sense of decorum agreed with her father's view, that " matches made at school are unseasonable, liable to misconstruction on the part of parents, and undesirable on many accounts, as an interference with the course of study, making a choice for life at the period of a boy's least experience of the world, or knowledge of his own affections or tastes, and in every case open to the disfavour of parents, as being the last object for which they sent their children to school." Broomielaw's views on this head were characteristic of the common sense and inflexible rectitude, on all points, which suffered nothing to intercept or compromise his duty to the boys, or the confidence of their parents. Nelly was never the girl to contravene his plans. She felt her father's family were to work with him, not against him, nor even without him. She understood his views, and he appreciated the

willingness with which she seconded them. Hence she was the sister to them, but in no nearer relation to one more than another. Thus she was the general favourite. Her father's heart reposed fondly in her judgment, and her mother's declining years and failing strength found, in her cheerful attentions to herself, and in her arrangement of their large household, a relief at once from labour and anxiety.

In his sixtieth year Broomielaw retired in favor of his eldest son, who for some years conducted the school with a credit and success equal to its brightest days, but by his premature decease, it passed into the hands of strangers, and its reputation sank. Broomielaw blamed himself for not having retired earlier, but that "it was such a trial to him to retire at all." Still he contended that "few, if any, masters after fifty, retain sufficient energy, and elasticity of mind or body, to be at all equal to themselves, or up to what their pupils require of them. Hence an effect is insensibly produced upon pupils' mental vigour, analogous to the influence on the physical constitution of a child who shares the bed of an aged person. It bleaches the complexion and debilitates the frame of the child, as if an unnatural interchange of young blood for old, and old sensations for young ones, were the continual process, like an insensible transfusion. Old men's pupils fall into a similar dilemma. They drop behind their contemporaries in other schools; imbibe the mediæval inertness of their tutor's years; are modelled on principles out of date, and lack the spur and spirit which their old, and often ailing, tutor, no longer has himself to infuse into them. "I ought to have unharnessed sooner," said Broomielaw. But nobody else said so. He was up to his business till the last lesson he gave, and only left off teaching because he honestly believed a younger man could do it better.

He survived his *otium cum dignitate* only five years, and then a fever, of no alarming type, put a period to his useful life. He left a name of no ordinary mark on the memories of all his old pupils, and they must have numbered some few thousands, from

first to last of his long career. In a corner of the old cemetery, at a well-known Southern watering-place, is a group of small graves, some covered with horizontal slabs, others marked by upright tombs, others by a cross, or simple foot-stone, and the whole enclosed by an iron railing. These were the graves of Broomielaw's boys who died in their school-days, without parents living, or parents who owned them, or whose parents, like the little Indian, lived abroad. Within this railing, and in the midst of his fatherless pupils, Broomielaw had caused to be constructed in his lifetime, a family vault, in which to consign the remains of himself, wife and family, when it should please God to call them. "He felt," he said, "as if the poor boys wouldn't look so deserted with their old master sleeping among them!"

There in tears and sorrow, they laid him to rest, in death among his boys, as his life had been devoted to them. In that vault his wife and his first-born lie with him, and over it, the regret and reverence of many of his old scholars subscribed and raised a beautiful marble monument to his memory. The panel at one end represents Paul at the feet of Gamaliel, intimating his services as a tutor to the distinguished pupils whom he had prepared for the sacred work of the ministry. The corresponding panel shews Nicodemus the ruler coming to learn from Christ, indicating the humility and piety which led 'the master in Israel' to seek his own personal lesson from the Saviour in those memorable words, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

What became of Nelly, and when and how it happened, belongs to her own story, which will be found among these memoirs.

CHAPTER IX.

NELLY BROOMIELAW, THE MASTER'S DAUGHTER.

In her father's memoir, Nelly has been already introduced to the reader of this volume. I only recapitulate a few 'pansies for remembrance,' in embarking on her own narrative. Our readers will recall her tall graceful figure, in which, and in her features softened down to the feminine type, she strongly resembled good old Broomielaw, her father; her accomplishments in music, drawing, and other branches of female education; her singular skill in languages, not merely the modern tongues, which were her pastime, but in the classics and Hebrew; her ambition to be a mathematician like the boys, and the success with which she pursued her scientific studies; her little girlish attachment to poor Unit, who died in the bloom of his young manhood; her sedate demeanour beyond her years, yet cheerful, sisterly kindness and attention to all the pupils, particularly to the sick, and to friendless little fellows who had no home to go to in the holidays, when their exclusive enjoyment of Nelly's society and kindness almost made their solitude welcome, they all so sincerely loved and admired her;—these are the premises of the tale to be submitted to our readers. It begins at the departure of her younger brother for the Indian appointment obtained under the circumstances stated in her father's memoir. Archibald,—*vulgô* Archie, if there was any difference in her love for both her brothers, was Nelly's favourite. A year or two younger than herself, and young for his years in habits of thought and life, she so much older than her age, was looked up to by Archie as a compound of mother and sister. He never sought Nelly's aid, whether in a classical or

algebraic difficulty, much less in any personal scrape, that she did not extricate him with an ease which surprised him, and with a simplicity which charmed him. He called her 'a philosopher disguised in female attire'—'a don in dimity'—his 'better angel,' as other angels were, for they were all brothers and sisters in heaven. Nelly was his playmate, as well as counsellor. He would rather at any time take a stroll with her arm linked in his, across the fields, than join in the most tempting popular game with the boys. He was a quiet, shy lad, more afraid of himself than of any body else, with no confidence in his own powers of any kind, and requiring lots of encouragement to give himself fair play. He always did his work better than he expected, but never so well as when Nelly was by to cheer him on. But the time came when he was to leave them all, and embark alone for an indefinite period, possibly for life, to the 'far Ind.' The boy trembled at the separation, though his good sense was grateful for the eligible prospect which his appointment afforded him. It had been long decided that his elder brother Andrew should succeed the Doctor in the school, and as Archie preferred almost any other calling, the Indian opening seemed most opportune. But the price was painful. It cost him expatriation from father, and mother, and Sandie, and Nelly, and broke up the little family circle. Weeks of preparations of all kinds for his outfit, preceded the mournful good-by day. The school boys thought it a good opportunity to shew their hearty respect for Broomielaw, as well as their personal affection for Archie, so they subscribed and presented him with a handsome dressing case, with all its equipments in silver or ivory. Sandie gave him his own gold watch and chain, because it was the best, as well as the only thing of value he had to bestow upon 'his own dear Archie.' The Doctor's memento was a richly bound and costly illuminated Bible, inscribed 'To my beloved son Archibald, with his dear father's love, and earnest prayer that this sacred volume may be his daily counsellor, and by the blessing of the Holy Spirit, the Saviour whom it reveals may be his hope and

solace in life, and support in death." His mother's present was a prayer-book bound in the same style, and simply marked in the blank page, "Dearest Archibald, with his mother's love. 'Pray alway'." Even the servants of the establishment clubbed a keepsake for "dear Master Archibald," and its embodiment was a good morocco dispatch box, fitted with a Chubb's lock, "for they'd heered tell them Indiamen was dreadful thieves, and Mr. Chubb 'ud puzzle 'em." Archie's class in the Sunday-school begged to add an ivory pencil case, including knife and pen. A rich old maiden aunt didn't know what to send her good and dutiful nephew, except her blessing, and a check for £50 to buy him a horse when he reached India, and if it cost more, she would gladly remit him the balance. The second master contributed a saddle and equipments complete for his aunt's horse, and "hoped it would remind Archie of two old friends in the same stirrups." The shrewd old tutor had for many years desired a closer classification with aunt Phoebe, but had never got up courage to venture on a broader intimation of his connubial views, than this symbolical saddling Miss Phoebe's nephew's horse. The other masters, not to be excluded from the general expression of respect and regard for the son of their generous principal, on account of both too, Archie being a universal favourite, contributed in a body, a silver inkstand. Other presents, from other old friends of the family, came pouring in, in various shapes, for Archie was the pin-cushion into which many a grateful acknowledgment of his venerable father's services was delicately stuck. Every body had given a 'forget-me-not' of some kind or other, and the young man's needs seemed all anticipated, and supply exhausted. What could Nelly give? She felt how truly and devotedly she had given herself to her dear brother, that any formal or inferior pledge of her affection or remembrance seemed superfluous. Her fingers day and night for six weary sorrowful weeks had been at work upon all kinds of ingenious devices for his comfort and convenience in the far land, where no mother nor sister would be near him to

look to his domestic minutiae, the thousand trivial things which we never appreciate till we miss them, and they teach us by their absence we are not at home. But Archie must have some little *specialité* by which sister Nelly should be personified in his fond memory; not that he could ever forget sister Nelly, only Nelly herself felt there should be some thing on the table, in his Indian home, which he could say to strangers—‘this was sister Nelly’s.’ They both ‘thought so too,’ but what must it be? Folks who never make a present may smile at the difficulty, but it *was* a difficulty, especially when the last door seemed shut in her face, by an old pupil sportsman sending a gun and case, complete with powder and shot, accompanied by the “hope to see a tiger’s skin sent home for the Doctor’s summer cloth, before the fowling piece had spent a year in India.” Ordinary *articles de voyage* were of course most liberally supplied by Archibald’s parents, the extraneous list of reasonable *articles de luxe* was filled, and Archie insisted there was nothing more he wanted or desired. But Nelly was not to be foiled that way. She must have her representative at the court of Archie; the only question was, what shall it be? It must be something which had been her own. Dear Sandie’s hint was suggestive here. She liked that present of his own watch. It would please both brothers for her to follow their excellent elder brother’s example. The most precious jewel Nelly possessed was a cross of gold set in diamonds, which had been presented to her the day she came of age, with her father’s and mother’s hair, crossed and tied by a braid of her own, as if she were the filial loving link between the two. This, as an emblem of the faith of his fatherland—of the fond parents so loath to part with him, and of the dear sister who bound both their hearts together in affectionate reaction on his brother and himself, Nelly placed tenderly and tearfully round Archie’s neck the day before he embarked for India.

Father, mother, sister, brother, all of them accompanied him to the ship, lying off Gravesend, and it was no small comfort to

them, to pace along the spacious decks of the magnificent East Indian. She was the "Golden Fleece," bound for Calcutta, with between 70 and 80 passengers on board. The Broomielaws took an early farewell dinner on board with Archie, as she was not to sail till day-break the following morning, notwithstanding the urgency with which passengers were summoned on board before twelve o'clock on the day preceding. Perhaps it is useful to allow a margin to procrastinators. Well, all the family group did their best to keep up each other's spirits, especially for Archie's sake, whom they should presently leave alone among strangers, and with all a landsman's dread of the tedious sea voyage before him. But they made the best of everything; visited his cabin, and sat there in cheerful loving converse about three hours; praised its appointments—admired its commodiousness—were introduced to Archie's fellow-passengers in the same cabin, in whom the Doctor instantly recognised an old pupil, who had left school about seven years ago. His name was Hans Vandenberg, son of that highly respected Dutch merchant, long settled in Bengal, to whose influence Archie owed his appointment. It was the happiest omen, meeting with a friend, at once an old pupil of his father, and the son of his benefactor. It was a great unexpected comfort to them all. Hans was a popular boy at school for a certain precocious manliness of character, which augured well for the military calling which he had chosen. Nelly at once remembered him as a little fellow who got his cadetship at 16, and embarked at once for India. He was now returning to India, after a year's absence to Europe on sick leave, the picture of health and buoyant spirits, standing above six feet in height 'without his shoes.' They were all glad Archie had such a friend on board, specially as their destination lay in the same presidency. Hans Vandenberg was now a captain, and a fine ingenuous young fellow. He had risen in the same regiment to which he had been originally attached, having seen much service in the field, and survived great numbers of his seniors cut off in the chances of war. Then it was a point of

tender interest in him, that he was the brother of the little Indian boy, Carl Vandenberg, whose untimely death at school had so painfully distressed them all. They had thus at once a memory in common, a subject of conversation of equal interest to them all. Nelly's narrative of the last few days of his brother's life deeply affected the captain. It recalled his own school-boy days, and the face of the little brother whom he had only seen as an infant, before the child was sent away from India. It relieved the Broomielaws to have a subject to talk about, which diverted attention from their own immediate sorrows. His friends and relatives all in India, he rather felt going home, than going abroad. Then they all adjourned on deck again, the captain accompanying them. He had no relatives in England to bid him farewell, and seemed to be not sorry to participate, in however indirect a shape, with the adieus of Archie's friends. But they couldn't leave them at once, as the ship was detained. So they walked about the deck, amused themselves, glad of any excuse to seem to be merry, at the hoisting aboard of a drove of pigs,—the hilarity of the sailors, and an occasional conflict between a headstrong pig and his naval captors, seasonably relieving their gloom. Then the embarkation of the milch cow, who lay prostrate on deck as soon as they moved her out of the shore steamer, lying in exemplary resignation, as if she felt they had somehow got the better of her, with that rope so cunningly adjusted midship of her body, that she rose equally as the beam of a pair of scales, and lay where they dropped her, as if she had nothing more to say to it. They switched her on her legs, but her awkward gait on the hard deck planks, was so different from the green turf she had been used to, that every allowance was due to the series of stumbles which the naval emigrant made on her way to her destined cabin. A cow unused to the sea is as awkward there as a landsman, and that is saying a great deal in extenuation of the quadruped. At length however the parting moment came. All had kept up their spirits creditably to this point. Archie bid first of all farewell to his mother,

and the old lady kissed him long and tenderly, as she hugged him to her bosom in silent anguish. She could only say: "God bless my boy," and was afraid to say more, lest Archie should detect the tears which were raining fast down her cheeks. Sandie kissed his brother, and could not conceal his anguish. The Doctor wrung his hand, and when the dear fellow, long arrived at man's estate, kissed his father, which he had not done for the last few years of manhood, it brought back such an endearing recollection of the boy's childhood, that its simplicity and unexpectedness overcame the Doctor, and he wept over him, even more than Sandie; then Nelly's turn came, and she embraced him tenderly, and by a painful effort at self-command, though the falling tears belied her vocal composure, she said "cheer up, dearest Archie, good-by, God Almighty bless you, my own dearest." Then Archie gave way uncontrollably. He sobbed aloud. He hid his face, as one who was ashamed of his abdication of strong manhood, but could not choose; but yield to his overpowering grief. The young captain tenderly offered his arm to Nelly, who was fast succumbing to the anguish of the separation. "Let me see you ashore," whispered Captain Hans, and hailing a boat, he involuntarily assumed command of a party which had lost all command of themselves, and ordered the boatman to pull to the Tilbury Fort side of the Thames, where the carriage was waiting which had conveyed the sorrowing family to the place of embarkation. The sympathy, self-possession, and opportune kindness of the captain on that occasion, made its first impression on Nelly's heart, at the most susceptible crisis of her life. They had left Archie on the ship, and he stood watching the boat with streaming eyes, aching head, and breaking heart. Many boats were hurrying to and fro between the shore and the 'Golden Fleece,' and about mid-way, the boat conveying the family was run foul of by a wherry full of drunken sailors, and in an instant was capsized. The whole party were precipitated into the water. The Doctor and Sandie seized the side of the boat and supported themselves, crying lustily for help for his

wife and daughter, neither of whom could be anywhere seen. Presently the waterman rose to the surface with Mrs. Broomielaw, and in another instant Captain Vandenberg, who had dived after Nelly, appeared supporting her head above the water. The only boat available for the rescue was the one which was filled with the drunken crew. But they could not hesitate. The men pulled them into their boat, with the Doctor, his wife, and son, and turning the boat's head, pulled back to the shore. But two of the sailors opposed their boat's proceeding anywhere, except direct to the ship. In vain the others, with better nature, and not being so much intoxicated, reasoned with their messmates; one of the recreants snatched an oar of the waterman, and forcibly pulled the boat round again, with a violence which threatened to upset the crowded wherry. Captain Hans seized the man by the throat, and with one fearful blow full in the face, knocked him down in the boat, where his messmates held him down, swearing fearfully. Hans then seized the other man, and threatened to throw him overboard, if he stirred hand or foot till the wherry landed her passengers. "Sarved 'em right, Captain," said the rest, "only don't report 'em aboard, sir."

"Give way then to the shore," said Hans—"and I'll overlook their conduct. You drunken scoundrels nearly cost this lady her life. I was only just in time." Drenched to the skin, shivering with the bitter cold, and their hearts heavy with their recent sorrow, the whole party landed in miserable plight. Nelly, but for the stout heart and strong arm which encircled her waist to keep her from falling, would have been unable to proceed a step. Her limbs trembled under her with the excitement—her nerves had been previously unstrung, and before they had gone many yards from the shore, she fainted. The captain took her up in his arms, and rapidly carried her to the carriage, handed in her mother, father, and Sandie, and mounting beside the coachman, urged him to drive rapidly into the Fort, for there was no inn at hand, and stopped at the commandant's quarters, who was an Indian officer,

and friend of his father's. The occurrence was rapidly explained. Fires were instantly lighted, or mended in the bed-rooms—abundance of hot water procured, and a total exchange made of their wet garments for dry ones, through the prompt, hearty hospitality of the commandant and the ladies of his family. Hans ordered the carriage to be put up, and while dinner was being prepared, and the metamorphoses effected, Hans had gone again on board, to allay apprehension in Archie's mind, and change his own dripping garments. Finding however his friend already fallen asleep in his berth, worn out with his recent sorrow, and that the evening had set in wet and drizzling, he would not wake him to go through again the parting scene, by taking him ashore. He therefore left him a note, in case he should wake, stating he was dining with his family in the Fort, previous to their return to town, and would be back aboard shortly. Having ascertained the ship would not sail till day-break, as the fog was rising, and wind and tide dead against them, Hans resolved to spend an hour or two with his old friends before he left them and old England, probably for ever. It was 7 o'clock when Hans returned to the Fort, and the family party were already seated at dinner, and had in some measure recovered from the excitement of their recent adventure. He was received with joyful surprise, for all believed his sudden departure had been the result of a summons from the ship that she was weighing anchor. She had indeed dropped a mile lower down the mouth of the river, and was supposed to have finally sailed. But she then cast anchor for the night, and Hans resolved to spend it ashore. To them all, he reappeared as a link of connection with poor Archie, and when he told them that his motive in abruptly starting for the ship, was to intercept the communication, and perhaps exaggeration of any painful tidings of their mishap, to poor Archie, they all looked gratefully at him, and Broomielaw quaintly blessed him for 'a dutiful pupil to his old master.' When he added, that he found Archie composed in sleep, and wouldn't wake him, but left him a note to explain his absence, thinking neither side would

be any the better for a second parting, the commandant struck in with the remark, "Quite right, Hans; old Vandenberg's blood flows in your veins, my boy. A glass of wine, Hans, for your father's sake." They pledged each other, and so that passed. But Nelly's eye from time to time stealthily wandered from her scarcely tasted food, to the gallant sensible young fellow, her admiration increasing at every gaze, as the bee gathers more honey from every additional flower she sucks. That manly officer, the little friend, and playfellow of her girlhood, had saved her life—had shown tenderness of sensibility for her, and for them all, in their sorrow, which betokened a generous, unselfish spirit, and even the little episode of the coolness and self-possession with which he quelled the petty mutiny in the boat, which was far from petty in her then affrighted state of mind, all combined to raise Captain Hans to a high place in her womanly estimate of character. Nelly inwardly rejoiced that her dear Archie had such a companion for his voyage, and such a friend as a convoy, in the difficult and tedious land journey after their arrival in India. It was a great comfort to them all, and they said so, "that Archie had fallen into such good hands."

"Oh, we all do very well," said Hans. "We have neither stage coaches, nor railways yet in India. We shall take our locomotive degree *per saltum*, and get the rails before the coaches, but for the nonce Archie and I shall travel *per palanquin*, a bath-chair with a trifle better speed."

"You'll do well enough, I'll be bound," said the commandant; "your father never ran his head against a stone wall, such blunders are not in the breed."

So hour after hour passed in agreeable chat, Hans diverting, and indeed informing the company, by his lively accurate itinerary of the whole route by sea and land, which Archie and he had to traverse, exhibiting an accurate acquaintance with the geography, political relations, manners, customs, religion, and products of each country, which they would have to pass through, unusual in so

young an officer. Then at the request of the commandant, he sang them an Indian song in Hindostanee, and being pressed for its translation into English, modestly sang to the same tune, a metrical version of his own, though he did not say so, possessing no ordinary poetical power and beauty. It was a young Brahmin's farewell to Vishnoo and the faith of his fathers, on his embracing Christianity. When he reached the last stanza :

" At Vishnoo's shrines I bow no more,
Nor dare I say farewell,
Ye blush with strains of human gore,
And burn with fires of Hell,
My heart and soul asunder riven,
Its home and Father hath in Heaven."

Nelly begged him to write for her a copy of the English verses, side by side with the Hindostanee original, playfully stating her intention to learn the language, and that she would like to have by her a graceful Anglo-Indian model. Hans blushed with delight at the compliment to his verses, and instantly set to writing them out, the Doctor facetiously congratulating "the happy combination of Mars and Apollo," and the commandant shouting: "Brave, Captain Laureate."

One verse so nearly analogised poor Archie's case, that Sandie and his mother shed another tear for him, and even Hans' voice slightly quavered, as he lingered with increased pathos on the line :

"My own sweet sister's eye."

The young convert's natural yearning at the point of separation found utterance in the adieu :

My father's house, my mother's side,
My own sweet sister's eye,
My brother in his manly pride,
I bid ye all—good-by.
A sojourner on earth I roam
Christ's outlaw from my pagan home.

Nelly happened at the moment to be looking at Hans, and Hans happening at the same moment to look at Nelly, naturally their eyes met, and each unconsciously betrayed to the other a hidden application of the words, somewhat beside their grammatical import. But love is subtle as the schoolmen, at non-natural senses, and isoteric bearings. Before they were half aware of it, Hans and Nelly had both committed themselves to a tacit acknowledgment of mutual admiration. The hour was long past ten—the night was dark—and the distance to town considerable. The carriage was ordered. The Broomielaws replaced their dried garments, and with repeated expressions of gratitude for their hospitable reception, took their leave. Hans' last act, as he handed Nelly last into the carriage, was to fasten on the shawl, in which he muffled her up from the bitter cold, a pin, whispering in a faltering voice, as if it were his turn to sorrow now, 'wear that for my sake, dearest,' and instantly vanishing into the darkness, before Nelly could reply, or return his gift, had she been so disposed, the carriage drove off, and the family were gone. Hans returned on board with a far heavier heart than he had brought ashore with him. That night had so far sealed his destiny. Circumstances had rapidly developed a passion which he dared to hope was in some measure reciprocated. It was the turning point in the young man's life. The ambition to become worthy of Nelly suggested that night, the resolution, accompanied by earnest, heartfelt prayer for strength to keep it, to devote himself more decidedly to God, and to his profession, that the day might speedily come, when he should return to England on the business which now lay nearest his heart. These thoughts, and self-communings engrossed his mind, till he reached the ship. On descending to his cabin, he found Archie had awaked half an hour, was sitting up, and commencing his four months' sea voyage by a domestic cup of tea. The friends shook each other heartily by the hand. Hans told him he had been spending the evening with an old friend of his (Hans) father's, the commanding officer at Tilbury-Fort. But

they had been a fortnight at sea, and Archie had got over his sea-sickness, and got his sea legs, before Hans had the heart to tell his friend of the mishap in the boat, (which he made as light of as possible,) and of the commandant's hospitality; their pleasant evening, and the comfort and composure with which he had seen them safely in their carriage *en route* for town. The recital greatly affected Archie, and he wrung his friend's hand gratefully, as he cried: "You saved my Nelly's life, her brother will never forget it." Then Hans with some embarrassment confessed to Archie, what he had done, and said to Nelly, at parting; how he had pinned on to her shawl a diamond pin, his poor mother's dying gift, and begged her to "wear it for his sake." How he hoped to rise in the service, and be some day in a position to offer her his hand, together with such expectations as he had from his father.

Archie again shook his friend's hand, and said: "From this day, we are brothers." With that understanding, welcome on both sides, we leave them in their tedious voyage to the East.

*** The family sat in the carriage in silence, for several miles, till it was broken by the Doctor observing: "I'm thinking of that gallant bairn, young Hans. He has the material in him for a general, and we shall hear of him again. We must consider some suitable present to send after the brave laddie, to let him see we remember our obligations to him. What shall it be, Nelly?"

"The best thing we have to give him," she gratefully and proudly said. "That we canna weel do, unless ye went yourself, Nelly," said the Doctor, gaily recovering his spirits, and bent on cheering up the party. He little thought how near the mark he was sailing, for Nelly had been dwelling alternately on Archie, and Hans, all the way, with the latter now and then out of his turn, and robbing Archie. Those few last whispered words of Hans had sunk deeply within the young maiden's heart, and she knew for the first time in her life, she loved, and was loved in return. The horror of the moment she sank into the sea was forgotten, nay almost welcome,

as the dark ground, throwing out into chivalrous relief the image of her brave rescuer from the jaws of death. He had saved her life, and won her heart, by the same act. But Nelly must answer her father's hypothesis: "He has one of us already, dear pa, in poor Archie," said Nelly, repeating her father's gaiety. "I'm right glad our own bairn has such a companion. God grant they may be every way useful to each other. It was a good sign, Hans' song of the Hindoo convert, instead of the stuff which young fellows generally sing. I am inclined to hope 'the good seed is in him.' We did our best to sow it in his schooling."

"Let us send him a pin," said Nelly, "in return for the one with which he fastened my shawl."

"I thought he was at something of the sort, you sly puss," said her mother, inwardly delighted at the Captain's attentions, which had completely established him in Dame Broomielaw's good graces.

"Yes, ma," said Nelly, glad to disburthen her mind at once, for she never had a secret apart from that dear good mother in her life; "yes, ma, he pinned it on in the dark, and begged me to wear it for his sake, and before I could answer him or return the gift, he was gone, the carriage started, and all was darkness without, and gloom within. You are not angry with me, dearest ma?"

"You never gave me a moment's pain in your precious life, dearest," said the old lady, tenderly embracing her. Old Broomielaw said, "Amen! with all my heart," and kissed his daughter also. Sandie added his brotherly caress, and promised to be her Archie, and Sandie both in one.

Thus Nelly was relieved of her secret so far, and felt she could indulge in her new-born affections without the guilt of disingenuous concealment. They slept at the house of the maiden aunt of whom we spoke some pages back, on their way home through London. The following noon found them at home occupied in the usual quiet tenor of their duties.

Nelly's coming of age had been celebrated in the early part of this year, and every boy in the school, every master, and every

servant of the establishment had made her some trifling birth-day gift, in honor of her accession to legal womanhood. Old friends and new ones, far and near, had sent her some memento of regard. All her presents were arranged in the Drawing Room, bazaar-fashion, and submitted to the gratified inspection of the boys. Then she begged her Papa to call a public meeting of masters, scholars, and servants, and other friends, contributors to the mass of presents, to beg their consent to the whole being turned into a real bazaar, with such additions as might be procured from the general public, to establish a Ragged School in the town, where it was so much needed. She trusted it would not be displeasing to them to divert their kindness from herself to the poor little perishing waifs cast upon the mercy of the streets. That it was painful to her to witness their precocious vice and misery without attempting some means of alleviation, and that if given from a grateful sense of God's goodness to ourselves, they and she would reap a rich blessing from sowing such seed. These sentiments Broomielaw conveyed on her behalf to the meeting, and they met, not only with an unanimous response, but further subscriptions of pence and shillings to the project. Encouraged thus far, and adding the munificent gift of £100 from her own savings to stimulate others to co-operate with her, Nelly made a personal application to every lady of whom she had the slightest acquaintance for a subscription, and to hosts of young ladies for contributions of work, and fixed the Ragged School Bazaar to come off at a period three months later. Some stirring articles signed 'anonymous' appeared in the local paper from the able pen of Nelly, setting forth the statistics of the case, the connection of uneducated childhood with crime, its expense to the community, and ruin to the young outcasts, and relieving the appeal by a few touching instances of little homeless thieves standing in the dock, their diminutive stature covering their heads below the bar, till a stool was brought to stand them on, so that the Jury could see the childish prisoners. The simple truth was too pathetic not to win its way, as it so well

deserved to do. The merest facts were too eloquent not to reach the large amount of latent charity in the heart of an English public, ever ready to respond to a well authenticated appeal of distress. The principal Bank in the town opened a subscription list, independently of the contingent proceeds of the Bazaar, and merciful money fell in, "like the dew of heaven which is twice blessed, which blesseth him that gives, and him that takes."

The eventful day arrived. It had oozed out what a generous sacrifice (not that she deemed it one) Nelly had made of her birthday gifts, and the example told upon her neighbours mightily. The Bazaar was her ovation. The stall at which she presided, taken by her when every other lady saleswoman had made her selection, and one of the remotest and least convenient in the Town Hall, was nevertheless the most frequented. The modest grace and beauty of old Dr. Broomielaw's daughter was the theme of the day, and the purchases made at her stall were the most considerable of any in the Hall. The total sum realized effected its benevolent purpose; the Ragged School was built, and though a generation has passed away since its erection, and not one of her race has been for many years in any way connected with the locality, the popular gratitude still calls it "Nelly's Ragged School." This was one of the characteristic monuments which the generous, noble-minded, pious girl left behind her; a trophy which her Christian heart felt well worth waiting, working, and praying for, and dedicating to the grace of God, and to the welfare of her fellow-creatures. Oh! young ladies, your youth, and beauty, and perhaps position, gives you an influence for good or evil, for the side of wisdom or folly, benevolence or selfishness, God's glory or your own vanity, Christ's compassion for the multitude or the absorption of every feeling on some fancy of your own, and all these things you will have to answer for in the last day.

Don't skip this paragraph I beseech you in all Christian courtesy, for it is the most important we have written yet in Nelly's story. I would not have recorded her story at all but for the good, sound,

exemplary lessons in it, which I earnestly desire other young ladies may be induced to learn and practise as she did. This worthy schoolmaster's daughter was a capital model for anybody's daughter, peer or peasant, for she simply "did what she could," with her opportunities, and that was what Christ commended, because it was all she could do, and what few of us ever really will do. I have known many a meek and pious housemaid who has served God in her sphere in a way which put to blush her mistress; as I have often known many a mistress who, with equal if not greater obstacles in her way, has set an example to her family and domestics of serving God, which none of them had the grace to follow. "God accepteth according to what a man hath, and not according to what he hath not." But how few give, whether to God or man, "of such things as THEY HAVE." The widow of 'the two mites' has many a widowed or equally self-denying sister who will rise up in the judgment against the profuse expenditure upon selfish indulgence of thousands of wives and sisters who live only to themselves, as if there were no other lives to be cared for and sympathised with. Not that we advocate that impulsive habit of indiscriminate almsgiving which is no real charity, not even to its objects. It operates on them as a premium to mendicity, destroying their wholesome sense of self-reliance, and it abstracts from genuine distress, which enquiry would have discovered the amounts squandered on pretenders. Thus, not to speak harshly against careless giving, it is a constructive complicity with the mischiefs and guilt of mendicant imposture. What is wanted, is for each neighborhood, or in the case of cities, each section of population to take the real inquisitive charge of its own poor, a system of uniform investigation into every applicant's case, and into those far worthier cases which make no application, would with comparative ease meet all genuine wants. Fraud would be detected; the idle, the drunken, and the dissolute would see their 'gains were gone,' and give up the trade. Patient, modest poverty would be brought to the light of Christian sympathy, and a sufficient

answer would be always ready for every beggar who either stopped you in the street or knocked at your door. You would simply take the address of the party. If they lived at a distance, at once refer them to the neighborhood where they were known or could be visited. If within the circle of your own residence, either go yourself or depute another to ascertain the facts and act accordingly. When the writer first came to reside in London as a minister of religion, and a supposed stranger to the arts of the 'mendicant pariahs,' his house was besieged with applicants consisting of all orders and degrees of men, clerical, military, professional, scholastic, commercial and tagrag. Some of the more ingenious among the *soi-disant* respectables let him in considerably; then he adopted the rule, and rigidly adhered to it, of taking the address of every case. The majority of the addresses were fictitious. Other cases were unsatisfactory; a few real. The money saved from the two former classes left abundance for the real cases, and the writer's house ceased almost entirely to be "a house of call for beggars." Let no man say "I have no time to investigate cases." If you would bear your fair share of the social burdens of your day and generation, you must make time, or find some member of your family or competent friend to supplement your personal lack of service. It is unjust to your neighbours and to the deserving poor, to get rid of the difficulty either by turning a deaf ear to every application, or by persisting in promiscuous distributions to perpetuate the evils of the mendicant system.

Nelly had a soft heart, but it was regulated by a sound judgment. In the district which she visited, under the direction of her Rector, instances of gallant toil and struggle for the bare necessities of life came frequently under her notice. She used to say, "I feel it does me good to come into personal contact with the distress of others. The sympathy excited helps me against my own selfish love of ease, and the pusillanimous flight from uncomfortable sensations. To avoid duties, because they are disagreeable; is *throwing down* instead of 'taking up the cross.'"

Some of her female friends agreeing with her sentiments, they requested the Rector to form them into a private committee of enquiry, to whom he might delegate the investigation of any case forwarded to him for that purpose by families unable or unwilling to examine for themselves. Always accompanied by an elder lady or matron, two visitors made their enquiries, and as long as the system continued it considerably checked the begging impositions in the locality. Nelly of course had her share of the sneers of pleasure-seeking, unthinking maidens, whose useless lives were reprov'd by her example; but her cheerful, unostentatious way of retorting their objections had some effect, even upon them.

If for instance "they condemned the practice of visiting the poor at their own houses, as unbecoming a lady;" Nelly suggested, "nothing could be unbecoming a lady, which our blessed Lord did, and which He reckoned one of the points of commemoration in the final judgment, *"sick and ye visited me."* "But the lower order generally are so filthy in their habits, and habitations too," some said. "If the visits of their superiors were more frequent, they would improve," said Nelly: "imitation is an ascending quality." "But there's the danger of infectious diseases." "That peril is not confined to cottages," said Nelly; "and if it were, the more cogent the reason why the cause should be enquired into and removed."

"But there are people *paid* to look into the wants and complaints of the poor. It is not the business of young ladies: it belongs to the clergy, and scripture readers, and relieving officers."

"Ah, my dear friends," said Nelly very solemnly, "we can no more pay people to do our duties, than to atone for our sins. There is a danger of mistaking the annual subscription for a discharge of the personal responsibility; as if charity were a Christmas-box, zeal to God an anniversary meeting, and Christian men and women's work for Christ meant the machinery of a Society to do it for them. Societies are blessed combinations for more extensive benefaction, but they are no exemptions from individual liabilities."

"Well, Nelly, do as you like,—only let us do as *we* like."

"Dear ladies, it is not what we *like*, but what God wills, that is the Christian rule. He who agonized for us all in Gethsemane, would have preferred letting that cup pass, but he taught us the lesson, 'not my will, but thine be done.'"

"You won't say we can't be religious unless we gad about among inferiors in station and ways of life? It would be as disagreeable to them as it is to us."

"Yes, the *gadding* among them would be," said Nelly; "but the showing a kind, unaffected interest in their physical wants and spiritual welfare is welcome to the 'poor man who is despised by his neighbour,' and practically illustrates St. James' beautiful definition of 'pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father,' which is this, 'to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.'"

By many such an earnest conversation with her youthful friends, Nelly was honest to her own convictions, and faithful to their predilections for an easier, less self-denying form of godliness. Here and there the seed sown was blessed to bringing forth its various degrees of fruit, and the young unpretending evangelist to her companions, found her way, and, what she felt of infinitely more moment, a way for God, into their hearts. Christians are less useful to their friends, just in proportion as they are less faithful to Christ. Earnest men embrace what opportunities they have, and make as many more as they can. Much of the "bread she cast upon the waters was seen after many days." * * *

We must not forget our Indian travellers. The first letters received from them were conveyed home by a vessel they spoke at sea, after being three weeks out. Archie wrote in excellent spirits, had not suffered even a day's sea-sickness, and confessed he had gratuitously magnified the discomfort of the voyage. Captain Hans wrote two letters, one to Nelly, the other to her father. I need not reproduce them *verbatim*. To Nelly his letter made a formal offer of his hand, "if he could have the happiness to hope

she would wait for him till at three years' end he could procure another leave of absence to England." To her father he addressed a most respectful request to be "forgiven for the abrupt revival of a boyish passion, under the critical circumstances which had quickened it into life again; he besought the Doctor's sanction of his engagement with his daughter, should his proposal be honoured by the lady's acceptance, an honor he scarcely dared to hope, yet would be the heaviest disappointment of his life should it unhappily fail."

Broomielaw was puzzled how to act. "He admired the young man;" he said to his wife "he could not forget the fine fellow had probably saved his daughter's life, but he (the Doctor) had throughout his school-keeping life steadily set his face against any love-matches between his pupils and any member of his own family. Now that the difficulty had arisen was the time to meet it, and at whatever sacrifice he must be true to his rule."

Mrs. Broomielaw dissented from this view, on the ground that "Captain Hans was no longer his pupil, nor had been these seven years; that he was long of age, and therefore free to choose for himself, and knew his own mind."

"Do you think our little Nelly loves him, mother?" enquired the Doctor, anxiously dwarfing back to the fondling inches of her childhood, the tall beautiful woman in her twenty-second year.

"I know she does," quoth Mrs. B., "and so do I; didn't he save both our lives? the brave handsome laddie!"

"Well Nelly herself shall decide, bring her here, mother."

So Nelly was brought, and opened the pleadings by tenderly embracing her Papa, and hiding her blushing innocent face in his bosom.

"Why this is rank bribery to begin with," said Broomielaw, who whereupon stated clearly to Nelly his own difficulty, and her mother's view, and as we couldn't agree; he added, "we have called in a third party. Now my child, it is your own happiness on one side, the credit of your father's rule on the other; if you can reconcile them, be it as you decide in any case."

"I fear we must refuse poor Hans," said Nelly very softly, and mournfully; "alas that he was ever pupil here, that we—

• Had never met or never parted,
 I had ne'er been broken-hearted."

So Nelly wept on her father's bosom, and he pressed her there prouder and fondlier than ever. "I knew it was in her," exclaimed the Doctor, "where conscience is stronger than passion the heart never goes astray."

"Fine talking," said Mrs. B., "but why should all the giving up be on poor Nelly's side? couldn't we give up the school? we have enough."

"Woman," said the Doctor, "your maternal instinct has gloriously forestalled my tardier judgment. I was only casting about in my mind how it could be done. The school *shall* be given up, though the sacrifice is almost as sair as Hans would ha' been. Sandie shall be installed my successor at midsummer."

"There's a middle course," timidly and tearfully suggested Nell, still embracing the Doctor; "let Hans further decide. *I* would not marry even Hans against his only remaining parent's will. Write out, dearest papa, to Mr. Vandenberg, and leave your answer to his son in his father's hands. I will school myself into the determination to abide by the result, be it what it may."

"Bravo, Nelly," said the Doctor, delighted with such a satisfactory solution of the dilemma, and it was so arranged. In the meantime, with her parents' sanction, Nelly wrote her own reply to Hans, to meet him at Calcutta, reaching thither long before him, by the overland mail. We must not betray the contents of that, further than the general statement that Nelly acknowledged Hans' "fervent utterances of love had touched a chord of reciprocity, and that, subject to his father's sanction, her heart and life were his."

And now many weary waiting months must elapse before the anxiously expected answers could arrive, and all parties reverted

to their ordinary avocations ; Nelly to her philanthropic tasks and pious labours with all the more energy that their scene at least might soon probably change with the new relations in life she should be called upon to form. In the matter now nearest her heart, she was happy, because she had hope ; and even when suspense suggested an unfavorable contingency, she had received, in answer to earnest, self-submitting, confiding prayer, a cheerful resignation beforehand to whatever the will of God should be. It was the first great trial of her faith, but she found, because she really sought, "strength equal to her day." By a tacit understanding of its expediency until results were known, her implied engagement with Hans was never made the subject of conversation, much less of pleasantries. It might be after all less theme for humour than of condolence, and father, mother, brother, kept Nelly's secret as sacredly as she kept it herself. There is often a prematurity of gossip in these matters, in their earlier stages of partial development or inconclusiveness, which very gratuitously embitters a case of disappointment. Such subjects are always best reserved for the family circle, and should not be lightly dealt with there.

"The worst of it," a lady said to me whose bachelor proved inconstant—"his conduct is bad enough ; but the worst of it for me is, I told all my friends we were to be married."

Then she might have spared herself the "worst of it" (if that *was* the worst of it, there was little harm done) if she had been less communicative.

In another letter from the Cape, Archie spoke not so cheerfully of the sea-voyage. 'The wind that blows and the ship that goes' sounds more musically in a song than in a storm. Archie had suffered much from sea-sickness, though he made light of it, and spoke hopefully of being better when they should reach land. Hans' letter was a lover's log, recording some incident or other almost every day, interspersed with ardent expressions of more and more devoted attachment to his longed-for bride-elect. As if

some natural telegraphic agency had conveyed to him the family's reference of his suit to his father, Hans dwelt on "the delight with which the fond old man would learn his intention to marry, particularly when he told him the lady whom he had ventured to hope would share his destiny,—the dear kind, tender nurse on whose compassionate bosom their poor little Carl had breathed his last and thought it was his mother's." He said, "My venerable father has never forgotten that touching incident of his dying boy, and the sight of my own dear Nelly in our Indian home will be a precious link with the dead, and draw tears of mingled joy and sorrow." In some such strains, from day to day, he jotted down his fond feelings and joyous anticipations, dashed with that undercurrent of pensiveness natural to the manliest love separated seas asunder from the object of its devotion. These precious correspondences from time to time, broke the monotony of their months of waiting. Often as a ship homeward bound passed within hail or signal, Archie and Hans had their letters ready written for transmission; and as these were as regularly answered by Nelly, the letter to Archie being always a joint contribution from each member of the family, the travellers would find a copious budget on their arrival at Calcutta. The tone of Archie's letters gave them all some uneasiness, as he still alluded, however slightly, to sea-sickness and his not having thoroughly got rid of its effects. He complained of a "debility," which, he nevertheless cheerily wrote, he would "shake off at his first happy leap out of the shore-boat on to the dry land"; playfully adding,—“I feel as if I should realize the old classic myth of Teos, gaining strength in his wrestle with Hercules every time he touched his mother earth. A week's rest on her quiet bosom would set me up again. I never knew I loved her so dearly as since this Herculean sea divided us.” So his letters ran on, with mingled humour and pathos, as one who was sick at heart but anxious not to make others so,—least of all, those he loved,—and therefore made the best of himself. Thus the time rolled away and the budget was

claimed at Calcutta, and Hans wrote this time instead of Archie, who he said was "worn out with the voyage and asleep"; and added, "I would not wake him, though the mail-bags were making up for the ship then returning to England. I beg you not to be at all alarmed about him. He'll get back strength and colour rapidly now he is once ashore. Passengers often suffer from the length of the voyage, but get themselves up again wonderfully soon." Then he passed on to "bless Nelly for suffering him to hope, and look forward to the day when he should return and claim her pledge to be his bride. As to my father's consent, I wish that were the only obstacle which puts us so far asunder. Expect his grateful sanction on our engagement by the next mail. We shall push on for Shahjeehanpore in a day or two, if Archie is equal to the journey.' * * *

These frequent allusions to Archie's weakness, occasioned many misgivings among them, but the tone of Hans' letter on the whole was hopeful, so they committed their dear Archie and his now dear companion, to the Divine protection, and hoped the next letter would be less equivocal. After some weeks tedious travelling, the friends at length reached Shahjeehanpore—"the City of the King of the world"—as it means, in honor of its royal founder. Hans had reckoned without his host in counting on his father's concurrence with the project nearest his own heart. There was another project in the wealthy merchant's mind, with which the proposed alliance interfered. He had fixed his old Dutch heart on Hans choosing a wife among the descendants of his own nation, to which Mr. Vandenberg clung with a patriotic tenacity, not unusual among the Hollanders, (nor indeed with any other nation.) There was an accomplished Fraulein, Katrine Rosenthal, daughter of an old Dutch friend of Mr. Vandenberg, recently returned from Paris, who as an heiress and possessing singular personal attractions, Mr. Vandenberg believed would win her way at once with Hans, and be a most suitable match for him. The two fathers had come to an understanding on the point, and each had passed

his word to the other, and merchant-like had severally bound themselves by a heavy forfeiture in money, in the event of either giving his consent to son or daughter contracting marriage elsewhere. So Mr. Vandenberg wrote back immediately he received the Doctor's letter, to the effect, that he "felt grateful to Dr. Broomielaw, and his family, and hoped he had evinced his gratitude at the cost of the exertion of his highest influence, to produce his young friend Archie his valuable present appointment. But he was averse to any foreign family becoming incorporated with his own; besides his sacred word of honor was pledged to his compatriot, and he could not, and would not, on any earthly consideration, sanction his son's marriage with any lady other than the Fraulein, his fellow-country-woman, as he and her father under heavy penalties to the contrary, had mutually covenanted, and agreed." After the first warm greetings of love and delight at his son's return had passed between them, and a hearty welcome to their hospitality had been offered to Archie, Hans drew his father aside, and asked his blessing on his union with Nelly Broomielaw.

"My son," said he, "don't press me on this important point to-day. To-morrow I will go into the business with you fully and fairly."

Hans saw by his father's manner, importunity would vex him, and put a restraint upon his impatience, both returning to Archie. But Hans was grieved at a hesitation he had not expected. He could not understand it, and resolved to get his answer, if possible, in the morning. So the day and the evening passed in mutual expressions of interest and endearment between father and son, not forgetting the kindest attentions to Archie, whose pallid face and wasted frame caused a feeling of sympathy throughout the merchant's household. At an early hour, Archie begged leave to retire to his bed, it having been arranged he should live at the merchant's house for a few months till he was settled in an abode of his own. Mr. Vandenberg and his son spent the remainder of

the evening alone, and talked on far into the night. The shrewd merchant touched upon the wealth, the ancient Dutch lineage, and high standing of his friend Rosenthal, the father of the Fraulein Katrine, whom he wished Hans to marry. Incidentally referring to Hans' mother, he said: "Your dear mother, Hans, you know was English. Her father, General Winterborn, was my good friend, and my wife, now an angel in Heaven, was then an angel on earth. But my heart is in Holland, Hans. We must not cross our orange blossoms with another rose, lest the fruit-tree dwindle away in the shrub."

"Father, I have pledged my word to Nelly," said Hans excitedly.

"And I have pledged mine to Rosenthal," said Mr. Vandenberg.

"You may break yours, father, with no heart broken by it."

"But not so, with no faith broken, Hans. Merchants place their good faith before fine feelings."

"That's no faith at all, dear father, which sacrifices fine feeling. You love old Holland, father; so do I, but you loved my mother, as I love Nelly more."

"Hans, I would have postponed this discussion till after the first day of my son's return, but you force me to state I have sent Dr. Broomielaw my decision, and put it to his honour to support me in my own. In one word, I pity your infatuation, from which you will recover in time, but I never can nor will consent to your marriage with other than some Fraulein of our own Dutch extraction. You wouldn't merge the wealth of the house of Vandenberg in the haughty Islanders who robbed us of our Indian colony?"

Hans was silent, though indignant; but there was something due to the old man's national prejudice—to his life-long kindness and affection to himself, to his unbounded generosity on all occasions; besides he was his father, and among the many excellent lessons which Hans had learned under Broomielaw's Christian training, not the least prominent, was the sacred duty: "*Honor thy father*

and thy mother, which is the first commandment with promise!" Hans' heart was in his mouth, to make a passionate, perhaps disrespectful, appeal to his father, but he smothered it, and hastily rising, pressed the old man's hand, while tears coursed down his manly cheeks, as he simply said: "Good night, Sir," and went to bed.

Mr. Vandenberg looked after his retreating figure with a sigh. "That lad wants no mettle, except with me. I didn't yield to *my* father, on this very point too, as Hans does to me. Poor lad, but it will be for his good. Don't let me forget though, how he took it. "Better is he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city."

So the merchant mused, and reasoned himself into the conclusion that it was best for all parties he should be firm; and Hans found no subsequent opportunity to resume the subject, his father uniformly declining to discuss it further. Hans' term of leave expired, and he proceeded to Delhi to join his regiment, leaving Archie, still an invalid, in his father's charge. The narrative returns to England.

Dr. Broomielaw sent for Nelly into his study one morning, and there in presenee of her mother and brother, for the family were all of "one heart and of one mind" in everything which concerned each other's happiness, he placed in her hands Mr. Vandenberg's reply. Nelly read it through without a word or other sign of emotion except an increasing pallor of face; then returning it to her father, meekly said:

"God's will be done!"

The Doctor gently folded her to his bosom, saying as cheerily as a forced voice enabled him: "That's just as a good lassie should take it. We are not going to beg the Dutch merchant to buy our precious jewel at any price. Puir Hans! the filial bairn's heart is, may be, bleedin' with your ain, Nelly."

They were not the most judicious associations to jumble together at the moment, but they escaped the artless old man just as

they came uppermost. Nelly was more composed than he, she shed no tear. She kissed her mother almost cheerfully, as she said : " I'm a bad shilling that won't pass in India, dear mamma, so you must nail me to the counter here."

Sandie gaily said : " Never mind, Nell, let us be off to our work and see how the school girls like their Christmas frocks ; go, get yourself ready."

Sandie saw through Nelly's pretty simulation of composure not to distress them, and hit upon this suggestion to get her away awhile to herself and to her own unchecked, unwitnessed emotions. The sensible girl caught at the hint, and gaily saying : " I'll be ready very soon," bounded out of the study, across the passage up the stairs into her own chamber, and then and there, but not till then and there, gave way to an uncontrollable burst of grief, the only words audible being " Hans, poor Hans ! Lord help us both to bear it, and submit our will to Thine ?" Her separation from Archie was the first real sorrow of her young life, but this was the heaviest. She discovered how deeply she loved Hans, by the anguish of abandoning him for ever. Her plentiful tears relieved her, and still more so, that secret strength which she received during the interval that an eye of Divine compassion looked down upon a young girl kneeling by her solitary bed-side pouring out her sorrows at the feet of Him who changed the bridal waters of Cana into wine. Then she calmed herself, wiped away the traces of weeping, and descending to the study, dressed for her walk, accompanied her brother on their joint visit of benevolence to the school girls. In a quarter of an hour she was busied in her work. It did her more good than a lonely indulgence of useless sorrow in her chamber. It was better, to put it quaintly, to work it off. There is a blessing on work for God and for His poor, which is not promised to the repining, inactive mourner. In the midst of her sixty poor grateful girls, Nelly was comforted with the reflection that she was permitted to do much good to others, and that the doing it extenuated in no small degree her own

dejection. Her parents often said to one another "the dear lassie bears her disappointment better than we could have hoped." Time and submission indeed really worked their appointed influence on Nelly's feelings. She recognized her duty in trying to forget Hans, and did it honestly. She had no sickly sentiment in her wholesome mind, no sham of any kind. She believed it was the will of God she would not marry Hans, and in a few months found herself resigned to what seemed inevitable. One last generous farewell letter she wrote to Hans, and with that their correspondence ceased. Hans was away to the battle-field, and except through rare notices of his whereabouts in Archie's letters, two years passed away in rigid abstinence on either side from any direct communication. To all appearance they had both fully and finally yielded to Mr. Vandenberg's authority, however painful and reluctant the duty. It is easier to talk about duty than to do it; Nelly and Hans did theirs without the talking. Time had wrought its influence on both, and in Hans some change; he had been promoted to his majority, had been favorably mentioned three times in the dispatches of the commander-in-chief, and had won a conspicuous name for bravery, where all were brave. Nelly in the meantime had tranquilly resumed her former course of life and study. But Archie's declining health and spirits was an increasing source of trial to the family, and specially to Nell, whose attachment to Archie was passing the love of sisters. In all his letters he urged and intreated her to come out to him, or he must return himself to die at home. He believed he should recover strength if Nelly were with him. He lived in a solitude rarely relieved by society, and except an occasional visit to Mr. Vandenberg and the Rosenthals, whose pretty Fraulein reminded him of his sister, he languished for lack of congenial fellowship, and as O'Connell called it, was "eating his heart for sorrow." A letter from old Vandenberg painfully added to their distress, for it described Archie's as a constitution unequal to the climate, had observed with much concern that he seemed to be unable to be

acclimatized, and concluded with suggesting either a visit from his brother or his own return to Europe. Nelly would at once have volunteered to go, but her instinctive delicacy interdicted an act liable to misconception of her real motives. It would look *she* thought "like throwing herself in the way of the forbidden banns, if not thrusting upon Mr. Vandenberg a difficulty which was so far surmounted, if nothing untoward fell out to revive it. Her heart yearned over Archie; she would willingly and thankfully go out to India alone, if needs be, to comfort and nurse her poor ailing brother, but the world would condemn her, Hans' father and friends would assign unworthy motives; possibly dear Hans himself be subject to the renewal of a struggle between filial duty and his affections now happily at rest, and amid the conflict of so many elements of painful discord, her presence as the cause of them might be productive of more damage to Archie than any benefit her attention to him could compensate."

So the tender-hearted but high-minded Nelly argued, and finally concluded she could not, must not go, and all her family agreed with her. It was therefore determined in case Archie's next letter from India did not give a more satisfactory account of his health and spirits, however ill-spared, Sandie should go out to him, and Sandie's assumption of the hardship of the school should be deferred till his return. The matter being so arranged, the family resumed its wonted course. Nelly and Archie's mutual attachment had been strengthened by many a fond memento from India. Among other oriental presents, Archie had sent her an immense number of the stuffed birds of India, of every variety of beautiful plumage, forming a complete aviary of Hindostan. These her brother Sandie arranged in a series of handsome glass cases round Nelly's study, the background stencilled with characteristic Indian scenery. As in this room Nelly spent the greater part of every day, she seemed to live in an Indian atmosphere. The next letter from Archie spoke more hopefully of his health and Sandie's departure was therefore delayed indefinitely. "The affectionate

correspondence subsequently kept up between herself and Archie, after his partial restoration to health, he continued to urge her to come out to him and be the presiding mistress of his Indian home. But of late months Nelly's own health had gradually become enfeebled, occasioning much anxiety to her beloved parents. They feared the disappointment of her first love had slowly undermined her constitution, though she assured them earnestly she had outlived its bitterness, and was really not suffering at all on that account, notwithstanding a general depression of spirits which she could not explain satisfactorily even to herself. She hoped, and they all hoped, she would improve when the Spring should open; but Spring came, and her debility increased. It now became so trying to her to make the least exertion, that at her urgent request her bed was removed into her little study, and for the next six months she rarely moved beyond its precincts, except when Sandie carried her up and down stairs to dine in the great family circle, which included the boarders. She had now lost the use of her lower limbs entirely, and was as incapable of independent motion as an infant. The school boys, to whom her singular beauty and gentle spirit had greatly endeared her, whispered sadly to one another that "Nelly Broomielaw was dying," and many a boyish tear was shed in secret over the sorrowful anticipation of her early death. The best medical advice which the town or county could afford, was consulted in vain. Each new physician probed her with hosts of questions to elicit data on which to form an opinion of her case, specially intreating her to confess if there were any hidden unrequited passion corroding her young heart. But her ingenuous protests against that cause of her mysterious malady, left them in the dark, as others were. At length she was reluctantly compelled to use Sandie as her amanuensis for her correspondence with Archie, and then for the first time, the fond absent brother learned the serious nature of the illness under which dear Nelly was suffering. Between however the receipt of Sandie's letter and the dispatch

of Archie's last, a period of two months had elapsed, and Archie who had long admired, and secretly loved, the fair Frauloin Rosenthal, had made her an offer of his hand, and had been accepted, in ignorance on her part of her father's engagement with Mr. Vandenberg. Archie's proposal was instantly declined by Mr. Rosenthal, who alleged his agreement with Mr. Vandenberg, and the result was her elopement and marriage with Archie at a neighbouring station. When the incensed father disowned and denounced her, she nevertheless came boldly home, and asking his pardon, reminded him, that had she tempted him to give his consent against his plighted word, it would have violated his honor, and forfeited the heavy penalty with Mr. Vandenberg, who perhaps was as anxious to be released as himself, she said; consequently she had no alternative but to act for herself, in such a way as should shield her dearest father, and secure her own and her husband's happiness." The shrewd girl prevailed over the old merchant's anger, and he forgave her. Oh, Archie! had your fears on Nelly's account nothing to do with this irregular matrimony?

Did it strike you as unnatural that the happiness of four innocent lives, your own being one of the four, should be sacrificed to the prejudice and whim of two ancient merchants who had survived the generosities of youthful love? Were you decidedly of opinion that Messrs. Vandenberg and Rosenthal's secret bargain to dispose of young people's hearts and hands, as if they were articles of barter, was not within the scope of legitimate commerce—a kind of contraband in fact against the laws of nature, which it became a loyal duty to said nature, to intercept, seize, and counteract? Did you allege "lastly," the irrefutable argument, which stood firstly in the real order of your train of reasoning, that you were a lonely, home-sick bachelor, passionately smitten with the charms of the Fraulein, and penetrated with the conviction she could take Nelly's place, and create a home in your solitary household? that in short, her father could do better without her than *you* could, and so you both saw no other alternative except contracting mar-

riage? That's how Archie put it to his conscience, or at all events to his sister's, in his next letter, when he playfully congratulated her on the removal of what he believed to be the only real obstacle to her union with Hans. The next mail brought the tidings of his marriage and reconciliation with his father-in-law.

It was observed, with some surprise, and more anxiety, by her family, that this interesting news made little impression on Nelly. She simply clasped her hands, as she ejaculated the prayer, "God bless my dearest Archie and his dear wife; may they be happy, and help each other on the way to Heaven; then I shall see and know her there!"

Nelly grew weaker and more worn daily, and was frequently, subject to strange paroxysms of pain, which taxed her pious patience and submission to her heavenly Father's will to the utmost. Still her meek endurance was wonderful. Except in answer to her doctor's anxious enquiries, she never mentioned her sufferings or symptoms. Bored no one who visited her with a schedule of her maladies, but always lighted up her pallid features to make the best of herself, and invariably diverted the conversation from the subject of her health to the goodness of God, and the sustaining power of simple confidence in the Saviour. On one or two occasions of friends sitting with her, to bear her company for an hour, she fainted from an overpowering sense of weakness, but on coming to herself again, her first conscious words were: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him!"

At length, her doctor reluctantly communicated to her family his confident belief that her days were numbered, but advised as a last resource, her careful removal to London, to obtain the best advice which the capital could afford, and an interval of comparative freedom from pain was anxiously waited for to carry into effect the doctor's suggestion. But Nelly was so averse to leaving, lest she should die away from home, that none of them had the heart to press her.

In the meantime the reader must accompany us again to India,

and to Shahjehanpore. Archie's wife had prevailed on her father to intercede with Mr. Vandenberg on behalf of Hans. She and Archie were both persuaded that the real latent cause of her malady was mental, and that the merchant's removal of his interdict on her engagement with his son, would restore her to health, and, humanly speaking, save her life. The two Dutch merchants sat in private council, after dining together at Mr. Rosenthal's house, and we must venture, as Mrs. Archie Broomielaw did, to play the eaves-dropper, to report their conversation. The first part of it startled and distressed Mrs. Archie, in relation to Hans' career in that distant part of India where his regiment was now operating against the Sikhs.

"I am sore at heart, neighbour, to have to report bad news of your son Hans," said Rosenthal. Vandenberg turned sickly pale, as he tremulously exclaimed; "What bad news of my boy?"

"Very," said Rosenthal; he drew in a long whiff at his pipe, and as slowly and sorrowfully puffed it out again, like a sigh that had caught fire and was smouldering itself away.

"Is he ill? Has he been wounded? Is he killed?" tremblingly asked the father.

"He is worse—he is ruined?"

"Ruined! who dares ruin young Hans Vandenberg?"

"The Jews—they hold his post-obits for more than even your estate could discharge."

"Post-obits! is it possible Hans has been making a money speculation on his father's life?"

"You did the same on *his*—you and I made the chief question of the lad's life—his love for the English Fraulein—a money speculation."

"Alas! we did, and I am justly punished," said Mr. Vandenberg.

"I was more mercifully dealt with," said Rosenthal; my daughter's involuntary disobedience saved her father's credit."

"Poor Hans sacrificed his will to mine," said old Vandenberg, with a proud sadness.

"He has sacrificed *himself* to your obstinacy, neighbour; your legatees will be a set of harpy Jews."

"No they shan't," said Vandenberg fiercely: "I'll settle all I have, to-morrow, on Nelly Broomielaw, so as there shall not be a shilling liable to her husband's debts, and leave poor Hans to her tender mercy, rather than give the Jews a dance on my grave."

"What do you know of this Nelly Broomielaw, that you should trust her with your monies?" said Mr. Rosenthal suspiciously.

"She trusted her heart to Hans," said old Vandenberg, with another look of sorrowful pride.

"That was years ago," said Rosenthal; "she may have trusted her heart to some one else before now."

"Not she,—she obeyed me like a daughter, though the very act cut off the only recompense of her filial piety. Such maidens love not twice," said Mr. Vandenberg.

"But she would not have Hans now, the spendthrift, profligate, abandoned prey of Jews and harlots."

"She *shall* have him," shouted old Vandenberg, bursting with fury and self-reproach—"Nelly will save him,—will reclaim my Hans—but I'll tell her all the truth. The maiden shall not have damaged goods passed upon her as sterling articles. I'll inform her of his extravagance and vice—of his reckless course of life, and the debt and ruin in which it has involved him—and that he is both presently and prospectively a beggar to the Jews, incapable of benefit even by my death. She shall know all, and I will only add in honesty to the poor fallen boy, it was his filial obedience to a miserly old father's will that drove him to despair. This shall be Nelly's test. I'll breathe no hint of making her the heiress of my fortune; that would be buying back her love for Hans. If she be the true heart I think she is, she will bid me send Hans to her for her forgiveness. And if she does forgive him, as she will, he shall carry with him her dowry in the devise to her of all I have on earth. Will that boat leak, neighbour Rosenthal?"

"I think you are bound to gauge a trustee first, to whom you propose to trust so much," said Rosenthal,—*"I can't say I approve of your making a stranger your heiress, and I predict you will alter your mind in this respect."*

"Never," said Mr. Vandenberg, *"those wolfish money lenders shall never touch a stiver of mine. My money will be safe enough with the maiden in whose arms my little Carl breathed his last. His memory will plead for his brother."*

"Neighbour," said Rosenthal solemnly. *"We never know our blessings till we lose them or think they are lost. You are anxious Hans should marry this worthy maiden, when you believe him bankrupt in character and estate; ought you not to be thankful that you can give your son to her without a stain upon his honour or morals?"*

"What can you mean, Rosenthal? Is Hans not ruined?" said old Vandenberg, greatly agitated.

"No thanks to you or me, neighbour, he is nothing of the kind. All I told you is just what might have been, and, but for the grace of God, what may be yet, unless we hasten to repair the mischief which we might have done. Archie has just received a letter stating his sister is dying, and her physicians have pronounced her case hopeless. Your consent is too late to be of any use, but write and hasten Hans to England to receive her dying blessing; or he will never forgive you or me."

"Nelly dying! her case hopeless!" repeated Mr. Vandenberg. *"I'll send a special messenger to Hans immediately, giving my hearty consent to anything which could save Nelly, and begging him to post, as for life or death, to England."*

Then the old merchants' conversation passed into details of less interest to the reader. The messenger was at once despatched, with a large remittance of funds to expedite the major on his way. Leave was at once obtained, and major Hans Vandenberg, leaving one arm on the battle-field, and supplying its vacancy by a soldier's dangling sleeve that seems to wave its unconscious tribute

to the gallant sacrifice in the path of duty which incurred the mutilation, hurried overland to the Red Sea, and thence, at whatever cost for speed, by the usual route home, and reached England, and the sorrow-stricken home of the Broomielaws, in an incredibly short space of time. He was most affectionately, though mournfully, welcomed, and bore to his friends the news of Archie and his bride being also on their way, Archie bent on a farewell embrace of his beloved sister. They had to break the news of Hans' arrival very gently to Nelly. First they told her Mr. Vandenberg had heartily consented to Hans' engagement. She smiled very faintly, and replied: "Too late! Dear Hans, I hope he will not bear my leaving him too heavily; O God! support and comfort him when I am gone."

An hour or two later they brought her up a letter from Hans himself, which he had written below stairs, purporting to have come from India. This was opened in her presence, as they did of late all her letters. The letter stated, "she might expect him soon after the receipt of his letter, as he should lose not an hour in availing himself of his father's leave to join her, and fondly and fervently hoped to find her better than is feared from the tenor of his father's note."

Nelly's impassibleness seemed so little disturbed by this announcement, that it grieved them to the quick, as an evidence of the deadening progress of her malady, notwithstanding that it assured them of her ability to bear the personal sight of Hans. But it was agreed on all hands best to wait till the morning. Hans felt he ought to curb his impatience for the sweet patient's sake, and he and the other members of the family spent a mournful evening together. About 10 o'clock Nelly suddenly moved in her bed, and slightly raising her head to listen with both ears, said to her mother, "Ma! ma! I dreamt Hans was come, and hark! it is no dream, I hear his voice down stairs. Poor Hans, dearest Hans, go bring him to me, ma! I cannot sleep until I see him."

Mrs. Broomielaw pretended to listen, though she could hear no

voice ; but the acute sense of hearing, sharpened by disease, enabled Nelly to recognise in the perfect stillness of the house at that hour, the manly voice of her lover talking with Sandie, and tenderly uttering her own name.

"I will go and see if it can be Hans," said her mother, rising, "only you must promise to be very quiet and very good, Nelly ; no excitement, my child, or you must not see Hans to-night, even if he is come."

"You shall see how calm I will be, mamma ; but go and fetch him : I know he is here."

Her mother descended the stairs, and presently returning with the Doctor and Hans, she stretched out her arms towards him, and for the first time for many months tears came to her relief. As he folded her to his long-tried faithful bosom, she sobbed convulsively over his lost arm, saying, "my own Hans, let me kiss you dearest, while I tell you,—and oh my good and gallant Hans you must bear it bravely as a good soldier of Jesus Christ,—I am—dying—Hans !"

"Oh do not tell me that, my precious Nelly," said Hans, himself weeping bitterly. Dr. Broomielaw turned to the window, and looking out at the dark night, the stars only witnessed his tears.

"The doctors all tell me so ; and I know it, Hans, not because they say so, but because I feel it, and grow daily weaker and more worn ; but I bless God for sparing me to see my own true love once more."

"Oh ! no—no—no, I cannot believe you are dying ; God will be more merciful to us both."

"God is all mercy, Hans, and most of all to me who least deserved it. That's a diamond title, 'The God of all grace, whose compassions fail not?' We must both trust Him, Hans, or I shall be very unhappy."

"I will, I will, dearest ; but to find you thus the shade of my poor Nelly, the wasted profile of my beautiful love, it breaks my heart."

“ ‘ He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted,’ remember who said that, my own Hans.”

“ I can remember nothing at this moment but my Nelly’s fate.” Hans hid his face with his single hand.

“ Poor Hans,” said she, “ I knew it would be hard for you to bear, and dreaded that most of all. I hardly dared to hope you could have come to me, yet it would have been harder dying without one word of grateful adieu, and the poor girl’s blessing whose life you saved from the sea.”

“ Nelly don’t speak again that terrible word dying, and I’ll be composed as a ship at anchor.”

“ You must leave me now, dearest; my strength is going; come to me in the morning with papa, and pray for me.”

Hans tenderly embraced her; she was too faint to know it, or the moment when he left her, and she continued insensible for some minutes, then calmly whispered: “ I feel as if I could sleep, now Hans is come; good night, ma;” and Nelly slept some hours that night reposing in the sweet consciousness of the nearness of her beloved one.

The next day Hans sat with her some hours, beguiling the monotony of the bed-ridden patient by gentle loving conversation, and endeavouring to cheer her into a more hopeful view of her mysterious malady. I call it mysterious, for not one of the many physicians and surgeons who had visited her could make up his mind to any definite view of her case. Hans suggested the preparation of an air-bed to convey her to London, and so strongly urged the opportunity there obtainable of a variety of the best medical advice, that Nelly consented to make the effort, and it was agreed her father and mother and Hans should escort her at the earliest possible period to London.

The day arrived that they should journey to town, and Nelly felt so strongly the conviction that she should return no more that her parting with Sandie, who was left in charge of the school was deeply distressing to them both. The servants in tears,

watched her being conveyed by her father and Hans to her couch in the carriage, believing as the cook said: "They should see Miss Nelly's sweet face no more, the Lord love her!"

By easy stages they reached London, taking up their quarters with the maiden aunt already noticed in these pages. The fatigue of the journey disabled Nelly from any exertion for the next three days, but on the fourth, feeling somewhat stronger, Hans, and her father and mother accompanied her to the house of the celebrated Dr. B.

While Hans and her father waited in the carriage, after having carried her into the consulting room, her mother gave a brief history of her symptoms, "her gradual loss of health and spirits, till she at length became the paralyzed, helpless, hopeless case she now seemed to be."

Dr. B. enquired her age, previous general health, habits of exercise, mental condition, diet, sleep, study, religious sentiments, state of affections, and a host of other queries, the answers to which he briefly pondered *seriatim*.

But the eminent physician exhausted all his questions without obtaining any satisfactory clue to the patient's malady. Nothing in her antecedents could account for the strange paralysis of one so young, hitherto so full of health and vigour, with no mechanical nor mental habit to impair her constitution, nor any blighting effect upon the affections to vex and wear her away. He declined giving any positive opinion upon her case as yet, though he feared the worst, and promised to call upon her at her aunt's to-morrow, when he should have more fully considered her diagnosis, and consulted a medical friend. The doctor and Hans carefully carried her back to her aunt's carriage, had placed her in it in such a posture as should be the least trying to her, and her father took his seat by her side. Hans had mounted the box, and the coachman had driven half-way down the street, when at a shout from a footman running after them they pulled up.

"Master wishes one word more with the lady, sir, if you'll please

to drive back," said the man. They drove back, and at the door of his house stood Dr. B. He apologised for troubling them to return, as an important question had occurred to him. He asked Nelly at the carriage-door: "You stated the particular room you chiefly occupied had a good southern aspect, and was not near any kind of drain or water, or unhealthy adjunct of any kind, but I omitted to inquire about the interior of the room itself, except the relative positions of the door, fire-place, and chimney; I did not ask how is the room papered?"

"Not papered at all, the walls are painted?"

"When were they painted last?"

"About twenty years ago."

The doctor looked disappointed; he had thought of the arsenic mixed in the preparation of certain green paper for walls, as highly deleterious. He soon found however he was on the scent, for on his mentioning the arsenic in the composition of the coloring for the papers, Nelly artlessly said: "They stuff birds with arsenic in India; could it be poor Archie's birds have done the mischief?"

"Undoubtedly," said Dr. B., "How many birds have you in the little study you described?" "Perhaps five hundred, great and small."

"They are the assassins then; my dear young lady you have been slowly poisoned by breathing the fumes of this deadly metal. But don't be alarmed; now we know the enemy, it may not be too late to dislodge him; I at least will not despair."

Dr. B. ran into the house, bidding them wait a moment, and rapidly reappeared with a prescription which he charged them to put in action immediately, naming an able general practitioner at Bath, under whom he advised Nelly should at once be placed. Dr. Broomielaw wrung the kind-hearted physician's hand, as he squeezed another fee into it, which however was politely declined; though he seemed pleased at Broomielaw's hearty "Lord bless you, sir, for the hope you give us of our dear child."

They went home lighter-hearted from this happy consultation,

inwardly blessing God for this measure of relief to their forebodings. The Doctor gaily said : " Nelly, I wish those birds were in the ablative case. They were stuffed by those homicidal Thugs may be. Will you mind my presenting the whole flock of them to the town's museum as a thank-offering for the discovery of their attempted manslaughter ? "

Do with them what you please, papa, but never let poor Archie know why we parted with them. Thus it was agreed, and that was the final disposal of the birds. If any young friends of Nelly have stuffed birds in their chamber or usual sitting room, they had better do so too. Nelly, Sandie, Hans, and her mother at once repaired to Bath, and the surgeon whom Dr. B. had named put in active operation his prescription, with such modifications as the vicissitudes of the patient from time to time required. The week before Nelly's departure, Archie and his bride arrived from India, to the great joy of all parties. Archie could only procure one year's leave of absence, including the journey to and fro, so it was agreed they should spend their alternate months at home and with Nelly at Bath. The Fraulein was soon a great favorite with all the family. I may as well mention here that at the end of ten months from the date of their departure from India, Archie and his bride returned thither greatly comforted with the hope of Nelly's convalescence, and joining them at Shahjehanpore at no distant period. For the first month there was no perceptible alteration in the case. Then slowly the pains in her head and limbs became slightly less acute. Her nervous system was sensible of more tone. The debility was less distressing, her spirits less dejected. Hans spent hours by her side daily, reading to her and cheering her heart. We need not detail the course of recovery which was tedious, trying, and long in painful suspense to all parties, till at length the improvement was unmistakable. Winter slowly and sullenly, as if it had rather not, but could not help yielding to the childish wooing of Spring, had given way to the cowslip and primrose. Spring grew out of his buds and small

flowers, as if they no longer fitted him, and put on the manly robes of Summer, and Summer toiled through the heat and burden of his long days, ripening the fruits of the earth, till Autumn came, sickle in hand to gather them, and Nelly no longer dreaded the return of Winter. Leaning on the arm of Hans, he had but one to offer her, she could now take gentle walking exercise. The paralysis had been skilfully exorcised from her limbs. Though still unnaturally white and transparent, faint flushes of returning health, like sunlight struggling through a mist, tinted her beautiful cheeks, and a lustre of life and hope glistened in her plaintive eyes. Her doctor long ago pronounced the inward enemy was yielding to the medical force brought to bear upon his position, and that she was already convalescent. Sandie and Broomielaw dropped down to them now and then, and each time more hopefully left her with Hans and her mother. The correspondence between Bath and home grew daily more encouraging; she was subject to occasional relapses into the sensation of extreme languor and debility, but in the main her process of recovery was satisfactory, and the voice of joy and thanksgiving was heard in her own and her father's dwelling. Another winter passed away in Bath, and then with the opening Spring, as Cook said, "Miss Nelly came back with the flowers, her sweet face the welcomest of 'em all." They, i. e. Hans, Nelly, and her mother, drove into the town a little before mid-day; when the carriage stopped at the gates of dear old home, Nelly asked a passer-by what the church bells were ringing for?

"It's to welcome back the master's daughter, ma'am," said the man, touching his hat. Hans flung him half-a-crown, saying, "Send the ringers to me, my man, when they have finished their peal, the jolly fellows."

Nelly was affected with this public mark of her neighbours' affection. "Hark, Hans," said she, as she stepped into the hall, "the dear old bells are actually firing salutes."

"A good hint to me to salute my belle," said Hans, gaily kissing on her lips her welcome home.

"You are too forward, Hans, to take hints; let me embrace my own dear honoured father." The Doctor folded Nelly to his bosom, crying, "Bless the Lord!"

Broomielaw had hastened out of school to meet her, as soon as he heard the carriage was in sight; had given the school a half-holiday to celebrate Nelly's return, so that when she appeared outside the balcony looking over the play ground, Sandie holding her by one hand and Hans by the other, the deafening hurrah which the boys raised set all the dogs in the neighbourhood barking, the pigeons flying, and the rooks cawing, as if the neighbours' joy of Nelly's return was shared by the birds of the air and the beasts of the field. The lads shouted, flung up a cloud of hats, caps, sticks, whips, wickets, bats, and balls, danced round the window in a semicircle, leaping, singing, and shouting with might and main, "Nelly for ever! Nelly's come back! welcome Nelly! long life to Nelly Broomielaw and Hans Vandenberg!" At this point, as they were getting personal, Nelly, her eyes suffused with grateful tears, waived her handkerchief to her kind old friends, bowed smilingly on all the boys, and withdrew to her chamber. Not the old study that had been thoroughly white washed, repainted and fumigated, the door locked, and the window left open night and day, from that day Nelly went to Bath, till God in His mercy permitted her to return in peace. Then the chamber was forgiven its pollution, but lest it should ever damage others, the Doctor converted it into a lumber room, and never entered it again to the day of his death.

Hans and Nelly were married, and for the period of another year abode with her parents. Then the major's leave expiring, she accompanied her devoted husband, herself a no less devoted wife, to India, with the understanding which greatly served to mitigate the pang of separation, that every three years, so long as she and her parents were spared, she would spend one year in England. I will not inflict on the reader a second parting scene. Suffice it to say all were comforted with the hope of her triennial

return: Then the reflection that she was going out with one she loved and was worthy of her, and that she would be stationed near brother Archie, helped to cheer her and sustain them all. Sandie left a parcel in her cabin when he bid her adieu, which she was not to open till they had been one day at sea. So the good ship sailed away, followed by many heartfelt prayers. When the one day at sea was fully spent, Nelly and her husband opened Sandie's parcel; it was a beautifully bound Bible and Prayer Book in Hindostanee, and enclosed was her brother's farewell prayer for her peace and happiness, and his farewell request, that with the major's help, who was a good Hindostanee scholar, she would study the language on their route, that as soon as possible after her arrival she might be able to occupy herself in teaching Hindoo children to read the Scriptures, as she had done at home. Sandie added, "You wont feel at home anywhere without a school, Nelly. God has made you an Indian wife; your duties henceforth are to Indian souls. Be the missionary abroad you were at home, and we shall feel we have been honoured and permitted to sacrifice your beloved society for God as well as for your dear husband. I know he will heartily second your efforts. He was not teaching you this last year the Hindostanee grammar and idiomatic forms for mere social conversation with the natives, I am quite sure. He had his eye upon his dear wife's usefulness to the people among whom Providence had cast her lot. I bless Hans for his seasonable forethought. Dearest Nelly, I commend you to God and the word of his grace. My heart was too full to say farewell, so I write it here: Good-by, dearest sister of my heart, the fondly loved one of all my life. God in Heaven bless, protect, and have you ever in His most holy keeping! And good-by, my noble brother Hans. I am not jealous, Nelly, of your love for him, for I love him with the heartiest brother-love myself. God bless you both. Yours ever fondly, Sandie Broomielaw."

"Dear fellow!" said Hans, "Bless him!" responded Nelly. Then they sealed their mutual agreement with Sandie's suggestion.

with a kiss, and as they had no other engagement on ship-board, the first lesson was begun immediately, husband and wife first asking a blessing on the preliminary mission work in which they were about to engage. A large portion of every day, whether by sea or land travelling, was thus pleasantly and profitably occupied. Nelly, as Sandie's note intimated, had devoted twelve months' study to the language with her husband, not to mention her fragmentary studies in the year preceding her dangerous illness. The result was she reached her Indian destination no mean proficient in the vernacular. Her reception by old Mr. Vandenberg was most cordial. He loaded her with presents of every kind of luxury and comfort peculiar to the climate, and insisted upon her taking up her permanent abode in his house. He complained of his lonely age, he selected three apartments in a wing of his house to be exclusively his own, and formally surrendered all the rest of his large well built mansion to Nelly and her husband. Hans found himself on his arrival in India a Lieutenant-Colonel. The district in which his regiment was stationed was disturbed, and it was deemed prudent Nelly should remain in charge of his father, and he should join alone. The separation would be but temporary, as the regiment was expected to be stationed at Shahjeehanpore in the course of the year, should the state of the country permit. It was a sore parting for Nelly, but she had chosen a soldier, and must submit to the lot of a soldier's wife. But it was some relief to her that a few days before her husband's departure, her own dear brother Archie returned to his official duties, having been absent for some months in a distant quarter of the Presidency, accompanied by his wife.

Oh the joy of meeting Archie again ! then the sisterly welcome to his young and very lovely wife, and the immediate affection which was resumed between them from their English reminiscences augured so well for the future. There was a grand banquet at Mr. Rosenthal's the fourth day, to celebrate the return of Mr. and Mrs. Archie, and a return banquet the next day at Mr. Van-

denberg's, to instal Colonel and Mrs. Hans at the old mansion, as henceforth their own. Nelly at the head of the table, with her husband supporting her in the vice-chair, entertained the two venerable merchants, and the young married pair, in great state, old Vandenberg declaring he felt so much happier as a lodger, that he recommended his friend Rosenthal to try the experiment himself. Old Rosenthal smiled knowingly at old Vandenberg, as he replied: "I have done it, neighbour, so the patent isn't yours, neighbour; I wonder you didn't see it yesterday, neighbour."

Old Vandenberg shook his head at old Rosenthal, imitating his tone of voice: "You always take the wind out o' my sails, neighbour; I'll give you a wider berth, neighbour, but the Fraulein always gets the better of you, neighbour."

Then, as in duty bound, there was a general laugh, and the two old friends drank a glass of wine together to make it up, and a proposition of the Colonel to make it a round robin, was received *nem con.*, and everybody drank to everybody's health, and wished them happiness, and everybody replied the same to you, word for word, till the congratulations grew so warm, that old Vandenberg called up to his chair Nelly and Mrs. Archie, and putting an arm round each, kissed them both, and said: "There now go both of you and kiss old Rosenthal." And they did as they were bid, and so did old Rosenthal. Then the Colonel submitted he was entitled to the family favours, which claim was immediately honoured; Archie closing the ceremony as they all resumed their seats.

Old Rosenthal cleared his throat as he rose to the window to request the Colonel's opinion of a magnificent charger, brilliantly caparisoned, and the Colonel admiring the splendid creature, the merchant said: "It is your's, Colonel, for your sweet wife's kiss; we receive her as a daughter of Holland." The Colonel grasped his old friend's hand, and thanked him for his munificent present. Then old Vandenberg wiped his eye as he drew Archie aside to

the opposite verandah, where a servant was holding another charger in every respect the perfect fellow of the Colonel's. "There, Archie," said he, that bonnie beast is yours. May you and Hans stable your horses together throughout life. Neither men nor horses could be better matched!"

Then it was Archie's turn to shake hands, and pour out his thanks for the delicate generosity which selected him as the recipient of the family favor. "Not another word, Archie; I was not to be done by old Rosenthal there, sly as he is, the old Dutch fox; we receive you Archie as a son of Holland, eh, neighbour! I have you now."

"You are an old Dutch wizard," said Mr. R.

"We are both Dutch," said Mr. V.

"To the backbone," said Mr. R.

"God bless the old Netherlands!" said Katrine, Archie's wife.

"Amen!" said both the merchants.

"God bless old England too!" said Archie, his heart instinctively turning home.

"Amen!" said both the merchants again, joined by all the company.

"And the Anglo-Dutch alliances," gently submitted Nelly.

"Bravo, mein Nelly, amen!" cried everybody, and then everybody was silent, while Nelly at her husband's request sat down to the piano and delighted them all with a song of her own composing, entitled, "God bless the Netherlands!"

Wrung from the Zuyder's flooding waters,
A soil upon its sands;
Sweet is the song of Holland's daughters,
God bless the Netherlands!

The Fleur-de-Lis with swords and pikes
Besieged her sea-locked strands,
Then Moses-like she smote her dykes,
And drowned the Netherlands.

With David in his utmost strait,
She chose no mortal hands;
But trusted to the Lord her fate,
The gallant Netherlands!

Then wrung again from Zuyder's waters,
The old soil on its sands;
Is still the song of Holland's daughters,
God bless the Netherlands!

Loud, hearty, and enthusiastic was the cheering for Nelly's musical adoption of her husband's fatherland. Both merchants admitted not a native daughter of the old country could have done it better. They agreed it should be "deemed and taken as and for Nelly's song of naturalization, and that henceforth she was a fully accredited *vrouw* of the land, like Ruth the Moabitess becoming a mother in Israel by virtue of her intermarriage with Boaz of Bethlehem." So, in hospitable cheer, and goodly discourse of mutual affection and respect, the evening past away. On the morrow Hans departed for his sphere of duty, and Archie and his wife spent that sorrowful day and the rest of the week with Nelly, to cheer her in her temporary widowhood. But Nelly found her chief solace in useful occupation. She ascertained the condition of the city and neighbourhood; believed a school for the native children would succeed, and sought among the wives of the soldiers, then stationed at Shahjeehanpore, a likely woman to be appointed governess under her own inspection. At her entreaty the merchants headed a subscription with a large sum each, to erect a school-house, which soon realized the amount required among the European residents. To take the first step towards loosening the feelings of caste among the natives, as well as to familiarize Europeans with kinder sentiments of intercourse between black and white, she arranged classes composed of the soldiers' and natives' children indiscriminately.

While the schools were building, she assembled about 150 chil-

dren, native and European, in a large store kindly lent her for the purpose by Mr. Rosenthal, and, failing to find the schoolmistress she required, she selected a sergeant's wife, of good repute, and considerable acquaintance with the native vernacular, to train her for the post. This worthy woman improved fast, both in religious convictions and in school knowledge, under Nelly's gentle influence, and her own painstaking industry and patience. Nelly's life and conversation were greatly blessed also to Kattrine and her brother. It was not long before Kattrine joined her, heart and hand, in her quiet unobtrusive missionary labours. Other ladies on the station gradually fell in with her plans, so that, by a judicious division of labour, the schools were always under the general superintendence of one or more ladies assisting the mistress, and little monitors to teach the native children in English, and the English children in Hindostanee, the ordinary lessons of a national school; the prominent teaching of every day being the story of the Saviour, and how young and old were to be sanctified and made meet for heaven. So soon as Nelly's corps of ordinary school-teachers was complete, and when they were all comfortably settled in their new commodious schools, she set apart a portion of every day to the training of a class of advanced native girls for future teachers. She induced Kattrine and another lady to adopt the same course with a class of European teachers taken from the daughters of the soldiers, many of the latter procuring eligible appointments in after years, in other parts of India. These training classes, both native and European, proved of great value for generations after they who trained them had passed away. The good work progressed. The blessing which was constantly sought upon it, and in faith relied upon, was abundantly bestowed, and in the course of years Mrs. Col. Vandenberg's schools became a topic of notoriety and admiration, and of imitation in certain quarters, at home as well as abroad. The triennial home visits were regularly paid on three successive occasions, but before the

fourth, her honoured parents had been gathered to their fathers. I must not omit to mention either, that at the first visit, Archie and his wife, and two young children, a boy and a girl, accompanied herself, her husband, now a Major-General, and two little boys, named respectively Hans Broomielaw Vandenberg and Archie Broomielaw ditto. Archie's boy was named Andrew, or Sandie, in honor of the grandfather and uncle, and Rosenthal in honor of his mother's father, with a promise that the next boy should be Rosenthal Broomielaw. But as the next boy happened to be a girl, the prospect was deferred, and the little girl was named Nelly in honor of old Mrs. Broomielaw, one of whose names it was, and her aunt. Thus the family nomenclatures got mixed up in various ways, and every way in honor of somebody. The sharp pang in their leaving home again for India, after more than a year's visit, was the necessity which compelled both Archie and Nelly to leave their children behind them. It was some mitigation that there was a grandmama to take care of them, and that the young Indian class, which was ably presided over by a resident governess, still existed on the Broomielaw establishment, at the head of which Sandie had succeeded his father. The young darling creatures' health and education demanded the sacrifice, and it was made. The old Doctor cheered them, at parting, with the remark: "He had precious hostages left with us to secure their triennial return; and if they wished to abridge the interval, there was an old grandfather he knew of who would be right glad to welcome them, whether as parents or children."

We here close Nelly's exemplary story. She lived in India from first to last twenty years. She brought up five children in the course of her happy, useful life. At the decease of the venerable merchants, Archie and her husband received each a large accession of property; and a year or two after the General had retired from active service, Archie resigned his appointment, and all of them returned to England. In the mother country, and in

the neighbourhood of the old home, and not far from the graves of their parents, and of Sandie, who was the first to follow them, in the meridian of a peaceful old bachelorhood, most of them still live, in the happy, thankful consciousness, that, through the grace of God's Holy Spirit, they have not lived in vain.

Perhaps the moral of Nelly's memoir may be summed up in these words : She embraced her opportunities of doing good ; and when there seemed to be none, she made them.

THE END.

